



WHERE SHALL WE GO?

In answer to this seasonable question *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in calling attention to the claims of a health resort (in the neighbourhood of Geneva), from the prospectus of which he extracts a few luminous passages. (Address on application.)

"— a climatic station . . . beneficial for patients suffering from anæmia and overwork. What does the jaded citizen ask for when, in his office, he is surfeited with figures, ink and papers? Is it not to wander

under the forest's verdant vault, to hearken to the sighing of the wind through the foliage, to inhale the aromatic perfume of plants? . . . Here leisure is so sweet, that it tempts not the visitor to risk life or limb in perilous mountain excursions. The — is the only alluring peak, but it is generally neglected by the fascinated stranger . . . Here and there in fancy places benches of cythian bedraggle their golden flowers . . . Protected and overshadowed by the wet foliage, the forest seems unruffled by the hand of Man. Trees, plants and wild flowers in pugnacious entanglement give one the feeling of Prehistory Liberty . . . The numerous guests that yearly visit — leave it strengthened in body and soul. These, whose blood is poor and nerves weak become ruddy and vigorous . . . rollicking joy becomes their second nature."

DUCI REDUCI.

AIR—"The Marquise" (MR. AUSTIN DOBSON).

I.

HOMEWARD bound from overseas,
K. of K. !
Lightly let the sequent breeze
Round you play ;
You who know what danger is, K.,
Yet have never learned to swoon,
May the bounding deeps of Biscay
Find your martial maw immune !
Do not dash anticipation—
So they pray
Who have sketched your debarkation
Ere the day ;
Who with eagle nerve have nicked you
By a fine prophetic swoop,
And (for Friday next) depict you
Sternly gazing from the poop.
Come before our joy is jaded,
K. of K.,
And the flush of Peace has faded
Into gray !
Shall the poet's faith be stamped on
Who accosts your urgent keel ?
Will you stultify Southampton,
Where the Mayor has booked a meal ?
Where in terms profuse and brainy
He prepares to greet you thus :
"Scipio South-Africane !
Welcome ! you are one of Us !
Take our freedom : we adore you !"
He will say :
All of which is bound to bore you,
K. of K.
Yet, because we want you home,
Do not dally with the foam ;
Though our love is pure asbestos
Let delay no longer test us ;
Rise like VENUS in her cestus

" 'Crost the Bay ; "

II.

You 're a worker from of old.
K. of K.
Pomps and pæans leave you cold,
K. of K.
You would like to land in mufti,
You would hurry down the dock
Not in trappings, plumed and tufty,
But in checks and billycock !
And you haven't, now It's over,
Come to stay ;
Nor to lie at length in clover,
But to change your train for Dover,
K. of K.
For, although the work's appalling
Which should have you here at hand,
Yet you 've heard the East a-calling
Out of India's coral strand ;
And, as soon as time and place
Let our feelings find release,
And we 've called you, to your face,
First in War and first in Peace ;—
Thither where the Empire needs you,
K. of K.,
And your own "Ubique" leads you,
Lies your way ! O. S.

A GRAND NIGHT AT THE LYCEUM.

WHAT a transformation scene ! Within half an hour after *Mephistopheles* had taken *Faust* off to "another place" (not the Upper House), the Lyceum stage and auditorium were transformed, as by magic, into one gorgeous Hall of Audience, brilliantly and tastefully illuminated, where hundreds of distinguished guests of all colours, and a large number, such as the Rajahs and Imperial Stars of India, in glittering and bewildering costumes, thronged the house, and were received by Sir HENRY IRVING, our Sir HENRY, in most courtly style. Whether the language used were the classic Hindostanee, elegant Gum-Arabic, Royal Rajputanik, Gracious Golliwoggic, Curious Cooch Beharric, or any other of the rare Indian dialects, Sir HENRY used them all up in complimentary speeches, with more than a word and a bow for every one of the Distinguished Foreigners as they mutually salaam'd and saluted, and, with hand on heart and head bowed low, made protestations of sincerest admiration and compatriotic affection.

American cousins, brothers, uncles and aunts were there, headed by their witty and cheery representative, Mr. CHOATE, U. S. A. Ambassador ; then came our stalwart Colonials in and out of uniform, diplomats with stars (and perhaps garters), and general warriors ready for another champagne at the supper table ; artists, authors dramatic and undramatic, beautiful ladies, pretty and joyous girls—in fact, everybody one has ever heard or thought of, "all there," and "all in to begin" supper whenever Mr. BRAM STOKER, who keeps the Lyceum engine going at high pressure, as Master of Ceremonies and Professor of Oriental Languages, might direct the supper-numerary guests to the pastures of Refreshment-Table Land. It is a memorable night, and all, heartily fraternising, toast with heart and voice the health of KING and EMPEROR. And as among the Cavaliers, in Puritan days, so now, in a somewhat different sense, we hopefully drink to "The Restoration !"

MAKING GEOGRAPHY.

[It is proposed to alter the frontiers of the Boer States in order to smother the past.]

Christian van Mauser. Back from Ceylon ! And is not this my old friend JACOBUS DE SJAMBOK, of Krugersdorp ?

Jacobus de Sjambok. Oblige me by calling it Jonesdorp, and address me as WILLIAM BROWN (Citizen No. 14,591). We wish to obliterate—

Van M. Anything happened to Pretoria ?

De Sj. Moved 600 miles south into East No-man's-land. Whatever tends to eradicate—

Van M. But is not the Orange Free State—

De Sj. (nervously). Hush ! It was transferred to Central Australia at midnight by a special Act of Parliament.

Van M. (cataleptically). Ha !

De Sj. So I thought at first. What with the revised version of the postage stamps, decimal coinage, pale drab military uniforms, and Volapuk as the compulsory language, it is a little puzzling. A new map comes out nearly every week.

Van M. Why not dig out the principal mountains and drain the rivers ?

De Sj. The extreme Progressives thought of that, and of changing the days of the week. The objectionable old associations—

Van M. (formally). Here, BROWN, take this. (*Shouts.*) Doornspuit ! Thaba Nchu !! Magaliesberg !!! Now lead me before the Governor and let him give me penal servitude !

MOTTO FOR A CRACK COLONIAL CORPS.—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria Maori."



HAIL, KITCHENER! VICTOR AND PEACEMAKER!

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

II.—MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

I WAS shown into the Actor-Manager's dressing-room at Her Majesty's, and, while waiting for its gifted occupant, I had leisure to glance round. What a wonder-house! What a treasury of tokens of friendship, of Protean personality! Surely there is no man with so many friends as HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

I must have said something of the kind aloud, for Mr. TREE, entering at this moment, remarked cheerily, "Yes, indeed. I am truly a popular man. There is hardly an article in this room that has not come warm and palpitating straight from a Bohemian heart."



"I am perhaps the busiest of men."

"That cigarette box was from dear IRVING. Ah me! the Tabs it has held! That Tantalus—but I must stop. I have really only five minutes to give you. I am, you know, the busiest of men. Letters to write, plays to read, luncheons to attend, bazaars to open, receptions, rehearsals! It has been said of me," he added with a light laugh, "that I rest only on the stage Eh?"

"But you keep well, Mr. TREE?"

"Ah, one must, one must. But there are limits; I shall not go into Parliament."

"What is your secret of health?"

"Well, there are many specifics, but I prefer limelight to all others. I take it regularly—the true Limelight Cordial."

"Is that all?"



"I prefer limelight to all others."

"And I eat heartily. To look at my willowy figure, more suited to play *Slender* than *Falstaff*—"
I laughed politely.

"Thank you—to look at my willowy figure, more suitable to play *Slender* than *Falstaff*, you would think that I was a spare eater; on the contrary, it is my ambition to play *Falstaff* without padding."



"It is my ambition to play *Falstaff* without padding."

I expressed my admiration of the courageous sentiment.

"And now," he said, "I must turn you out. I have much to do. I expect Mr. PHILLIPS himself. Mr. PHILLIPS," he added, "I would I had him here always. Poetry and the drama should never be parted."

LADY CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE.

(With acknowledgments to the "P. M. G." for suggesting the title.)

"A Peer's Daughter" in the *Lady's Realm* for July gives a glowing description of what she saw of the Coronation and the next day's procession, and then goes on to criticise the Gala Performance, which is still in the future. "The gala night at the Opera," she says, "was a disappointment to many, no doubt, but certainly not to all. Seldom have we had a worse chorus . . . the unrivalled JEAN has not the wonderful power he had once, and if MELBA is as delicious as ever she is no better. As for CARUSO, he is a distinct disappointment!"

A Cautious Editor sings:

LADY CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to palm me off some "pars"
Of gossip when you came to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
From your acquaintance I retired:
Soi-disant daughter of a Peer,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Some smarter journal you must find,
For were you queen of Paper-land,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to make a "scoop" and
fake

Some "copy" ready for July,
Describing things that ne'er took place
As if they'd met your previous eye.

Lady CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

You put strange fancies in my head.
A great *clairvoyante* you may be,
But are your comments quite well-
bred?

A picture gay of Crowning Day

With many a purple patch you drew;
The jewels, orders, all within
The Abbey charmed your private view.

Trust me, CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Had you but stuck to praise, 'twere
But when you come to *criticise* [well;
What never happened, I rebel:

The Gala Night with petty spite

You slated weeks ahead, I fear;
Your manners have not that repose

Which stamps the caste of VERE DE
VERE.

CLARA, CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Was it indeed so just and wise
The "stars" and chorus ere they sang
As failures all to stigmatise?

Howe'er it be, it seems to me

Such journalism's hardly good;
Plain facts are more than coronets,
And honesty than Norman blood.

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

VI.—FROM THE POET LAUREATE.

No collection of National Dramas would be complete without a play from the pen of Mr. AUSTIN. Unhappily, Mr. AUSTIN does not write plays. But it is always possible to "adapt" one of his works for the stage. The poem selected for this rather drastic treatment is *A Tale of True Love*, which adorns his last volume of verse, and the adaptation is carried out on the most approved modern lines; that is to say, the adapter has embodied in the text of his play as much of his author's verse as he could conveniently lay hands on, thereby saving himself the trouble of original metrical composition. He has then filled in with lines of his own where this source failed. The result is a sort of dramatic suet pudding in which the dough is the adapter's, while the plums are, of course, Mr. AUSTIN's. In order to distinguish the dough from the plums the former is printed in italics, while the latter, being the Laureate's *ipsissima verba*, appear in all the dignity of Roman type.

ACT I.—SCENE—*The Hall at Avoncourt, a venerable mansion greatly out of repair. As the curtain rises Sir ALURED, a young man of feudal appearance, enters by the front door, followed by EGERIA, a lady whom he has just met trespassing in his park.*

Egeria (pausing on threshold). Forgive; I pray, an overbold intruder.

Sir Alured. I doubt if anywhere you would intrude!
(*Gloomily.*) But sooth none do on this survival Tudor.

Egeria (aside). His notions of a compliment are crude.
(*aloud*) Tudor! No, no, I never saw a man
More unmistakably Victorian.

Sir A. (annoyed). I meant the house.

Egeria (in some confusion, to judge by her grammatical construction). Indeed? I never saw

Aught that I so admired or felt for so much awe.

Sir A. (incoherent from gratification).

Will you, I round it willingly can guide you,
Unless—and, told, shall fully understand—
Wander you rather would with none beside you
To mar the silence of the windless land

Saving Spring's choristers, whose constant trills
One hears, or does not hear, according as one wills!

Egeria (aside). How very odd he is! (*Aloud.*) You mean,
in short,

That birds are plentiful at Avoncourt?

Sir A. (bowing). Just so.

Egeria. You know the house?

Sir A. (proudly). I ought to know it.

Here was I born, here grew to boy's estate,
Pored o'er the page of storer and poet,
All that is big, magnanimous and great,
Hardened my own, tried my dear mother's nerves,
Robbed the home orchard, poached my father's own
preserves.

Result: some painful scenes at which I holloa'd.

But I would rather not describe what followed.

Egeria. And are you now its occupant and possessor?

Sir A. (bitterly) So called, alas! whose ancestors have paid

The final tax, by Death the stern assessor

On all poor mortals equitably laid.

Egeria (prosaically). Death and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, if you
mean them,

Have ruined scores of landowners between them.

Sir A. I have a leasehold (*mournfully*). No one can have
more

This side at least the vague, still undiscovered shore!

Egeria (pricking up her ears). A leasehold?

Sir A.

It's entailed.

Egeria. Oh, what a bore!

Sir A. To strangers Avoncourt must never pass,

I may not sell it, much as I regret it,

So, as I'm pressed for money, I must let it.

Egeria. How very sad for you!

Sir A. (thinking aloud—the stage direction is Mr. AUSTIN'S).

Withal, alas!

Sit by its hearth they must, and much I fear

That there they must abide for many a coming year.

Egeria. The tenants?

Sir A.

Yes.

Egeria.

The sentence was obscure.

I thought you meant them, but I wasn't sure.

Sir A. It seems the only way to meet the case.

Egeria. No, no, I'm sure you needn't let the place.

(*coolly*) There is another way, some deem a duty,

None call unworthy, or would dare to chide.

Women there are, gifted with charm and beauty,

On whom hath Fortune lavished wealth beside.
(*Stops, blushing.*)

Sir A. A friend of mine, when we discussed this question,
Made a precisely similar suggestion.

"I am not made like that," I firmly said,

"I but for love alone should ever woo or wed."

Egeria (aside). Ass!

Sir A. (primly). I was greatly shocked at his advice,
And murmured hoity-toity once or twice.

Egeria (politely). Your sentiments did you the greatest credit.

I wish I had been present when you said it.

(*coquettishly*) But are you sure that you will never find

A lady who will make you change your mind?

Sir A. (stiffly). The thing is most unlikely to occur,

And if it does I shall not mention it to her!

Egeria. I see. (*rising*) Hark! I must hasten home before
The cloud wrack breaks.

Sir A.

I'll see you to your door.

May I inquire your homeward footsteps whither?

What? There? It is on Avoncourt estate!

And I by shorter path can guide you thither

Than that you came by, fear you to be late.

[*Exeunt by front door.*]

ACT II.—*The Park at Avoncourt, A year has elapsed since the events of Act I., during which Sir A. has let the place and gone abroad. On his return he meets EGERIA by chance.*

Sir A. Can it be you! It's twelvemonths since we met.

I've been away, and Avoncourt is let.

Egeria. I know.

Sir A.

I've had a most agreeable year,

Far pleasanter than any I had here.

I crossed the vigilant, unsleeping sea

That ranges round our Isle.

Egeria (impatiently).

All this is known to me.

Sir A. (not heeding her) It had meanwhile been leased to
newly wedded

Tenants, unknown to fame but well endowed

With what could rescue it from fate so dreaded

Of slow decay and ruin-mantling shroud.

Egeria (irritably). No one who lives here can be unaware

It wasn't in a good state of repair.

Sir A. And so, to get it put right through and through,

I've let it to a wealthy parvenu.

Egeria (furious). I've ne'er been so insulted in my life.

Sir ALURED, I am your tenant's WIFE!

Sir A. You living here! Well then, I beg to state

Your conduct has been most indelicate;

Your whole behaviour disappoints me sadly.

Egeria (sobbing). Yes, yes, I've treated you extremely badly.

Ask me no more, I beg, than what I tell you.



THE DANGERS OF HENLEY.

Voice from the bridge above. "OH, LOR, SARAH, I'VE BIN AND DROPPED THE STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM!"

I am your tenant, at another's will,
How, wherefore, when, on that which then befell, you,
Though I be mute, will understand me still.
Sir A. (crossly). Oh no I shan't, not in the least degree,
That sort of sentence simply baffles me!
Egeria (sadly). Then there's no more to say, as far as I can
see. [*Exeunt severally.*]

(*Curtain.*)

THE TRUST REPOSED IN AN ENGLISHMAN!

[In the July number of the *National Review* Mr. ARNOLD WHITE describes how he was recently a guest in the Captain's cabin of a German battleship at Kiel. "The Captain's private papers," he says, "were lying about. I was often left alone, such is the trust reposed in an Englishman."]

I WARRANT you've heard of ARNOLD WHITE,
Whose duty it is to set things right;
If anyone ventures to doubt A. W.,
He'll frighten you, rouse you, spur you, trouble you,
Still writing away with a zeal Titanic
Till he writes us into a perfect panic
About our country, its wreck and ruin
(Lord ROSEBERRY not being up and doin'),
Or about our Navy, its sad condition,
All caused by the grossest exhibition
Of fatuous sloth on the part of Sea-Lords,
Who, to put it plainly, ought not to be Lords—
At any rate not of the Admiralty,
But should rather be hanged from the nearest tree.
Well, ARNOLD recently went to Kiel,
And he took his notes—he's a right-down chiel—
But, ah, he implies that he cut no capers.
With the German Commander's private papers,

Lying about by day or night—
And nobody there but ARNOLD WHITE!
There were German schemes, all open and undone,
For seizing Dover and smashing London;
There were lists made up with a care astounding
Of every channel and shoal and sounding
That a man can find on the billowy main
From Kiel to Portsmouth and back again.
There were plans, signed W., I. et R.,
Showing precisely in knots how far
A ship must sail from the German shore
Before it can sight the man at the Nore;
There were tables of guns, and catalogues stating
The strength of the German armour-plating;
Papers that would have rejoiced, I know,
Our Naval Intelligence Bureau—
At least I suppose such things lay scattered,
For otherwise it wouldn't have mattered.
By leaving about a washing bill,
A family letter, a lease, a will,
He couldn't have proved himself so apt in
The highest politeness, that German Captain;
So he left what he could of List and Plan
To show that he trusted an Englishman.
Oh, Briton born 'neath a lucky star,
To be trusted so by a German tar,
Think how mighty a privilege this is,
Which everyone but a Briton misses,
To be left, though the sea you're a perfect dab in,
Alone in a German Captain's cabin!
"Look at their plans?" you say. "No, bust me!
They know I'm an Englishman, so they trust me."
"Tis."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

V.—"THE MATERNAL INSTINCT."

FOR some reason or other—not that it need be regarded as unnatural—people seem to be in a hurry to leave Islington to-night, for the King's Cross trams are filling up almost as fast as they arrive. I am forced to take a seat inside. There is a thin-legged young man opposite in a collar like a cuff, and exceedingly narrow trousers, and I notice that he is having some difficulty in repelling the advances of his neighbour, an elderly female bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. DAN LENO. He has three times turned a deaf ear to her attempted confidences, and is now rejecting with a somewhat self-conscious hauteur her proffered bribe of peppermints. The tram, which appears to be full inside as well as out, is about to start, when the conductor earns the resentment of half the inside passengers by informing somebody in the road that there is room for one on the left. Forthwith the entrance is darkened by a stout lady in a lop-sided bonnet, unescorted, and joyfully warbling the following *napodos* :—

"We'll all be merry,
Drinkin' whisky, wine an' sherry,
We'll all be merry
On Coronation Dye."

I should hitherto have thought that to execute a step-dance inside a crowded tram was a well-nigh impossible feat. The stout lady, however, performs it with confidence, repeats her chorus, and sits down heavily next to me. It is borne to my senses that, whatever may be the stout lady's proposed menu for Coronation Day, her choice has, for this evening at any rate, fallen upon gin. The occupants of the tram have been for the most part scandalised at the newcomer; in particular the thin-legged young man opposite is staring at her in astonishment. She returns his gaze.

"All right, BERTIE," she remarks, defiantly, "yer needn't look at me so old-fashioned."

The young man, scared at the sudden publicity thus thrown upon him, reddens and looks away. But the elderly female next to him champions him immediately.

"And why shouldn't he look old-fashioned," she returns sturdily, "if he is old-fashioned?"

This is a startler for the stout lady. The urbanity of her expression vanishes immediately, and she directs a cold stare at the elderly female.

"I wasn't speakin' to you at all," she observes, with dignity. "I was speakin' to that gentleman."

"An' I answered for 'im," returns the elderly female, cheerfully, "because I'm 'is mother."

There is something of a sensation in the tram. Two navvies by the door show a disposition to applaud. As for the young man, he gasps and turns an indignant look upon his neighbour.

"I answered for 'im," repeats the elderly female, imperturbably, "because 'e's my son."

The stout lady becomes infinitely scornful.

"'Im?" she says, with feeling. "'E ain't no son o' yours."

To endorse this the young man, who has become the cynosure of all eyes, attempts to assume as unfilial an expression as possible, only succeeding in conveying an impression of acute dyspepsia.

"Yes 'e is," declares the elderly female good-humouredly—"ain't yer, sonny?"

The young man, very flushed, affects to be interested in an advertisement. The stout lady looks towards him compassionately.

"Don't you worry, BERTIE," she says; "she don't tike me in. She ain't the mother o' the likes o' you."

"'E's my son, 'e is," maintains the elderly female cheerily. "'E wouldn't disown 'is ole mother what nursed 'im in 'er arms."

"Chuck it," responds the stout lady with superb contempt; "'e ain't no son o' yours."

The occupants of the tram are patently splitting up into factions. The larger side, dominated by the two navvies by the door, are apparently shocked and disgusted that the young man should deny his own mother because she is poorly dressed and looks like DAN LENO. The other faction, probably drawn towards the stout lady out of sympathy with her Coronation projects, become the confidants of her further arguments.

"'Er son!" she snorts. "She wouldn't never 'ave a son to look like that, not if she lived to be ninety. Look at 'is gole watch-chine. 'E's a nob 'e is. Shave an' a clean collar ev'ry dye? Not 'arf. One o' the toffs."

The elderly female for her part repeats her declaration to her own sympathisers, at the same time looking with astonishing good-humour on the young man's not very flattering agony. From addressing their respective supporters the two ladies return to each other, and the liveliest of debates ensues over the person of the young man, still reading advertisements with a face the colour of beetroot. Gradually the circle of controversy widens. The stout lady is just engaged in elaborating a statement of her course of action in the contingency of ever possessing a face like that of her opponent (who maintains the utmost cheerfulness throughout), when there is an interruption.

"Fez, pliz."

The conductor has begun his round. In due course he arrives at the thin-legged young man, who fumbles in his pocket for some time, and at last produces a sovereign and a half-penny. He tenders the sovereign for a penny fare. The conductor eyes him with weary disgust.

"'Aven't yer got nothing smaller?" he queries.

The young man has not.

The conductor remarks sourly that he will have to wait till King's Cross. Does the young man take him for BARING ROSSCHILD?

But the stout lady has a word to say here. She plucks the conductor's sleeve.

"That's all right, young man," she says; "'is mother 'll pye for 'im."

A flutter of triumph pervades the stout lady's faction. But they have underestimated the amount of spirit in the elderly female. She hands the conductor sixpence.

"Two," she observes genially; "me an' my son."

Jubilation of the elderly female's faction, confusion of their opponents, and scarlet protest on the part of the young man.

"Two," repeats the elderly female; "to Clerkenwell."

The conductor lowers his bundle of tickets.

"Where d'yer wanter go to?" he demands stolidly.

"Me an' my boy to Clerkenwell," beams the elderly female.

The conductor forces the coin back into her hand, strides down to the door and jerks the bell.

"Come on," he calls wearily; "you're goin' away from Clerkenwell."

Jubilation of the stout lady and her faction. The elderly female leaves the car in the best of spirits, after an unsuccessful attempt to kiss the thin-legged young man. The conductor stands with his hand on the bell-cord.

"Are yer goin' on?" he calls impatiently to the young man.

"What are you waiting for?" snaps the latter, very red in the face. "Of course I'm—"

Ting!

The stout lady exults loudly. She is interrupted soon by the conductor ringing the bell.

"Cumming Street," he announces impolitely; "come on!"

"Don't you worry, BERTIE," she observes protectively. "She never kidded me."

"Come on, if yer comin'!" calls the conductor.

The stout lady makes her way to the door, resuming her monarchical ode on the step:

"On Coronation Dye,
On Coronation Dye,
We'll 'ave a spree an' a jubilee,
An' we'll—"

Ting!—Clink, clank, clinker, clanker

The tram moves on. Gradually the thin-legged young man's countenance resumes its natural pastiness. Party spirit dissolves in the absence of leaders. There is peace, save for the clink, clank of the tram, as it forges on down the slope towards King's Cross.

TO YOUNG YACHTSMEN.

HAVING just returned from my first—and, I trust, last—trip on a friend's yacht, I am enabled, with the experience born of long suffering and acute ag—observation, to evolve a few simple rules for the guidance of those who rashly meditate following my example. It was a steady calm from the N.W. when I got on board, and my host welcomed me genially as I fell up the steps on to the deck. I apologised for my clumsiness by saying that I had had no experience of yachting.

The skipper—a gloomy man—looked up at the black cloud hovering overhead, and remarked grimly:

"Ah, you'll get plenty o' that, Sir, before to-morrow."

Rather discouraging.

But the skipper was right: and when, that afternoon, we were plunging bowsprit under, with our rudder feebly waving in the air, I remembered the ominous words with a groan.

"This is jolly, old man, isn't it?" exclaimed my host, BACKSTAY, cheerily patting me on the back—a most unwise proceeding, as it almost immediately proved.

I answered faintly, "Oh yes, it was awfully jolly," and asked "When were we likely to reach harbour?" BACKSTAY replied:

"We'll get down to Portland and bring up there."

Horrid! I wish people wouldn't talk like this on board a yacht. So thoughtless of them.

* * * *

The storm blew itself out that night, and the remaining three days of my stay, we had light breezes only. During that time I was able to glean much nautical information, and to write these plain directions for the use of my fellow-suf—sportsmen.

1. Praise everything connected with the yacht you are on, and always disparage every other you see.

2. If on a sailing vessel, allude contemptuously to steam yachts as "tea-kettles," "coal-hulks," or "steam-rollers."



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

First Lady. "ARE NOT THESE PICTURES BEAUTIFUL?"

Second Lady. "YES. AND I WONDER HOW THEY CAN POSSIBLY DO IT FOR A SHILLING!"

3. If on a steam-yacht, never omit to speak of a sailing vessel in pitying tones as an old "wind-jammer."

4. Take care not to get out of your depth in using nautical terms. Why should one feel so friendly towards cabin-stairs as to call them "companions"? As a rule repeat expressions used by sailor-men—beg pardon, "hands."

N.B.—Curious fancy picture suggested by the term "hands." All mariners aboard are only "hands with sea-legs on!" Weird!

5. A yawl is the most mystifying of all rigs to understand. It has a bowsprit at each end, and confusing these two would inevitably end in sorrow.

6. It is rude to lean one's elbows on any dinner table. On a *swinging* table it is not only rude but disastrous.

I cannot more usefully conclude these directions than by giving a brief glossary of the terms most in use aboard, together with their translation into the vernacular.

"Borspret" means bowsprit.

"Main-sheet" has nothing to do with the bedclothes, but signifies a rope attached to the boom (at least that is my present impression).

"Torps'l" means the thing they hoist on to the extreme summit of the mast.

"Gig" means, not a two-wheeled vehicle, but a boat.

"Rotten old tank" means someone else's yacht.

"I-must-just-go-below-and-see-the-steward" means a whiskey and soda.



Lady Visitor (at Work-girls' Club, giving some advice on manners). "AND YOU KNOW LADIES NEVER SPEAK TO GENTLEMEN WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION."
'Lisa. "WE KNOWS YER DON'T, MISS, AN' WE OFFEN PITIES YER!"

THOSE CORONATION SEATS.

[Mr. PUNCH is unable to publish all the correspondence he has received on the vexed question of Coronation liabilities. The following are samples.]

DEAR SIR,—*Re* Coronation Seats. I think in such matters there should be give and take. I am quite prepared to take.—Yours, &c., A SEATHOLDER.

DEAR SIR,—In this question of the seats, let us consider what His MAJESTY himself would have done. He is generous. I feel sure he would have decided to refund the money to the seatholders. Yours, &c., A SEATHOLDER.

DEAR SIR,—What would His MAJESTY's wish have been in respect of the seats? There can be no doubt. He would surely have said to the seatholders, "Be generous and pay the money." Let us be guided by this.—Yours, &c., A STAND-OWNER.

DEAR SIR,—All right-minded persons must agree that litigation in the circumstances would be unseemly. Let the owners of the stands give us back our money at once.—Yours, &c., PAX.

SIR,—If the stand-owners won't pay up, sue them.—Yours, &c.,

A BARRISTER.

[We have received a similar letter signed "A SOLICITOR."]

DEAR SIR,—I offered a free luncheon to all persons who took my seats, and, at the time of the postponement, the luncheon was already on the premises. I wish to announce that I shall keep it for them until the Coronation takes place.

Trusting that the present hot weather may soon cease, Yours, &c.,

K. TERER.

SIR,—In my opinion this wrangling over the seats is disgusting. I would make both sides pay. I would force

the seat-holder to pay the stand-owner, and force the stand-owner to refund to the seat-holder. That would be a good lesson to both. Yours, &c.,

A LOYAL IRISHMAN.

SIR,—Here is everyone anxious to have legal advice. Your solicitors tell me they have not been doing wonderfully well this year. They do not deserve to do well. Enterprise with them seems dead. Why did they not, on the morning after the postponement was announced, line the pavement in Chancery Lane and offer advice at moderate rates to all passers-by? Wake up, England. Yours, &c.,

AN AMERICAN.

DEAR SIR,—I bought ten seats at £5 each for my family. I am a poor man. It will be hard if I have to pay.

Yours, &c., VERITAS.

DEAR SIR,—I bought some seats at a draper's shop where I have been a customer for many years past. The man now refuses to give me back my money. I am so indignant that I have half a mind never to deal at his shop again. Anyhow, I would like him to know that the only reason why I continue to patronise him is that he is cheaper than anyone else.

Yours, &c., CAROLINE FLINT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A few months ago I bought, at a sale, a Union Jack handkerchief, a Union Jack ribbon for my hat, a Union Jack blouse, a pair of Union Jack shoes, and a Union Jack air-cushion—and a Union Jack. It is true I did not in so many words say they were for the Coronation, but one does not wear such things on ordinary days, does one? I presume I can force the shop to take them back? If not, I would really like to know what is the use of the Law.

Yours, &c., ELIZABETH JANE.

DEAR SIR,—I had arranged with a cabman to take me down to my seat for £3. He did not turn up. Please let me know this: Am I not entitled to damages against him for breaking his contract? Yours, &c., JUSTITIA.

DEAR SIR,—I asked several poor relations to my house for the Coronation. They refuse to leave till the Coronation takes place. Can you help me?

Yours, &c., WORRIED.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Small Boy (reciting "Casabianca").

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence SAWBUTY had fled—

Smaller Brother (showing intelligent interest). Who was SAWBUTY?

Small Boy. I spose he must have been the Captain.



PROTECTION MASQUERADING.

RIGHT HON. SIR M. H-OKS-B-CH, M.C. "MAY I ASK THE LADY'S NAME? WE HAVE TO BE SO VERY PARTICULAR HERE."

RIGHT HON. JOE (as PIERROT). "OH, WELL—ER—PUT HER DOWN AS BARONESS VON ZOLLVEREIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 30.—No one can say what would have happened if the Dook (second title COUNTY GUY) had not turned up in the very nick of time. By the hands of the

So sat and waited in solemn silence till Big Ben, plaining through the thunderous air, chimed the half hour.

Then Clerk rose and read Orders of the Day. There were two. First the Educational Provisional Order in personal charge of President of the Council. Where was COUNTY GUY? Not yet in

a district unfrequented by the mussel, where the oyster is familiar only in certain months of the year (when it arrives in small casks, usually holding one hundred), DUDLEY lacked that intimate knowledge of the subject that is at the bottom of all Parliamentary success. Still it was an enticing occasion, not lightly to slip through ambitious fingers. True the attendance was not large. But the hour was early. In the Press Gallery the ear of the universe was alert, attentive.

Though ranking among Under Secretaries, the fortune of the hour gave the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade supreme position. He was sole representative in the House of the strongest Ministry of modern times, one that had just concluded a great war, signed a memorable peace. WALDEGRAVE had, for company's sake, dropped into a seat near him. That was merely the ingrained habit of a former Lord-in-Waiting. WALDEGRAVE was Waiting to go home, and the Ministerial Bench is nearer to the door than most others. With the recklessness of comparative youth DUDLEY resolved to seize opportunity by the hair. The Oyster and Mussel Bill called on he rose; drew himself to his full height.

"My Lords," he said, "the world is mine oyster, and with this——"

Here the LORD CHANCELLOR turned upon him an awful frown.

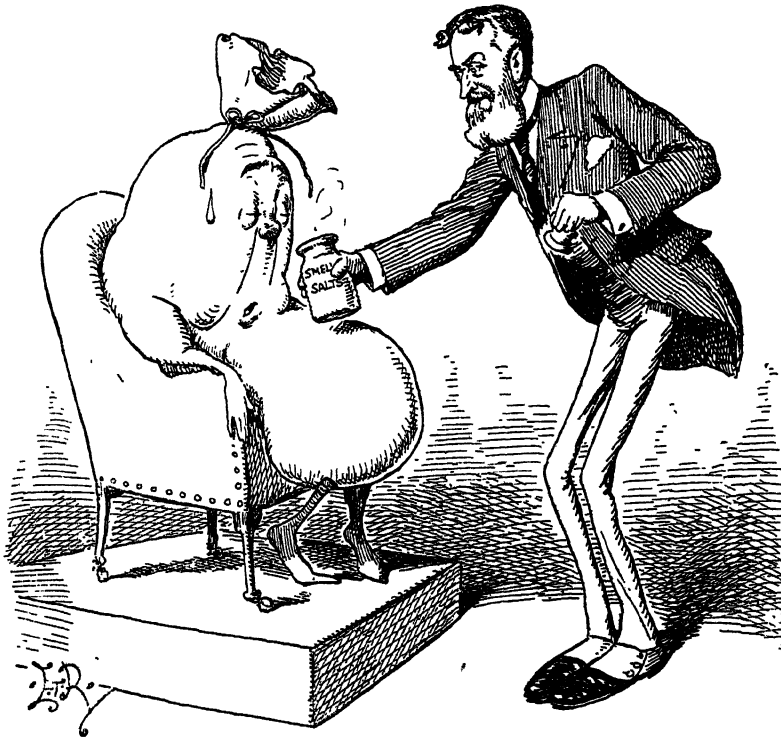
"No, really, you Mussel—I mean you'd better not," said WALDEGRAVE, tugging at his coat-tail.

DUDLEY hesitating, LORD CHANCELLOR in a breath observed "Question-is-that-this-Bill-be-read-a-third-time—Those-of-that-opinion-say-Content-the-contrary-Not-Content—The-Contents-have-it."

This the end of appointed business of the day. There followed pained pause. It was the duty of the Minister to move the adjournment. DUDLEY's nerves so shaken with the little contretemps that he made no sign. At this critical moment the Dook, his right hand deeply set in his trouser pocket, strolled in, looking exactly as he did when going through the private rehearsals in the Abbey for the Coronation ceremony. Of course he did not wear his coronet, which in the Abbey looked a trifle incongruous with morning dress. But he had the same bored look.

His lethargy only apparent. In an instant he seized the situation; quickened his step; seated himself on Front Bench; whispered a word to the still comatose second EARL OF DUDLEY; on his feet. In a voice distinctly heard in all parts of the Chamber he said, "I move that the House do now adjourn."

Since the fairy Prince, with joyful eyes and lighter-footed than the fox, arrived in the Sleeping Palace, there



"REVIVING THE SINKING FUND."

clock he was two minutes late. That a not unfamiliar incident.

Bird, beast and flower proclaim the hour,
But where is COUNTY GUY?

Situation critical. LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, advancing with pomp of such circumstance as Black Rod and Purse Bearer, took seat on Woolsack at a quarter past four. Public business in Lords does not commence till 4.30. Interval spent either in meditation or in advancing private Bills. To-day no private business to fore. Accordingly meditation prevailed; in the sultry afternoon air it was occasionally suggestive of forty winks. Few to share the luxury. Muster of nine all told.

"Odd," murmured SARK, his eye lingering on the Woolsack; "that's just the number of the Muses."

In the Commons situation would have been seized to put Ministers in a hole. As soon as Educational Board Provisional Order Confirmation (London) Bill was reached, Opposition would have challenged division and given Ministers a shock. Such low tactics well enough in the Commons; don't suit the Lords. Besides, it was too hot.

his place. Fortunately DUDLEY on guard, primed with particulars about Oyster and Mussel Fishery, with which second Order of Day was concerned. He moved that the House resolve itself into Committee on the Educational Bill. LORD CHANCELLOR put question.

Now was the time for Opposition to strike. Aggregate number had run up to eleven. Counting heads, LORD CHANCELLOR observed that in case of instant division Government would be in minority of two. Must dissemble. Having put the question he hurriedly declared, "The Contents have it"; with remarkable agility hopped two paces to right of Woolsack; Chairman of Committees popped into chair at Table; and before TWEEDMOUTH, who had now come in to take his seat on deserted Front Bench, had completed hasty review of situation, the Bill was through.

Then came the Oyster and Mussel Fishery Bill. As Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, WILLIAM HUMBLE WARD, second Earl of DUDLEY, in charge of this important measure. Born and brought up in the Midlands,

has been no such transformation scene as hereupon happened. All the long pent stream of life dashed downward in a cataract. The eleven Peers scattered over the benches rose and made for the door. The clerks at the Table swept heaps of papers into swiftly-opened drawers. The LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR strode forth with trailing robe. The House of Lords had sat for two minutes by Westminster clock, and was now adjourned.

Business done.—Commons pegging away at Education Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Two thunderstorms to-day. In mid-afternoon the midsummer sky grew so black that gas was turned on. Presently, through windows opened to sultry air, the thunder rolled. PRINCE ARTHUR's explanation of fresh amendment to Clause 3 of Education Bill illumined with flashes of lightning that shamed the steady glare of the gas-lit ceiling.

This pretty well in its way: nothing to storm that burst when, seven hours later, WALTER LONG moved closure on question that Clause 3 stand part of the Bill. C.-B. aghast with indignation. Why, they'd been talking about the Clause for only fifty minutes, when comes President Local Government Board with abhorred shears and slits the thin-spun thread of conversation. A nice calculation; but omitted to take note of fact that five weary hours of a so-called summer afternoon had been earlier spent on this very Clause. Opposition in rare tantrum. Returning from Division Lobby, where Clause was carried by rattling majority of 144, C.-B. moved to report progress. CHAIRMAN, declaring the motion to be an



"Surveying the World from Paris to Pekin."
(Sir Ch-l-s D-lke.)

abuse of the rules of the House, straightway put question without permitting debate.

The closure was whips; this was scorpions. Never before was Leader of Opposition dealt with in such drastic fashion. After moment of pained silence Opposition broke forth into howls of despairing remonstrance. No appeal from judgment of Chairman; no opportunity even of discussing it. Driven forth into Lobby again, Opposition reduced the Ministerial majority to 88; a poor consolation, but their own.

The varying figures due to action of Irish Members, who spent an hour of delirious delight. In ordinary divisions on Education Bill their privilege is limited to voting against their nominal allies, the Liberals. By promise of State subvention of Roman Catholic schools they are bought over to the Government side. Must go into same Lobby with CHIEF SECRETARY and

JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG. But on questions of hampering Government in respect of closure and motions to report progress their hands are free. Joyfully use them to clutch His Majesty's Ministers by the throat.

Business done.—Leader of Opposition sharply snubbed.

Thursday night.—The long-cherished desire of the MAHARAJAH of KOLHAPUR is fulfilled. Dwelling in a far country, under quite other skies, his heart ever fondly turned to Westminster, where the House of Commons, stately mother of a world-compelling brood, sits in calm majesty.

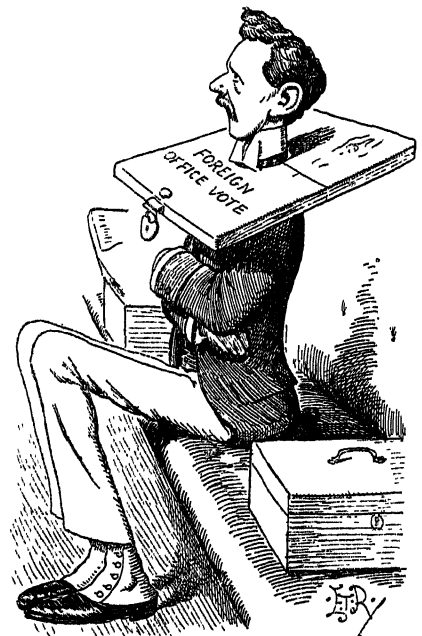
At this moment the MAHARAJAH is perched in the Diplomatic Gallery, filling all his senses with delight. A colossal personage his Highness; arrayed in white burnous of soft material flecked with gold lace; over his monumental, dusky, alert head is folded a turban of dainty blue. House in Committee of Supply. Foreign Office Vote under discussion. Universe in review. The very occasion on which His Highness has meditated, expecting to see the Chamber thronged, palpitating with emotion, whilst two hemispheres timidly watch at the door wondering what England is going to do to them next.

What the MAHARAJAH looks down upon is an array of beggarly benches with here and there a member. CHARLES DILKE on his legs, by his erudition shaming the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, even with the new Supplement that recognises LIVINGSTONE's connection with Central Africa. On the Treasury Bench is the Under Secretary for Foreign



Lobby enjoying himself.

(A lightning sketch from the Press Gallery.)



IN THE CANGUE—A CHINESE TORTURE.

W-l-l-e R-d-m-n-d and other "Boxers" are in the
offing.
(Lord Cr-nb-rne.)



ELF-LAND REGATTA.

Affairs, solitary save for JESSE COLLINGS, who sits apart with folded arms looking unutterably wise. At first the MAHARAJAH thought JESSE must be the representative of the potent, world-embracing, empire-creating Foreign Office. Poked a brown fore-finger at him ecstatically; quite satisfied with realisation of his dream.

Rather anxious moment for ALFRED PEASE personally conducting him. After some hesitation timidly corrected impression, indicating CRANBORNE as the real representative of the potency of Great Britain. Had they been in Kolhapur proceedings would have been summary; but even a MAHARAJAH can't cut off a contradictory gentleman's head in the Diplomatic Gallery of the House of Commons.

The MAHARAJAH disillusioned, and, not catching all DILKE's remarks, said he thought he would go on to the House of Lords, where he spent a pleasant half-hour listening to WELBY discoursing on the Corn Tax.

"Taking your two Houses together we've had a most interesting afternoon," said the MAHARAJAH, bending a beaded eye on the hapless member for the Cleveland Division of York, who was more than ever glad he didn't happen to be in Kolhapur.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote in Commons: Budget Bill in Lords.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 28.—Excellent performance of LEON CAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. Fräulein SCHEFF unable to appear, the queer weather having played the mis-scheff with her voice. May she speedily recover! Mlle. AURÉLIE RÉVY at short notice played and sang *Nedda* excellently. Signor SCOTT's *Tonio* was all that could be wished; and everybody was in a cheerier frame of mind than on Thursday the 26th, when a gloom was over the nation, and Opera and opera-habitues were under the cloud of the KING's illness. But now the doctors are men of "good report," and all are sanguine; so singers and audience alike are bright, and Madame CALVÉ as *Santuzza* in MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana* is at her very best, dramatically and vocally. Signor CARUSO grand in the part of *Turiddu*; the drinking song magnificently sung, and the encore, unanimously demanded, is accorded by Signor MANONELLI. But the one refrain that everyone is humming hopefully as we leave the Opera is "God Save the KING!"

Thursday.—"The Garden Party at the Opera," which is, of course, Mr. WAGSTAFF's exceedingly humorous way of describing the *début* of Miss GARDEN as the capricious heroine of *Manon*, grand opera in four acts, music by MASSENET, libretto by MESSRS. MEILHAC and GILLE, from Abbé PRÉVOST's well-known romance. Miss GARDEN achieved an unqualified success. This deponent could write an essay on "*Manons* I have seen," some excellent in one way, and some in another; but this lady, the latest representative of the fickle flirt who ends as the contrite coquette, is "very *Manon*." As the character develops itself, from being "only a country girl," shamming simplicity, up to the full-blown fashionable courtesan, in a kind of female "Rake's Progress" from maid to mistress, and then falling from her high estate to the lowliness of a repentant Magdalen, Miss GARDEN, as actress and singer, leaves nothing to be desired. From first to last she is *Manon*, and in this part at least her triumph is assured.

M. MARÉCHAL as the *Chevalier Des Grieux*, whose wearisome sentimentality is some excuse for *Manon*'s conduct towards him, was excellent, rather as operatically singing than histrionically speaking. The three Lark Ladies or Three Disgraces, *Ponsette*, *Rosette*, *Javotte*, found charmingly sprightly and most harmonious representatives in Mlles. HÉLIAN, McCULLOCH, and MAUBOURG. As Miss GARDEN (henceforth Miss COVENT GARDEN) hails from the land of *Lucia*

di Lammermoor, it must be pleasant to her, coming as a stranger to our little village, to find a compatriot in that wee bonnie Hieland lassie Miss McCULLOCH 'of that ilk.'

M. ALLARD is a good and tuneful *Lescart*; not, perhaps, quite enough of the rollicking bully, but 'tis easy to over-colour such a picture, and his discretion is the better part of his value in this character.

Perfect PLANÇON is the *Père Noble* to the life. Of course, like Old Germont in *La Traviata*, he has bought his experience and knows his way about, rather! Even now this "Awful Dad," as played by Perfect PLANÇON, would be an awkward rival to his own dear boy, and if he only let himself go it is impossible not to feel that that arch little humbug *Manon* would go with him some considerable way. M. GILBERT, as the foolish, fat, and fond nobleman who turns uncommonly nasty when he loses his money, is excellent.

Altogether a distinguished success for everybody concerned, including M. PH. FLOU (which, when pronounced, sounds as if you were stammering with plums in your mouth) and his gallant orchestra, the curtains being opened and reclosed again and again after every Act in order to satisfy the vociferous demands of a delighted audience, determined, when there was no more to be heard, to see as much as possible of the artistes who, hand in hand, all "boo'd and boo'd and boo'd" like so many smiling *Sir Pertinazes*; which reference is quoted as apt on account of the Caledonian nationality of the prima donna, Miss McMANON. At Miss CHARMING GARDEN's next appearance her admirers in the house will all take care to decorate themselves with Gardenias and Scotch heather-bloom. This flower show will give the hot house (cooled by occasional blasts from the Vonderful Ventilators) a distinguished, noble, and decidedly haughty-cultural appearance. Miss GARDEN will, of course, be the subject of many a "mot."

P.S.—In my last I referred to the production of *L'Elisir d'Amore* with the great LABLACHE in the cast. The date of this, I am informed by a trustworthy correspondent, was 1841, and in that same season was given *I Puritani* at Her Majesty's, before Covent Garden was started as the opposition, with GRISI, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, and LABLACHE. "Fancy that!" But this deponent was then among the talented Squallini Family in the Domestic Nursery Grounds.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In *The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey* (SMITH, ELDER) Mrs. MURRAY SMITH has accomplished a labour of love. Familiar with every stone of the historic fane, she personally conducts the reader round it, chatting pleasantly of the monuments, nearly every one summarising a chapter in English history. An immense amount of toil has been bestowed upon the task, and infinite erudition is displayed in its accomplishment. A concurrent gift necessary to success is that of judicious condensation. My Baronite testifies that this also is in Mrs. MURRAY SMITH's quiver. The value of the volume is increased by a number of illustrations of the more memorable tombs, and a set of carefully prepared plans of the interior of the Cathedral.

A *Double-Barrelled Detective Story* (CHATTO & WINDUS) carries with it assurance that MARK TWAIN is still fancy-free, and that his hand has not lost its cunning. There is something almost terrible in the earlier incidents of the story, with its weird development in the person of the son of the outraged wife. The narrative is relieved by many touches of MARK's inimitable humour. A dramatic surprise is reserved for the last. The worst thing about the book is its brevity. Nevertheless—or, to put it in another way, therefore—my Baronite strongly recommends it as companion for a railway journey, say two hours long. THE BARON DE B.-W.

TWELVE LITTLE REASONS.

["King LEWANIKA is a transformed character, but he is not a professed Christian. His only reason for not becoming one is his unwillingness to abandon polygamy. He has twelve wives." *Westminster Gazette*]

A CHRISTIAN I gladly would be,
You see;
I'd like to have money sans end
To spend,
With a house in Park Lane
And a bin of champagne,
And Scotch of an excellent blend,
My friend,
And Scotch of an excellent blend.
Oh, fain would I idle away

The day;
Desirable Henley would be
To me,

And Ascot—oh, yes,
I am bound to confess
A Christian I gladly would be,
You see,
A Christian I gladly would be.
But I've twelve little reasons against,
Twelve black little reasons against,
Twelve dear little, queer little,
Neat little, feat little,
Sweet little reasons against.

I'd like to wear shiny top-hats,
And spats,
And collars of snowiest white,
So bright,

Instead of the beads,
Which are all that one needs
In a land where it's ninety at night,
Yes, quite—
In a land where it's ninety at night.
I would certainly fain settle down

In town,
Where I'd soon be the lion, no less,
I guess;

In the homes of the great
Quite a boom I'd create
And I'd marry a wealthy Princess,
Oh yes—

I'd marry a wealthy Princess.
But I've twelve little reasons against,
Twelve black little reasons against,
Twelve dear little, queer little,
Neat little, feat little,
Sweet little reasons against.

LLANDAFTNESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that Lord LLANDAFT has been writing to the *Times*, giving hints upon the management of anthropoid apes.

Profiting by his lordship's excellent example, I propose to address a few remarks to you, Sir, upon the subject of that entertaining anthropoid, the common parodist (*poietes mimetikos*). My acquaintance with the variety is not limited, like Lord LLANDAFT'S, to mere observation, but is intimate and even personal, as I am myself distantly



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"I HAVE YET ROOM FOR SIX SCOTCHES MORE."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Sc. 7.

related to the genus. I speak therefore with as much knowledge as freedom.

These elegant animals (classed zoologically with the *cynocephali*, as showing some distinct "sign o' brain") are really quite easy to keep, though sometimes difficult to lose. It is true that in England they are more delicate than in some other countries, but even here they have been known to become hardy to the point of irreverence. They are best kept in cages, and under the control of an able-bodied keeper, but there is no harm in allowing them to exercise their tricks—which in the case of the larger specimens are frequently very amusing—when restraint threatens to endanger their health. The cages need little straw, for it is one of the chief elements of their usefulness that they can make bricks with the merest modicum of that material; but a cheap scaffolding—the commoner the better—of familiar subjects should be erected in each cage.

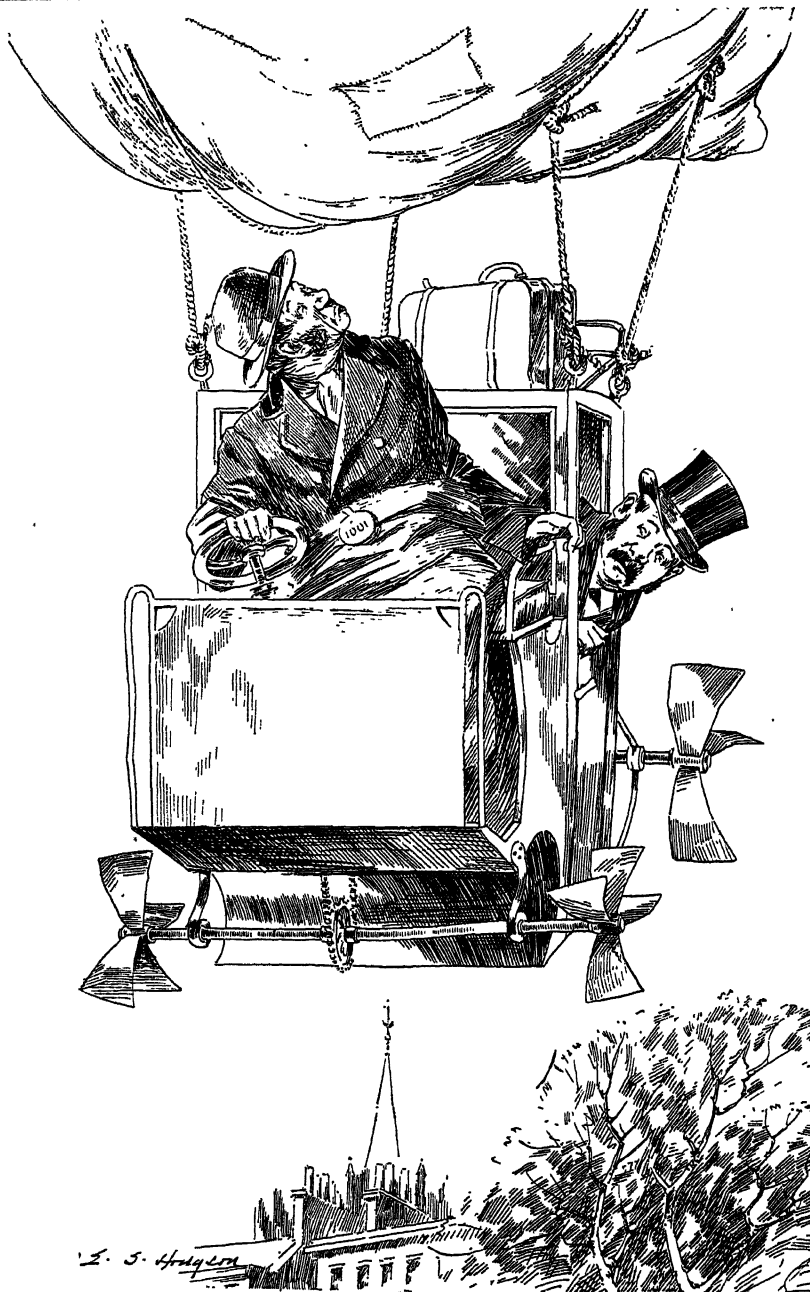
All indiscriminate feeding should be

strenuously discouraged, as in practice it is found that the public often in this way stimulates the least deserving to a display of their energies. Regular meals, however, are of the utmost importance, and in my opinion should be provided by the editor or other keeper himself; for they are naturally voracious and, if kept too hungry, will sometimes weaken their system in the endeavour to assimilate unsuitable material. Water should be given only sparingly: they are apt to splash it about amongst their ideas, which do not always stand further dilution.

Heat is a *sine qua non*. On this account some authorities recommend ice and others liquid air, but these are both heresies. Personally I think the temperature of Bouverie Street (perhaps slightly raised by the warmth of your reception of uninvited hints) eminently suitable. In this belief allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours obediently,

SIMIAN SCRIBBLER.



A COMING TERROR.

Fare. "I SAY, WHAT'S GONE WRONG? WHY ARE YOU GOING DOWN HERE?"
Santos 1001. "GOT A PUNCTURE, SIR! ONE O' THEM 'ERE WIRELESS TELEGRAMS, I EXPECT, GONE SLAP THROUGH MY BALLOON."

ART AND THE CROWD.

SCENE—*The Royal Academy.*

A Fat Lady (to her companion, a girl in the teens). Now, MINNIE, thank goodness I've found sitting room—and you tell me about the pictures. . . . There, child, the Catalogue's this side . . . what are you screwing your head round for? Why, there's that dreadful Mrs. TALBOT and her son—well, she ought to be an authority on painting, anyway.

Now turn round this way, do—the boy's seen you and is telling his mother, and I won't see them (regards pictures with a look of petrified interest). What's that? (points to "*La Belle Dame sans merci*"). You learn French at school, don't you? Tell me what it's all about!

A Girl in the Teens (obviously embarrassed, though unwilling to show her ignorance). Well, it's got to do (with a brilliant inspiration) with a sister of mercy—a beautiful sister of mercy.

Belle means beautiful (this with conviction).

A Fat Lady (dubiously). I didn't know they wore that costume. What's she doing?

A Girl in the Teens (reading from Catalogue). She's singing to him, I think. You see (eagerly) it's got to do with the Middle Ages—he's a knight—and they dressed differently then, and all the customs were—not a bit like ours.

A Fat Lady (sniffing). H'm—I think we've changed for the better.

An Over-dressed Lady (with a spoilt boy). RUPERT, that's the fifth old gentleman you've kicked—now, do behave . . . Oh! how are you, dear?—(to another Over-dressed Lady) No! I'm only going to see the Sargents. It's too hot to do anything else this afternoon.

[They rapidly take stock of each other's gowns.]

Spoilt Boy. Oh, Mama, let us see the sergeants . . . do they walk about in proper uniform?

An Under-dressed Lady (wearily). Art and headache seem indissoluble.

Male Companion (with conscious sarcasm). Art?

Under-dressed Lady (with unconscious sarcasm). Never mind, JOHN; better luck next year!

A "Society" Lady (to good-looking youth, complacently). Not a bad exhibition . . . I've met all the portraits in that room.

Youth. Really! (Sees some pretty girls whom he recognises.) A rippin' good show . . . excuse me . . . etc., etc.

A PÆAN!

OH what an honour 'tis to be,
 The Premier of a Colony!
 Who is there wants to hear a speech
 From B-L-F-R, CH-MB-RL-N, or B-CH?
 But all eyes fill and all cheeks redden
 At every speech from Mr. S-DD-N!

When during this Colonial week
 Anyone else essayed to speak,
 A deep depression settled down,
 I noticed, upon London Town.
 Our hearts were cold, our spirits leaden—
 Until aroused by Mr. S-DD-N!

When in the streets a Prince drove by
 We looked at him with careless eye,
 Even the most distinguished Peer
 Passed through our midst with scarce a cheer,
 But nothing in the world could deaden
 Our interest in Mr. S-DD-N!

Since this is so—and so it is—
 Since only eloquence like his
 With our Imperial needs can cope,
 I venture to express the hope
 That England, at her Armageddon,
 Will have the help of Mr. S-DD-N!

HINTS TO JOURNALISTS.

[It is stated that a movement is on foot to start a college of journalists. Compressed extracts from some of the possible lectures may be of interest.]

Lecture on Writing Leaders.

" I cannot too strongly insist on the necessity of information. A journalist need not always be well, but he must be plentifully, informed. If he can detect the line between information and imagination, so much the better, for he will then be able to conceal it. He must also be able to discriminate, for there are times when different kinds of information, intrinsically of equal value in themselves, have a different face value as regards the public. For instance, let me put the case that a journalist has ascertained: a. That the French army is landing at Dover; b. That an enormous gooseberry has been found in Cheshire. From the point of view of the journalist these facts are equally important, but—and here is the difficulty—he must be able to detect which has the more immediate interest for the public. One of them is worth a column, the other merely a note, and with his hand on the public pulse he must find out which to emphasise. Public taste varies, and it may be that on a Monday it will be interested in the French army, while on a Thursday it may prefer to read about the gooseberry"

Lecture on Social Topics.

" It is impossible to overestimate the value of a duchess. She is always worth mentioning, even if there is no apparent reason for doing so. Make a reason, and if she is writing a book, or going on the stage, or opening a shop, say so. A quarter of a column at the least. . . ."

Lecture on The Complete Critic.

" Music and art are things which come naturally to a journalist. Remember that TSCHAIKOWSKY is the embodied spirit of modern unrest, and that Mr. WHISTLER once wrote a book, from which you should quote. The Royal Academy exhibition of any given year is not conspicuous for anything of surpassing excellence, but. . . . The Salon of any given year displays several new and attractive features. . . . M. RODIN is the master of the great incomplete, and Dr. ELGAR is the hope of English music, as Mr. NEWMAN is the hope of English musicians. . . ."



"I SAY, YOU GIRLS, WE SHALL BE OVER IN A SECOND, AND IF YOU CAN'T SWIM BETTER THAN YOU PUNT, I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SAVE BOTH OF YOU!"

Lecture on Reviewing.

" Comparisons should be drawn between M. ROSTAND and Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS to the disparagement of either, and between Mr. HALL CAINE and Miss MARIE CORELLI to the disparagement of both. Mr. KIPLING is a force and Mr. MEREDITH an expression. M. GORKY will be worth mentioning for about a year, and M. MAETERLINCK for only a few months—he is going, as IBSEN has gone, out of fashion. There are two WINSTON CHURCHILLS and two LEO TOLSTOYS. The Poet Laureate should be quoted without comment. . . ."

Lecture on Serious Writing.

" It is not absolutely necessary for the writer to think himself, but he should give due prominence to the thoughts of others. He should be acquainted with some one tenet, or more, of PLATO, EMERSON, CARLYLE, KANT, PASCAL, SPINOZA and SCHOPENHAUER, and—to meet modern requirements—NIETZSCHE. These, judiciously employed. . . ."

Lecture on Practical Journalism.

" How to deal with editors is

only to be learnt by experience, but it is well to remember that they too are human, and to enclose a stamped envelope. . . ."

ESSENCE OF WELCOME.

PROPOSED labour-saving contrivances for Lord KITCHENER, who is reported exhausted:—

Metal chute outside his residence for reception of congratulations, silver caskets, begging letters, swords of honour, advice on military tactics, poetry, etc.

Conveyance of freedoms of the principal cities *en bloc* by telephone at rate of ten per minute by extension of the duplex system.

Street phonographs. Cheers to be repeated verbatim by enthusiastic citizens, and the drums forwarded to head-quarters.

Simultaneous sitting to a mass meeting of portrait-painters.

Express train, with Post-Office net attached, to tour England, collecting addresses at full speed.

SHYLOCK AND THE POUND OF SOUL.

(Reflections on the Education Bill Debates.)

DEAR human child, whose woolly head
Closely recalls the unweaned lamb;
You with the lips whose native red
Is stained with inexpensive jam;

O virgin soil, O plastic clay
Within the primary potter's grip,
To whom, for moulding, day by day
So unsuspectingly you trip;

When I remark the limits set
About your elemental lore,
As that from two and two you get
A total tantamount to four;—

When I perceive your nascent nerve
Engrossed with dates of Britain's Kings,
The pothook's iterated curve,
And other non-contentious things;—

I fondly hope you never dream
That your prospective moral state
Still constitutes the steady theme
Of loud and bellicose debate.

It lies, I trust, outside your ken
That nightly, till the senses reel,
Six hundred heated Christian men
Wrestle for your immortal weal.

Yes, when on Heaven's name they call
And knock each other's doctrines flat,
You are their object; it is all
On *your* account, unconscious brat!

Summer will pass, and Winter's hand
Of dying Autumn take his toll,
And still, like SHYLOCKS, they will stand,
Claiming their punctual pound of soul.

I wonder, should you come to know
The facts about this deadly feud,
Whether your little heart would go
And burst with speechless gratitude;

Or rather, being made aware
What means they use to reach their ends,
You would compose a tiny prayer
To be delivered from your friends;

And crave permission of the star
That on your recent advent smiled
Just to continue what you are —
A simple, bounding, heathen child.

O. S.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the following stupendous statement in a Gloucester paper:—

"Five hundred and sixty pounds was the weight, and ten feet six inches the length, of a Royal surgeon landed on Monday at Lowestoft."

We are thankful to know that the KING goes on "swimmingly," and we had also hoped that the same applied to all the KING's physicians; but in this connection our optimism has received a profound shock.

NOTE FOR NEXT EDITION OF LEMPRIÈRE'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.—Hasty person, ÆOLUS. With him 'twas ever a word and a blow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



MISS ATHERTON, attracted by the strong personality of the American statesman ALEXANDER HAMILTON, whom TALLEYRAND ranked with NAPOLEON and FOX, placing him at the head of the trio, determined to write his biography. No sooner did she take pen in hand than, as she confesses, she determined to make the book a novel, whilst preserving the accuracy of detail befitting a biography. It is an attractive idea. But the measure of success attained in *The Conqueror* (MACMILLAN) will not inspire imitation. No man (or woman either) can in the same volume serve the two masters of biography and fiction. Miss ATHERTON has met the proverbial fate of the adventurous person who attempts to sit on two stools. She has come to the ground with a somewhat tiresome book. The reader is bewildered and repelled by the continuous difficulty of deciding which page or paragraph is fiction and which biography. In the midst of a lengthy matter-of-fact description of difficulties in connection with the framing of a Constitution for the emancipated Colonies, my Baronite comes upon the following:—"What impious method are you devising, HAMILTON?" asked LIVINGSTON. "Your lips are set, your eyes are almost black. I have seen you like that in Court, but never in good company before. You look as if considering a challenge to mortal combat." The best passages in the book are descriptions of sea and land by HAMILTON's birthplace in the West Indies. And that is neither biography nor fiction. "To which sentiment of my Baronite's, 'Ditto'" says
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

[According to the *Daily Chronicle's* report of an interview with NAWAB FATEH ALI KHAN of the Punjab, what the NAWAB most admires in this country is its excellent climate.]

In the chamber of gold I have listened with awe
To the voice of your great legislators,
And my feelings were mightily moved when I saw
Episcopal aprons and gaiters.
I thought what a wonderful scene this affords,
The throne and the robes of the Primate—
But though I was vastly impressed with the Lords—
They were nothing, I thought, to the climate.

The War Office, too, I have seen. What a sight!
What a triumph of organisation!
Ah! well may it be the commercial delight
Of a business-like, shop-keeping nation!
I was lost in admiring its wonderful ways,
But of course, though the system's sublime, it
By no means is worthy the tribute of praise
Which I bring to your temperate climate.

I've visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's,
And Ascot and Henley; I've been to
The Opera, plays by the dozen and Halls;
The Zoo and the Waxworks I've seen too.
But in all (I must draw to a close, for I find
It is growing less easy to rhyme it)
I came upon nothing so much to my mind
As your wonderful, temperate climate.

ON DIT.—The piece selected for performance in aid of the funds of an old-established Dental Hospital is to be *New Men and Old Achers*. A great draw.



Bernard Partridge.

EASTWARD HO!

Britannia (to India). "WE CAN ILL SPARE HIM; BUT YOU SEE WE GIVE YOU OF OUR BEST!"

MY NEIGHBOUR.

NEXT door the summer roses bloom
And breathe their hearts out day by
day

To please a gentle gardener whom
'Twere happiness to thus obey :
For her each rose a fragrance gives
That roses grudge to common labour,
And there, next door, among them lives
My neighbour.

I watch her in her garden fair,
And think what joy my life would
bless

Could she and I but wander there,
A shepherd and a shepherdess,
As blithe as those of ancient myth
That danced and sang to pipe and
tabor :

Who would not thus be happy with
My neighbour ?

Blue eyes, and hair of sunny brown,
A form of such exceeding grace,
And features in whose smile and frown
Such tender beauty I can trace
That here to sketch her free from flaw
Defies the pencil of a FABER,
And yet I yearn so much to draw
My neighbour !

I'm keeping one commandment—an
Epitome of all the ten—
So if I, when my life began,
Was born in sin like other men,
To innocence that shames the dove,
I've mellowed since I was a babe, or
How could I so devoutly love
My neighbour ?

THE MUSICAL TREATMENT.

[Discussing the healing powers of music, a medical man has declared that a beautiful melody, even when badly played upon a barrel-organ, will frequently suffice to mitigate or charm away pain.]

Mus. Doc. (who has been summoned to exercise his new vocation on a gouty patient). Let me see, you say that you have tried WAGNER three times a day after meals, GRIEG before breakfast, upon alternate mornings with BACH, and SPOHR on Sundays before bedtime ; yet the toe still gives great discomfort ?

Gouty Patient (writhing rhythmically in bed). Pain, doctor, not discomfort—red-hot pain.

Mus. Doc. (producing a tuning-fork from the crown of his hat). Dear me, dear me ! Let me sound your A. (Strikes the fork delicately on the bridge of patient's nose). Now then, bravely, A-y-y.

[*Gouty Patient* moans dismally in A flat.

Mus. Doc. As I thought, treatment completely wrong : WAGNER too heating, GRIEG too irritating, BACH too chilling, and SPOHR too narcotising. One question : Does the mention of the word



THE OPTIMISTS.

There's always something to be thankful for.

WELL, ANYHOW, I'M GLAD WE AIN'T GOT NUFFIN ON THAT'LL SPOIL !

"Philharmonic" produce a sense of utter weariness, loss of appetite, and nausea ?

[*Gouty Patient* nods his head weakly, and groans alarmingly in diminished sevenths.

Mus. Doc. (cheerfully). Precisely. What you want is the Popular not the Classical treatment. I shall just run you through a light course of SULLIVAN and GERMAN, alternated with MONCKTON and CARYLL, and, as you gain strength, perhaps just a dash of SOUZA.

Gouty Patient (in a slightly improved pitch). Doctor, I think I may recover.

Mus. Doc. (beaming). Capital, capital ! And what do you say to going for a little change of airs to the Empire or Alhambra, when you are up again ?

Gouty Patient (sighing mezzoforte). How beautiful, Doctor ! If I could only hear them now !

[Suddenly a barrel-organ bursts into "Good-bye, Dolly Gray." *Gouty Patient* springs staccato from the bed, and insists on executing a cake-walk with *Mus. Doc.*, who subsequently retires, undaunted, to practise his newly-acquired art of composing a little bill.

SNUFF AND NONSENSE.

["Le premier événement important du règne de Sa Majesté britannique EDOUARD VII. est en train de s'accomplir: la mode de priser s'installe, paraît-il, en Angleterre, dans la meilleure société."—*Le Gaulois*.]

Que vous êtes drôles, vous Anglais!

You tell me zat you are
Ze premier nation of civilisation,
Ze van of ze vorld?—*Barbares!*

I tell you such brag is—'ow say you?—stuff!
Sauvages of ze vildest—you take ze snuff!

Ah, vy 'ave you revived 'im,
Zis 'orrid, dirty trick?
Zis 'orrible custom, vy, vy 'ave you thrust 'im
On zose who would fain be *chic*?
Vy love you to run at ze nose? *Ma foi!*
I cannot conceive 'im, zis strange *Pourquoi?*

Some tell me your War-Office
'Ave 'eard zat snuff vill clear
Ze brain ze most muddled and foolish and fuddled,
And zerefore it would appear
Zey 've reason to practise ze 'abit vell
Before zey begin to reform Pall Mall.

Some say zat snuffin' causes
Ze memory to die,
And nobody wonders about all ze blunders
And whom zey was blundered by,
And you snuff in ze 'ope you will soon forget
'Ow oft you was beaten by Monsieur DE WET.

Que vous êtes drôles, vous Anglais!
Ah, vy are ve such fools
As to follow viz passion each barbarous fashion
Zat's set in ze Eenglish schools?
You say it's *la mode*? Vell, one must not flinch.
Merci! I vill take, at a pinch, just a pinch!

THE WAY THEY HAVE AT THE WAR OFFICE.

SCENE—A room at the War Office. Two High Officials are engaged in a discussion as to whether top-hats should be worn by Highland regiments on parade. To them enter Nervous Inventor.

First High Official. But, my dear General, if, as you suggest, the Highland regiments were to wear top-hats, only think of the very undesirable effect that a shower of rain would produce!

Second H. O. My dear Colonel, you misunderstand me. I never suggested that the hats should be made of silk. Now, hats of a shiny material, such as those affected by bus-drivers, or even opera hats, would, I take it, add very greatly to their general effect on parade. But whom have we here? (*Fiercely* to Nervous Inventor.) Your business, Sir?

Nervous Inventor. I ventured to intrude, gentlemen, with the plans of a new gun which—

First H. O. (interrupting). While on the subject of hats, General, perhaps you have not seen the latest pattern served out to the Kamschatkan Light Infantry. It is something after this style.

[*He sketches the new Kamschatkan cap on the back of an unopened letter marked "urgent." Twenty minutes are spent in discussing the relative merits of the top-hat and the Kamschatkan cap in all their bearings.*]

Second H. O. Well, Colonel, we must thresh out this important matter at our leisure. Now, Sir (*to Nervous Inventor*), we must beg you not to waste more of our

valuable time than is absolutely necessary. Once more, what is it that you want?

N. I. As I was saying, gentlemen, I venture to bring before your notice a new gun which I have just completed. Worked as it is by electric power, the gunner has only to touch a button—

First H. O. *À propos* of buttons, General, I hardly feel that the button you designed for the Third Life Guards is calculated to maintain the traditions of the British Army. I am certain that it would be infinitely more effective, not to say artistic, if its diameter were increased by a thirty-second of an inch.

Second H. O. No, no, my dear Colonel. The change you propose would, to my mind, ruin the general effect of the uniform. Now, if you had suggested a decrease of a sixteenth of an inch—

[*For twenty minutes they discuss the knotty question of buttons for the Second Life Guards, without arriving at any definite conclusion.*]

First H. O. (to N. I.). Now, Sir, you have wasted nearly an hour of our valuable time, and if you have anything further to tell us we would beg of you to do so at once.

N. I. (thoroughly exasperated). Well, gentlemen, I had intended to describe to you, with the aid of diagrams, the size of the breaches which my gun would make in the walls of any town that you happened to be besieging. But as I know that the mere mention of the word would be sufficient to give rise to a discussion as to whether knee-breeches should be included in the mess kit of regiments in the field, what should be their colour, material and cut, whether they should be fastened above or below the knee, with gold, silver, platinum, or pewter buckles, and whether they should be terminated with button boots, lace boots, shoes with buckles, shoes without buckles, sandals, clogs, pattens, or buskins, I feel that it would be a waste of breath. Good morning.

First and Second H. O. (aghast). Well, the impertinence of these inventors passes all bounds! And after we had given him so much of our valuable time, too!

[*They fall back into easy chairs, and, after lighting their cigarettes with a plan of the latest thing in rifles, they soon become immersed in the pages of the "Tailor and Cutter."*]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday, July 9.—*La Princesse Osra* (music by HERBERT BUNNING to a French libretto by MAURICE BERENGER, adapted to English understandings by R. H. ELKIN, the plot being found for them by ANTHONY HOPE in his *Heart of Princess Osra*, so that the opera, as announced, is *Princesse Osra* without her heart) was to have been produced to-night. But the Princess wasn't ready, and so she may perhaps appear before these notes see daylight; anyway, too late for *Mr. Punch's* Operatic Representative to say anything about her in this present number. So instead of the Princess we greet *Signora Lucia di Lammermoor*.

In consequence, perhaps, of the *Princesse Osra* being absent, the house was by no means inconveniently crowded. And the absentees lost, as I am informed (your Representative being, like the Princess, unavoidably prevented from re-presenting himself), a great treat by not witnessing the performance of Mlle. REGINA PACINI, who, good throughout, was especially strong in the mad scene, receiving an enthusiastic encore. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Alice*, not "in Wonderland," was the heroine's sympathetic *confidante*, who could safely advertise as "companion" to any lady, and be perfectly certain not only of immediately obtaining a situation, but of giving the most complete satisfaction.

Signor CARUSO, as perfect as the romantic lover *Edgardo*

should be, makes "a swan-like end." Signor SCOTT, without whom of course no North British opera could be complete, was as perfectly at home in his Highland costume, kilt, philibeg and all, as he was in the music of the part. Not much work for M. JOURNET (*Journey Due North*), Signor MASIERO and Herr REISS to do, except to show how the freemasonry of music can unite three different nationalities—French, Italian and German—in one common musical language, that of Signor MASIERO.

The termination of the season is already announced for July 28. Let us hope it has been successful; though the advertisement that Mr. FRANK RENDLE and Mr. NEIL FORSYTH have associated themselves with "Moody Manners" for five weeks sounds as if these two gentlemen were not quite so lively "after the opera's over" as might have been expected.

"SI TORRERE JECUR QUÆRIS IDONEUM."

WHAT? EDITH married! FRED, I know
Your selfishness is monumental,
But even you might deal a blow
With some pretence of being gentle.
Didn't you hear old Dr. GRIND
Say that I needed perfect quiet,
A holiday, a vacant mind,
And carefully selected diet?

Sweet EDITH married! Cruel fate!
No other news could stir such feeling
(Just as I'd had my opiate
And felt a languor o'er me stealing).
It tears my heart strings. Really,
FRED,

I think you might have recollected
My pericardium is said
To be the very part affected.

Alas for EDITH! It was she
Who won my love that last December
When I was ordered to Torquay—
(A lung was faulty, you remember).

I used to lend her my bath-chair,
She liked the arms—my own invention;

I let SMITH push her anywhere,
And lost myself his whole attention.

I never knew a better nurse,
She wheeled her father any weather,
Always remarked when he was worse,
And watched him doze for hours together.

I loved her, FRED, I love her still;
I should have put the fatal question
If she had had the slightest skill
In paroxysmal indigestion.

I hoped in no far distant days
Her father, or some near connection,
Might fall into dyspeptic ways,
And so remove the sole objection.



THE DOG DAYS. WHY NOT?

(A Suggestion in case of tropical heat.)

'Tis hard of fate: it might have been,
And now—Pray reach me down
that phial;
Perhaps some tincture of quinine
May give me strength to bear this trial.

STERN REALITIES!

THE Hippodrome has surely out-Heroded Herod as regards realism, for we are told that in its "new sensation" "real" horses and "real" people are swept away by a "real" torrent of water. Verily the modern actor in such vivid representations must be a hardy fellow! We may shortly expect something of this kind to be announced as an attraction:—

In the forthcoming Prehistoric Melodrama, the gentleman who plays the part of *Ichthy O'Saurus* will be clubbed in the third act with a real stone axe. To guard against disappointment to the public several understudies will be provided by the Management.

At the Blankville Theatre a real soda-water bottle will be broken on

the villain's skull in the race-course scene.

The heroine, in the new society drama about to be produced, will positively be thrown across the orchestra into the front row of the stalls. Every evening at 8, matinées 2.30 Saturdays.

Real swords will be used in the duel scene in the new opera, and the tenor or baritone will probably be wounded each evening.

N.B. Nothing to hurt: a mere "pin prick" to make the vocalist, if tired, sing out a bit.

The Management of the Vivacity Theatre, not to be outdone in the rage for realism, have provided their patrons with a genuine surprise. In the Tropical Island scene, real pythons and boa constrictors will wreath themselves about the stage, and possibly escape into the auditorium; whilst, should the weather be tropical, the firemen who rush on to extinguish the fire in the Liverpool warehouse (Act IV.) will be instructed to turn the hoses on to the orchestra and the first three rows of the stalls.

RUS IN URBE.

[“The invasion of London by wild country life makes progress annually. You may roam many miles of rural hill and dale without seeing timid birds, such as magpies and moorhens, living their wild natural life on such close and easy terms as in St. James's Park.”—*Country Life*.]

Chorus of Country Birds:

SWEET, oh sweet the Surrey lanes,
Where the wild rose blushes;
Sweet the thicket filled with strains
Sung by tuneful thrushes;
Sweet the lakelet when the West
Rains upon it golden rest,
And the moorhen builds her nest
Deep among the rushes.

But behind the rosy bower
Stalks a ruthless ranger,
Seeking whom he may devour—
Save us from the stranger!
While upon the lakelet fair
Lo, the fowler sets his snare—
Cruel man is everywhere
Dealing death and danger.

Chorus of Town Birds:

Leave, oh leave your Surrey lanes,
Where the wild rose blushes!
Fill this Eden with your strains,
O ye tuneful thrushes!
Moorhens, here are havens blest
Where your little ones may rest—
Undisturbed shall be your nest
Deep among the rushes.

Round about this shady bower
Lingers many a ranger;
But we need not flee nor cower—
Here we fear no stranger.
Never on this lakelet fair—
Does the fowler set his snare—
Friendly man is everywhere
Guarding us from danger.

Omnes:

Empty are the Surrey lanes,
Where the wild rose blushes;
In the thicket ring no strains
Sung by tuneful thrushes.
But St. James's now may see
Fowl of high and low degree—
Magpies build in every tree,
Moorhens in the rushes.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

If, at Aix-les-Bains, on a glorious summer afternoon, when everyone is taking a siesta or is sitting in the shade half asleep, blinking at the blue sky, the white houses, and the brilliant foliage of the magnolias and acacias, all gleaming in the southern sunshine; if, on such an afternoon, you should perceive a haggard and dishevelled man—or he may even be a woman—grasping in one hand a *Baedeker* and in the other the *Livret-Chaix*, turning the pages with feverish eagerness, and

finally—with the fingers of one hand marking four places in the *Baedeker*, and the fingers of the other clutching four openings in the *Indicateur*—seeking out the *concierge* of the hotel, with whom he, or she, consults other guide-books and time-tables; the *conducteur* of the omnibus, the head waiter, the manager, and finally some of the drowsy visitors from the garden, one by one joining the group, all speaking excitedly, and all gesticulating and waving books of reference and railway guides; you may know that the man, or woman, has not discovered the whereabouts of Madame HUMBERT, but is only planning an excursion on the following day to the Grande Chartreuse.

It is, in fact, a tremendous undertaking. The Monastery seems at no great distance on the map, but you have to go all round it and start from the other side, wherever you begin. Some enthusiasts go the whole way by road, which saves mental wear and tear, but they have to start at six in the morning, or earlier, and they get back at eleven at night, or later. The best way, according to all authorities, is to go from Aix, due north of the Monastery, to Grenoble, due south of it, and start from there. But the people of Grenoble have complicated matters still more by constructing a tramway which goes in a straight line from their city to nowhere in particular among the mountains, but happens to pass within about five miles of the Monastery. It is possible that some rash travellers have been tempted to go by this route, but in that case they are still trying to get from the tramway to the Chartreuse, for no one has yet heard any particulars of their journey or of their arrival.

Moreover, from wherever you go, you must start at six in the morning. This, as everyone knows, is not difficult to manage in a modern foreign hotel, because at the other side of one of the *portes de communication* in your bedroom someone always talks, or walks, or coughs, or packs up with terrific bangs at five in the morning, or earlier. At Aix he gets up at four to be in good time for his douche and massage at the *Établissement*.

In fact at Aix in summer, where you can be so deliciously idle in the charming little town, all trees and gardens, sweet with scents of innumerable flowers, there is one crumpled rose-leaf, and that is the excursion to the Grande Chartreuse. It is a thing one must do. *Baedeker* says so; everyone says so. And one doesn't want to do anything, except to smoke a cigarette in the shade.

The present writer, goaded to this effort, but unwilling to start at six, resolved to go to Grenoble over night. There was a train at 4.35 in the after-

noon, which seemed convenient. It is a *train-omnibus*, very unlike the admirable expresses of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée, and the time-table allows it three and a-half hours to go forty-seven miles. It took nearly four.

It was a blazing afternoon. I stepped into a compartment where sat a solitary Frenchman, a southern Frenchman, a man of the province next to that of TARTARIN. The compartment was like an oven, but its occupant seemed as cool as a cucumber. For nearly four hours that Frenchman, that southern Frenchman, sat silent and motionless. The train shook, and jolted, and stopped, and wherever it stopped our compartment always came opposite that fiendish electric bell which rings throughout the stoppage in every French station, and, after tremendous delay and loud shouts and shrill whistles, it started again; the dust and smoke came in upon his face, and the temperature of the carriage, with all the windows open, continued at about 90°, but nothing disturbed his perfect equanimity. I asked him if I might smoke, and he bowed without a word. He could not have been deaf and dumb, for he heard what I said. He may have been disappointed in love, but he seemed past the age for that. Never more shall I read of the *flegme anglais* without thinking of that man of Southern France.

About an hour after we started he quietly took from his pocket the *Journal*. Now that is a newspaper which most people can read through in half-an-hour or less. For nearly three hours my placid companion read on. He was still reading it—he must have been going through the advertisements for the second time—when at last the train reached Grenoble. Then he silently folded up his newspaper, which apparently he had not yet finished, and stepped from the carriage without a word. I, the Englishman, bounded out, and ran to the station door as fast as I could, just to relieve my nerves. May I never ride in a *train-omnibus* alone with a Grenoble again!

I have not yet reached the Grande Chartreuse. As I have already explained, it takes a long time to get there. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

“BEN-HUR” HE WAS A NICE YOUNG MAN.—“Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses,” was the stage direction of the great DUCROW, given to the author of an equestrian melodrama. The 'osses are to cease running this week at Drury Lane, and *Ben-Hur*, a son of the most ancient race, is about to join a wandering tribe (Dramatic) advertised to “do” the States. *Ben* must get up early for this.



Major Peppercorn (tenant of the other side, to Brown, who has slipped in). "CONFOUND IT ALL, SIR, IF YOU MUST FALL IN, YOU NEED NOT SPOIL THE BEST CAST IN THE RIVER!"

CHEMICAL FOOD.

["Professor BERTHELOT of the College of France foresees in the 'Chemical Synthesis of Aliments' the economical emancipation of the human race." *Paris Correspondent of the "Daily News."*]

You who now in pain and sorrow
Life's sad sufferings must rue,
Courage! for a glad to-morrow
Science has in store for you;
Lo! it gives, for your content,
Scientific aliment.

Now no more with irksome labour
Need his bread the peasant earn;
Jocund strains of pipe and tabor
For the future he may learn.
Wherefore should he till the field?
Science all he needs will yield.

Sweets from Hybla or from Narbonne,
Luscious bowls of Samian wines—
Revelling in hydro-carbon
These the epicure declines;
While he fills his aching void
With some choice albuminoid.

Yes, henceforward shall the glutton,
Out of humour now with beef,
Jaded with insipid mutton,
To his infinite relief,
When his former diet palls
"Victual free" on—chemicals.

CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN

(At Mr. Bull's School).

MacLaren (captain). As a captain is inclined to bold experiments. When they come off he murmurs, "I told you so;" when they don't, other people mutter the same remark. But it's a wise captain that knows his own mind.

Jackson. Has served both his country and his county with distinction. In consequence of his performances at his last school a near relative was given an important post in Ireland, and since then his feats as Captain in the 3rd Lancaster Regiment have earned a peerage for the same gentleman. The JACKSON is father of the man.

Fry. A disappointing bat, but when set can cover the distance between the wickets in two long jumps. Was once a most prolific contributor to the *Century*, but too much writing at express rates has spoilt his eye. However, perhaps the pen is mightier than the bat.

Lilley. A delicate plant, never to be seen in the open field except when propped up by three sticks, both behind and in front of which he is deservedly unpopular with the other side.

Braund. A leg specialist, with an eye

as sharp as a bat's and a bat as straight as an I.

Hirst. On his day has an ugly swerve through no fault of his own. When the ball comes "with his arm," it is very awkward, as the batsman does not know which to hit at.

Rhodes. Looks simple, but is dangerous to batsmen, both pitch and direction being deceptive. Still, it's a long lane that has no turning, and all roads lead to the pavilion in time.

Abel. A neat little bat, considering his age. According to public opinion (off the select few) can neither play fast bowling nor hold catches. Still, able is as ably does.

Tyldesley. Another promising little bat, and can field. Not very big, but what there is of him goes a long way.

Barnes. Has garnered many a corn-stalk, though he depends on fine weather for his harvest. Can generally make hay (off the other side) when the sun shines.

Jessop. Crouches like a tiger, and lashes his bat like a tail. Bats on the theory that no one but himself can field. If he wouldn't hit at everything might make an orthodox player. Would never get out—if he could hit harder. For a hit into the Bush is worth two in the hand.



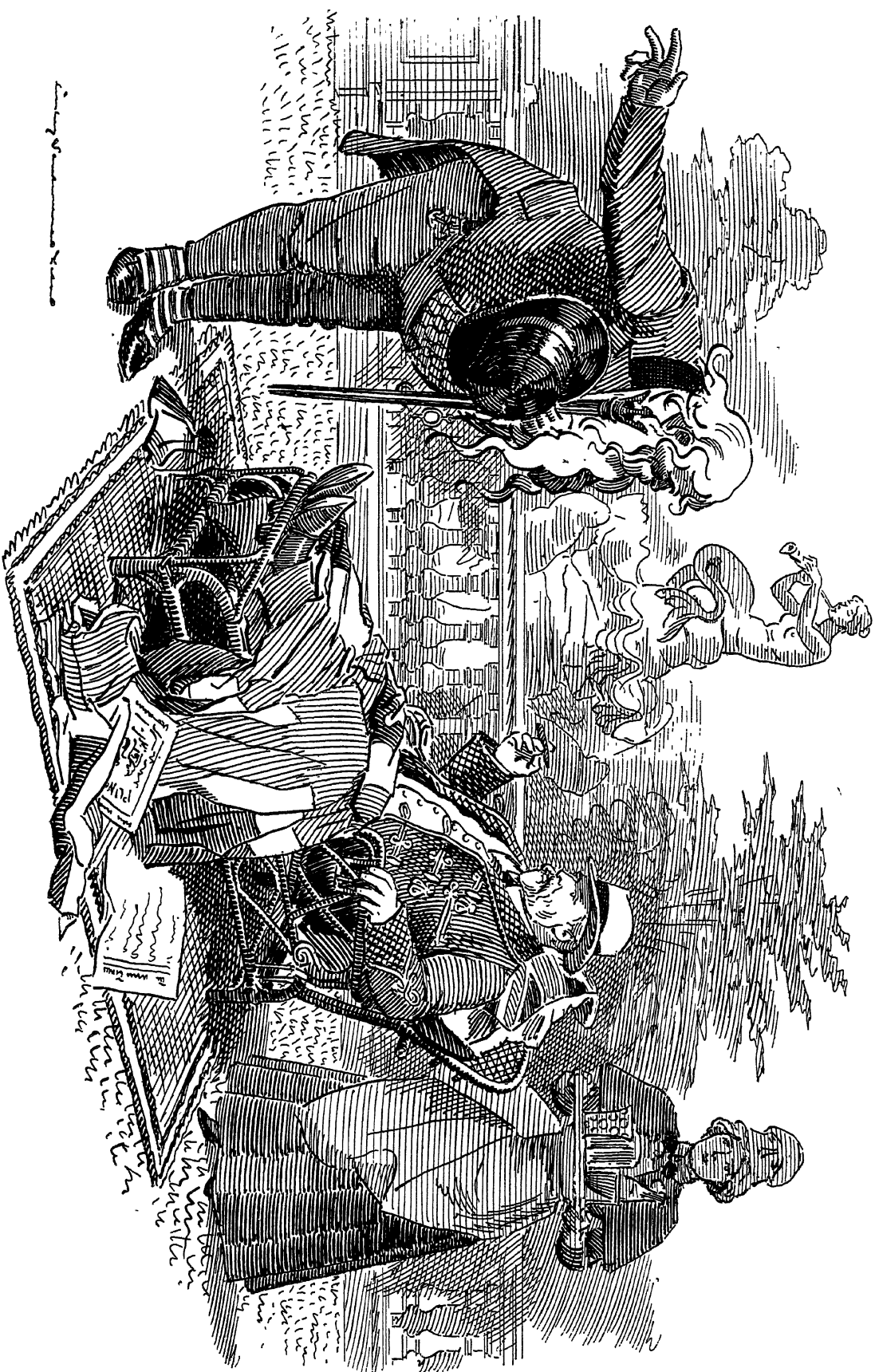
Instructor (to almost inaudible Sub. instructing squad). "NOT QUITE SO MANY OF THESE CONFIDENTIAL ORDERS, SIR!"

TO A WINNER AT HENLEY.

SIR,—The thunder of the cheering, the congratulatory voices and handshakes have by now become a memory; they are gone with the winds that blew in vain down the course to baffle your efforts; but even at this late hour you will not take it ill that *Mr. Punch*, the friend of all gallant men and the admirer of all honest, manly endeavour, should add his words to those by which your victory has been already acclaimed. When with a last effort you helped to drive your boat past the winning-post, when you realised that the flag had fallen, and that your crew had really won the final heat—then, of course, was your great moment. What a dim, perplexing dream the race itself had already become in your mind! You remembered your efforts to straighten your boat at the starting-post, you recalled the eager, anxious face of the coxswain, you still seemed to hear the callous, unmoved voice of the umpire as he issued his final directions before the start—then came the intense pause, and at last the word that released you for the desperate race, but all else was vague and unsubstantial. The actual race,—what can you remember of it? You knew you were rowing; you caught glimpses of the other crew out of the corner of your eye; the posts flashed by you in an endless succession; here and there a shout rang out to you strangely distinct above the rest; the back of the man in front of you was swinging relentlessly, and somehow you felt by the swing and dash of your crew, by the slowly receding forms of your opponents, and by the coxswain's delighted words that you were winning. Then came a gathering, swelling roar of innumerable voices all shouting together. The tents, the stands, the pleasure-boats behind the booms flew past your eyes and—"Easy all!" came from the coxswain, and

the race was over, and your name was added to the roll of Henley heroes. It was a glorious, an unapproachable moment.

That first fine careless rapture is past, but the sense of glorious accomplishment, of toil and discipline and zeal and abstinence rewarded a thousandfold, of honour secured not for yourself alone, but for the crew you rowed with and for the beloved Club whose colours you wore—that remains with you a possession for ever. You may win again, but the zest and freshness of this first triumph can never be rivalled. And in after years when you revisit Henley as a portly veteran, pleased with the efforts of the youngsters, but firmly convinced that rowing is not quite what it used to be, *te puero*, you will call up again that great day and will embroider, as veterans sometimes do, the story of the race with all the embellishments of a vivid imagination. Well, it may not be quite accurate that you spurted at the particular spot you point out, or that your stroke was at the rate of 48 to the minute, or that no single drop of water was splashed into the boat during the race—but what of that? You won. That is the great fact; it stands on the imperishable records of the Regatta, and sheds a lustre on you as you go through life. And in some other year, too, when victory may not have perched upon your banner, you will learn perhaps to appreciate how those feel who lose a race. They also have striven and endured, and a share of honour must be theirs, for, after all, the game itself, with the effort and energy that accompany it—that is the thing. Victory is delightful, defeat is, or seems to be, intolerable, but the noble pursuit of a noble, healthy exercise is greater even than victory, and makes amends for defeat. So here's good health and a long life to you, whoever you may be!



THE RESTORATION.

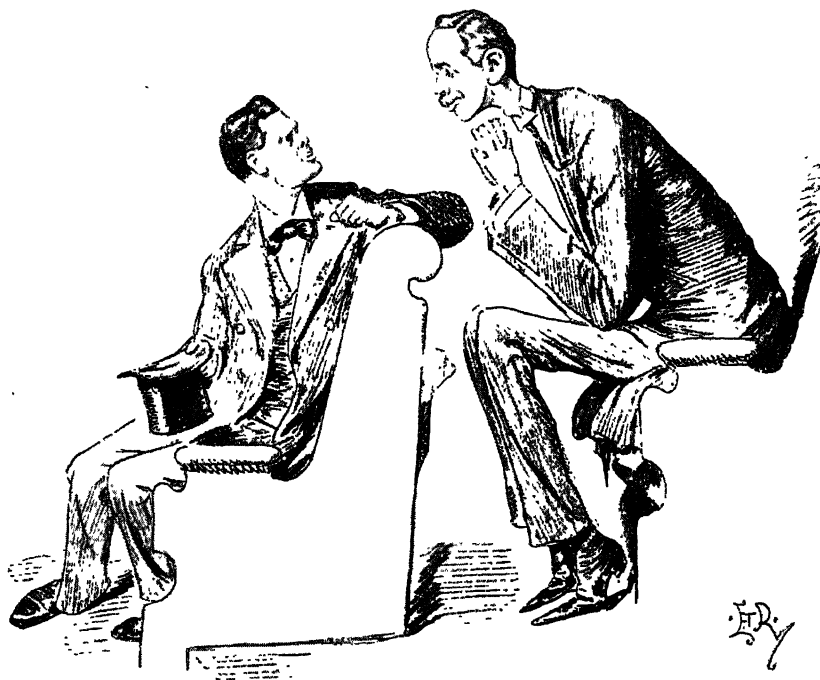
DR. NEPTUNE. "THE LAND DOCTORS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK SPLENDIDLY. NOW, YOUR MAJESTY, A WHIFF OF MY BRINY WILL PUT YOU ALL RIGHT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 7.—Some doubt in mind of the interested observer as to whether in matter of the Sandhurst rustications HUGH CECIL was leading WINSTON CHURCHILL, or whether WINSTON was captaining the Head of the Church at Westminster. To put it in another way, was the dog wagging the

HUGH CECIL and WINSTON, burning with the concentrated energy of twenty thousand Cornishmen, resolved to know the reason why. When Questions called on to-day, WINSTON was discovered in corner seat below Gangway sacred to the presence of JEMMY LOWTHER. That right hon. Recluse, informed that attack on his friends on Treasury Bench was pending, cheerily contributed his seat to the fray. LORD HUGH moved up a



Winston. "I say, HUGH, old man, what a mess you are making of this Sandhurst case!"

Lord H. C. "Well, I like that, WINSTON. Hanged if I wasn't just going to say the same thing to you! We shall be getting 'rusticated' ourselves next!"

tail, or was the tail by exercise of unwonted vitality and energy operating upon the dog? If so, which was who?

The attack, howsoever ordered, would have proved more successful if WINSTON had kept his old seat behind the Treasury Bench, or had even, as is his wont on dress parades, borrowed the CAP'EN's pitch. This was, however, a great occasion, and he felt he must rise to it. Opportunity presented itself of making damaging attack on St. JOHN BRODRICK; that a temptation no good Unionist, whether above or below the Gangway, can resist. During the last eighteen months the War Office has distinguished itself by high-handed proceedings. "The first to go," as WORDSWORTH's little maid put it, was HENRY COLVILLE. Then REDVERS BULLER was smashed. Now twenty-nine cadets at Sandhurst have been rusticated, their professional prospects blighted in the bud because some humourist, either among the lads or domestic staff, lit a chest of drawers instead of the fire in the grate.

seat or two along the second bench in order to sit immediately behind his young friend. Amid jeers from Irish Members, jubilant at prospect of internecine war opposite, BRODRICK read long answer in attempted justification of Commander-in-Chief's action.

"BOBS again!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "BOBS in a new character. Whenever things went wrong during his command in South Africa, and awkward questions were put in the House, BOBS always dragged on scene like a movable target, from behind which the War Office fired its replies."

LORD HUGH and WINSTON bubbled with excitement like a couple of SWIFT MACNEILLS; jumped up, sometimes both together, occasionally one before the other, breathlessly piling up questions; in turn both called to order by SPEAKER. WINSTON, so excited, committed fresh outrage on order, remaining standing whilst SPEAKER on his legs.

Effect of scene on generous soul of SWIFT MACNEILL extraordinary. Threw himself about in paroxysm of excitement;

roared inconsequent interruption. Once he bellowed "Irish Resident Magistrates!" They had no more to do with the matter than had VELASQUEZ; dragged in all the same. This too much for SPEAKER, whose patience with this well-meaning but volcanic gentleman is marvellous. Sternly warned him he "must really" keep order.

WINSTON played his trump card. Amid shout of delight from Irish Members, asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss Sandhurst rustications as matter of urgent public importance. Irish Members already almost on their feet in support of claim, when SPEAKER pointed out that, there being on the Paper a Resolution referring to same subject, WINSTON's motion was blocked. Sudden calm followed tumultuous storm. House went into Committee on Education Bill.

Business done.—Not much.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ's birthday. Won't do to follow first impulse and wish him many happy returns of the day, for he is spending it in Charing Cross Hospital. Removed thither last evening, having met serious cab accident. By dramatic stroke disaster befell under shadow of triumphal arch Canada has erected in Parliament Street as outward and visible sign of the drawing together of the Colonies towards the old Motherland, an achievement to which DON JOSÉ has mainly contributed. In a historic passage in speech delivered when his Ministry fell in the very hour of triumph, PEELE said: "It may be I shall leave a name sometimes remembered by men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." DON JOSÉ's name will ever glow in history as that of the statesman who perceived the latent prowess of a nation separated from itself by seas and continents, and welded it into one mighty force.

In the House DON JOSÉ, among other evidence of personal supremacy, is the mark of fierce personal hatred. The Irish Members snarl at sight of him standing cool and collected at the Table. The Radicals seize every opportunity to snap at their Lost Leader:

We that had loved him so, followed him,
honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear
accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die.

DON JOSÉ cannot, indeed does not, repine at this. A man who plays bowls (including TOMMY) must expect rubbers. A hard hitter himself, he doesn't whimper when his strokes are returned. To-day in his adversity, tripped up by

a vulgar accident in the full course of strenuous work, personal animosity is softened. Ancient foemen think kindly of him spending his birthday in a hospital ward. As for the patient he, cigar in mouth, is indomitably cheery.

"Yes, TOBY, dear boy," he said in response to my condolence, "it is awkward to be knocked over in this way, as if you were a mere ninepin. But, you know, in the midst of life we are in a Hansom cab."

"A safety cab," I said.

"Exactly. I beg the inventor's pardon," said DON JOSÉ, smiling; "a Hansom safety."

Business done.—All day with Education Bill.

Friday night.—Imperial PERKS relieved monotony of debate on Education Bill by profound observation. Question arising as to proficiency of school teachers, he mentioned he was assured on high authority that the chief qualifications of Head Mastership are, first to be in Holy Orders, second to be slightly bald. His authority, he added, is one of the few Head Masters who are laymen.

This suggests prejudice in respect to reference to Holy Orders. But the second qualification remains, so to speak, in bald prominence. The case is full of interest; suggests extensive amplification. The MEMBER FOR SARK thinks it would be a pleasant occupation for the boys at our public schools to devote a portion of their leisure time to its elucidation. The *Spectator* would doubtless cheerfully open its correspondence columns to the matter. Fourth-form



A thumb-nail sketch of Mr. London.
The "Emerald Green Incomprehensible."

boys will remember how the Head Master of the Roman Empire, JULIUS CÆSAR, was bald. "Whereof," as it is written in the old chronicles, "he had dispair." Communications should be confined to personal observation: e.g., Is the esteemed Head Master (at the school to which the correspondent lends lustre) bald? If so, to what extent?

It will be noted, on the testimony cited by the hon. Member, the qualification is *slightly* bald. Obviously the Pilgrim in the *Canterbury Tales*, of whom it is written, "his heed was balled and shone as eny glas," would be disqualified. That is a detail, merely mentioned to show how interesting might be the research and with what care it must be conducted. The postal address of the *Spectator* is 1, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

Business done.—London Water Bill.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.)

I.—MR. H-LL C-NE.

My earliest recollections are of a fair-haired serious child, with a beautiful Elizabethan face and Renaissance profile, reciting SHAKESPEARE'S sonnets on the hearthrug. My parents idolised—possibly spoiled me, and the sturdy Manx fishermen would walk hundreds of miles and wait breakfastless for hours on the off chance of an interview with the *Wunderkind*, the *Enfant Prodigue* who had already cast an aureole of fame round their beloved island. Excursion trips were even then constantly organised from Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool and Bootle—whose famous Baby is so well-known to P. A. P.—to see the little Deemster, as I was affectionately called.

At school I was renowned for a lovely voice and a fiery temper. My favourite

chum was a young Irish chieftain, in collaboration with whom I wrote a comedy called *The Devil's Delight*. His name was Pete of the Reeks—the Mac-Gillycuddy's Reeks. I soon fought my way to the front in tipcat (a favourite Manx game), mandolin-playing, elocution, the Atomic Theory, and Christian Science. In my leisure hours I cried over JEAN-JACQUES, corresponded with the POPE, and wrote to encourage DICKENS, then, I fear, somewhat on the down-grade. Dear old DICKENS! Even in my boyish days I had already conceived the notion of resuscitating *Household Words*.

From school I went to Oxford—not that I needed culture, but merely to complete my equipment as a man of two worlds—the world of the imagination and the world of tingling actuality. It was a lurid time, and C-NE of Brazenface was a name to conjure with. My record was unique. As a freshman I won the three-legged hurdle race in the 'Varsity sports; I was beaten by a short neck in the Grand National in my second term—you will remember, of course, the classic chapter in *The Master Pagan*; I was unanimously elected Bulldog in my second year, and tied for the wooden spoon at the Amateur Golf Championship before I was twenty-one.

After these unparalleled efforts the Dons thought that it might be well for me to rusticate for a while. Yielding to their kindly persuasion I consented, and while undergoing a rest-cure at Putney discovered D. G. ROSSETTI, A. C. SWINBURNE, THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, EDMUND GOSSE, HOLMAN HUNT (whose *Scapegoat* was dedicated to me) and WILLIAM HEINEMANN. For these services I was given the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. The rest of my career is public property. To tell it here would be to repeat a twice-told tale. But I may mention that I have been so pleased by the reception of my recent historical work on Rome, that I am seriously thinking of learning Italian. My next novel, however, is to have a Latin sub-title: "*Spiritual Power; or, Christianus ad Leonem XIII.*"

H. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

INNOCENT ABROAD.—You are misled in your view that the *Cours de Cuisine*, mentioned in the prospectus of a French school, means the run of the kitchen.

MONOGAMIST.—No, you are wrong in supposing that bigamy is habitual among fishes. The only known example is that of the Jack, which possesses two gills.



"Imperial Perks."



EQUIVOCAL.

Mrs. Blobs. "I QUITE THOUGHT YOU HAD FORGOTTEN US, MISS GUSHER."
Miss Gusher. "WELL, I HAVE A BAD MEMORY FOR FACES AS A RULE, BUT I SHOULD NOT BE LIKELY TO FORGET YOURS!"

C. Brock
1902

THE SILENT WOMEN.

["One hundred Society women (in America) are not going to speak for three days. They are to rest at St. Gabriel's Convent at Peekskill from the fatigue incidental to the pursuit of their social activities. After three days of perfect peace they think they can successfully tackle the summer campaign in the mountains or by the seaside."—*The Morning Leader*.]

If men, dear Ladies, make your plan

A target for their shafts of wit,
We beg you'll let no critic's ban
Persuade you to depart, from it;
You wish, we understand, to live
For three whole days entirely mum—
Well, that's a scheme that seems to
give

A glimpse of the Millennium.

Of course we're perfectly aware

The best laid schemes gang oft agley,
And whether this is not too fair

To prosper, we can hardly say;

At any rate, we feel your true

Intent is all for our delight,

So it's our bounden duty to

Encourage it with all our might.

Then pay no heed while cynics scoff

About the strength of female lungs,

And think to hear a furlong off

The silence of those hundred tongues;

But rest assured, if we come near

The Convent of St. Gabriel,

We'll do our utmost not to hear—

And if we do we'll never tell.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VI.—A STRANGER TO TEA.

I WAS opening the door with my latch-key when he first addressed me. I heard the sound of a hiccough behind me, and, turning round, encountered the gaze of the most genial pair of eyes I think that I have ever seen. For the rest he was unshaven, unwashed, and was wearing a frowsy serge suit that gave the impression that its owner had been caught in the open some time before in a sudden shower of gravy.

"I should be glad," he observed jocosely, "of a cup o' tea."

I stared at him.

"I've just got a job at BROWN'S Stores," he informed me; "so I should be glad even of a cup o' tea."

Without altogether seeing the connection in this, I invited him into the hall, and returned in a moment from the dining-room with a cup of tea and a slice of cake. He accepted them with a kind of amused gratitude, carefully hanging a battered bowler hat on a peg next to my own.

"Sir," he remarked with a confidential grin, as he sipped his tea, "I'm not an ordnery feller, yer know."

I assured him that I had gathered as much.

"Just becos yer get yerself up

respectable," he continued, "an' take some pride in yerself yer know, people don't believe that you're in want."

I admitted the unfairness of such an attitude. He took a long drink at the tea, and hiccoughed at me.

"I'm down on my luck, Sir," he remarked jovially, "reg'lar down."

I felt myself bound to smile encouragingly.

"But I've just got a job at BROWN'S Stores," he continued, "so I thought I'd ask you for a cup o' tea."

He munched away at the cake.

"Been in the army," he remarked, benignly.

I was sorry for this. It was the first departure from originality.

"Eight years," he continued; "Roy'l Artillery—driver. Got my discharge—varicose veins."

The thought of the latter seemed to afford him the keenest amusement. He finished his tea, and put the cup down on a chair.

"Not 'avin been introduced to you," he observed, "I'm afraid I don't know 'oo you are—GARVEY, my name is, ROBERT GARVEY"—he beamed at me.

"They call me Bob for short."

I nodded, and glanced towards his hat.

"Reg'lar down on my luck I am, Sir," he observed, with increasing joviality. "Lost my missus."

He paused, then took up his hat.

"I'm very much obliged to yer, Sir," he said, "for the tea."

"Your conversation," I answered, "has been more than worth it," and I opened the door.

"I start at BROWN'S Stores termorrer," he remarked. "Van-driver."

I nodded.

"I shall finish work termorrer night at nine," he resumed. "D'yer think you'd be in then, Sir?"

"I fear not," I answered, and opened the door wider. He did not move, but motioned to me mysteriously.

"I should like," said he, with a sudden gravity, "to speak to you personally."

I assured him of my material presence.

"I'm down on my luck, Sir—reg'lar 'ard up. If you could oblige me with a small loan—I could bring it back termorrer—it'd 'elp me a bit. I'm askin' you, Sir, ter save me troublin' anybody else."

This struck me as a somewhat broad view of my philanthropy. However, I did not disappoint his opinion of me. Besides, it was not altogether a gratuity.

In an instant he was his genial self once more. He wrung my hand.

"You've 'elped someone that deserves it," he said.

"The service," I answered, "has been reciprocal."

"You're right, Sir," he returned intelligently, and stepped out on to the

doorstep. "Good-night, Sir. You've 'elped someone that—"

"Well, you haven't far to go," I interrupted, stepping out after him.

He stopped, and looked at me questioningly.

"The 'King's Arms,'" I explained, "is only just round the corner."

He smiled at me sadly.

"It will soon take away the taste of the tea," I continued, encouragingly.

"Sir—" he began with a reproachful hiccough.

"Come, get along!" I said.

He met my eye and grinned broadly.

"You're a gentleman, Sir," he informed me, and touched his hat. "Good-night."

And he limped off down the street, leaving me standing on the doorstep, regretfully mindful that an additional twopence might have elevated me to the military.

MOROCCO BOUND.

["England is a great country, but I am glad to be going back to civilisation again."—*Kaid Abderrahman Ben Abdersadek, the Moorish Envoy*.]

I'VE roamed through your infinite Babel,

I've wandered, with guide-book in hand,

Through the Strand,

And riches undreamt of in fable

I've seen in this barbarous land.

And over a rose-bedecked table

At the Carlton, the Cri. and the Grand,

I've dallied with countenance sable

But bland.

I've heard the great roar of your traffic,

I've trembled in perilous plight

And affright,

As motors, with speed telegraphic,

Flew by me to left and to right.

I've seen how you English can "maffick"

And blow penny trumpets all night

With a glee that is almost seraphic,

Not quite.

I've seen what you call decoration—

Such colours as happily we

Never see,

Gilt lions unknown to creation,

Sham roses that grew on no tree.

Ah, England may boast she's a nation

Almighty by land and by sea,

But Morocco and civilisation

For me!

MR. ALFRED CAPUS' Comedy, *La Veine*, has been advertised in a contemporary as *La Vienne*. This transposition constitutes a very mild Spoonerism; it would be, of course, far worse to speak of Mr. PINERO's play as *The Guy Lord Quax*, or of the romantic religious drama at Drury Lane as *Her Bun*.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND YARD.

It all arose out of a remark of GWENDOLEN'S. "Don't you think cabmen have the most charming manners, JACK?" she asked. "Miss SKINFLINT says she is always having disputes with them about fares; but when I pay them, they always take off their hats and say, 'Thank you, Madam.'"

Though I do not take an unduly pessimistic view of cabmen's nature, this statement roused my suspicions; and asking for further particulars, I elicited the fact that GWEN had taken a hansom that morning from Charing Cross to Piccadilly Circus, and given the man half-a-crown. "He seemed quite satisfied," she added.

I went across to my desk and began to write a letter.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked GWEN, puzzled by my behaviour.

"Writing to Scotland Yard, my dear. I understand they publish tables of cab-fares which may save us about half our income."

GWEN was much interested to hear this, and eagerly awaited the reply to my letter. When three or four days had passed and it had not yet arrived, and GWEN was continuing her payments at her old rate, I decided to call at Scotland Yard myself and procure a table.

On arriving at the door I explained my errand to a constable, who escorted me into an office, where I re-explained it to another policeman. The second officer made some notes in a book, looked grave, and rang for a third officer, whom he directed to conduct me to Mr. CARTER in the next department. No. 3 then conveyed me along a passage to a lift, where he handed me over to a porter.

"Aren't you going to see the thing through?" I asked.

"Not allowed to move off my own beat, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

The lift soon brought me up to the top of the building, and a fourth officer appeared who led the way to Mr. CARTER'S. For the third time I explained that I wanted to buy a shilling table of cab-fares, and at last it looked as if I was beginning to get on the right track. Mr. CARTER admitted that there were such things—nay more, he promised to give me an order for one, which must be taken to Mr. PHILIPS in the basement, who would initial it. But just as he was about to sign the order, I had the misfortune to mention that I had written to the office and received no reply.

"Oh, you've written, have you?" said Mr. CARTER. "Well, you had better find out what has become of your letter."



MR. PUNCH'S PATENT COOLER DURING A HEAT WAVE.

I protested my indifference as to its fate; I only wanted my shilling table.

"But suppose the letter has been answered by this time? Then you would be getting two tables."

"Well, I'll bear the loss and pay for both," said I.

But I could not prevail on Mr. CARTER to accept this simple solution of the problem. He rang for a fourth constable, and instructed him to take me to the Controller's Department in search of my letter. Down the lift again I went, and through many passages to a different part of the buildings, where the Sub-Assistant-Auditor-General received me in his office. Personally he had no knowledge of my letter, but he begged me to take a seat whilst he inquired into the matter. For half-an-hour I listened to the ring of the telephone-bell, and then at last a clerk came from a distant office with my letter. It was covered with the initials of various officials, and the Sub-Assistant-Auditor-General explained that the reply had been delayed because it had been initialled by the Acting-Sub-Inspector-General of the Audit and Account Office instead of by the Chief-Managing-Assistant-Director of the Income and Expenditure Department. The mistake had now been rectified, and if I took the letter down to Mr. CARTER, all would be plain sailing.

With the aid of a fifth constable I retraced my steps to Mr. CARTER'S office. He seemed much surprised at my speedy return. "Well," he asked, "wasn't it much better to go and get the letter?"

"My time," I ventured to suggest, "is generally worth more than a shilling a day."

This remark was not worth answering.

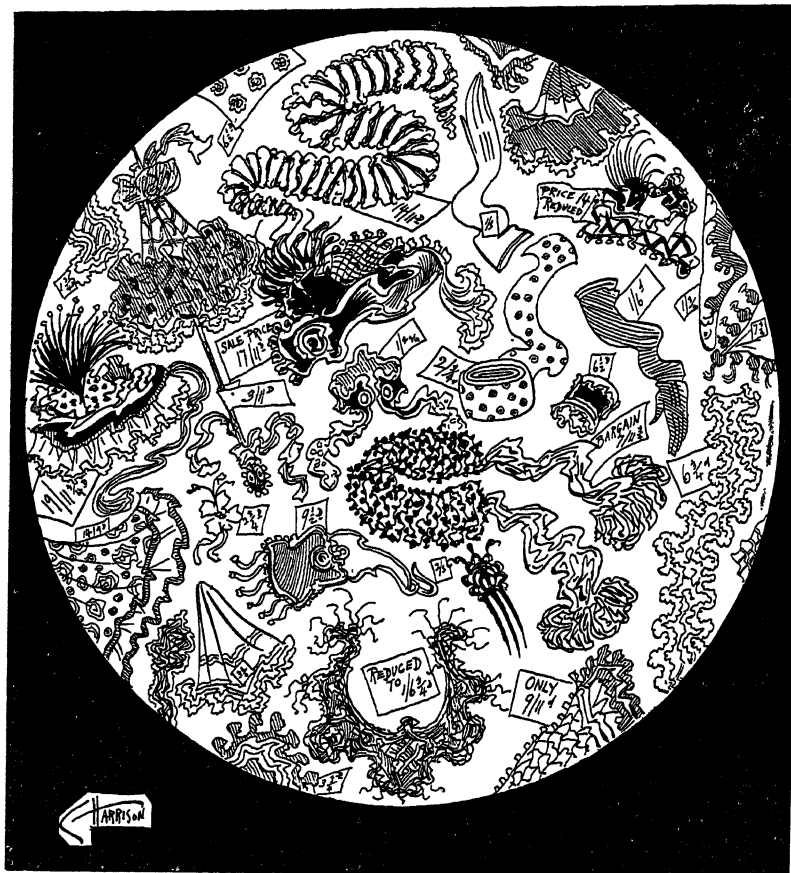
"You will take this down to Mr. PHILIPS," said Mr. CARTER, when he had written me out an order, "and when he has initialled it, please bring it back to me."

As I was leaving the room, a gentleman entered it. "Ah," said Mr. CARTER, "this is Mr. PHILIPS."

Now, thought I, I shall be saved a trip to the basement and back. Not at all. Mr. PHILIPS had no authority in Mr. CARTER'S department; but he promised, if I would go down to the basement, to follow me as soon as he had consulted Mr. CARTER on a matter of pressing importance.

A sixth constable now took me in charge. Being new to Scotland Yard, he had still a remnant of human nature left in him. "If you wants to get that table to-night, Sir, I should advise you to give that there letter to the porter in charge as soon as you gets to the basement, and then perhaps it will be ready for Mr. PHILIPS to sign before he goes home for dinner."

I took his advice, and as soon as I reached Mr. PHILIPS' office, handed the letter to a porter, who presented it to an office boy who passed it on to a junior clerk, who gave it to a senior clerk, who showed it to the Sub-Assistant-Manager, who informed me it would have to be initialled by Mr. PHILIPS. I thanked him for this piece of information, and he said he would get it put through for me. Pressure being thus brought to bear on the staff, the letter was ready by the time Mr. PHILIPS returned, and hardly a moment was lost in securing his initial. Seldom had



BACILLI OF SUMMER SALE FEVER.

A COMPLAINT VERY PREVALENT JUST NOW AMONG THE WEAKER SEX.

Scotland Yard done so smart a piece of work.

I returned in triumph to Mr. CARTER, who said he would now send up to get me the table. Half-an-hour passed, and then a telephone bell rang. A long conversation ensued between Mr. CARTER and an unknown voice, at the end of which Mr. CARTER turned to me to explain the situation. It seemed that my house was mid-way between the hackney-coach stand in Kensington High Street and that in Edwardes Square. I said I did not care which table I had. Unfortunately, however, I had stated in my letter that I wanted the table measured from the spot nearest to my house, and that table or nothing I must have. Two experts were at work measuring the distances on a map, but they could not agree which was the nearer; perhaps if I would step up I might help them to decide.

As Mr. CARTER was speaking, Big Ben struck; a constable appeared at the door, and a general stir was perceptible through Scotland Yard. "Closing time," announced Mr. CARTER. "Perhaps if you will call to-morrow—"

"Impossible," said I.

"Well, if you will leave me a shilling, the table shall be sent you as soon as the experts decide which it is that you want."

A week later a constable arrived at my house with a long package marked "URGENT." As the table is some 6 feet long by 4 feet wide, GWEN finds it very convenient to carry about with her, and of course always has it in her pocket when there is any likelihood of wanting a cab.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, as you lie

Where the green leaves quiver,
And the stream flows by
Of the cool, sweet river!

While of you I think—
Wondering and dreaming—
With cool cups to drink,
Strawberries-and-creaming;

Spare a thought for me,

PHYLLIS, of your pity,
Doomed all day to be
Sweltering in the city.

NOTHING NEW.

[M. JULES VERNE has confided to an interviewer his opinion that fifty years hence the novel will be wholly supplanted by the daily paper.]

'Tis said when you and I are old

There will not be the smallest chance
To seek in fancy's realms of gold

The charming sprite of old romance;
The world will cease to care a jot
For any heroine's dilemma,
And *Waverley* will be forgot,
And equally neglected *Emma*!

Nor *Weller's* quips nor *Carton's* grit

Will save our *DICKENS* from decay;

And all that play of mordant wit

Will not avail poor *THACKERAY*;

No more shall I, when fancy yields

To the charmed spell of my *Havana*,
Wander with *Tess* through Wessex
fields,

Or, at the Crossways, meet *Diana*!

We move so rapidly, they say,

And life's so full of storm and stress,

We needs must get, when we are grey,

Our fiction from the daily press;—

And yet it's difficult, I vow,

To see at what the prophet's driving;

For fiction fills the papers now,

And still the firm of *MUDE*'s thriving!

FLOREAT ETONA!

THE Etonian dinner given by Old Etonians (but Etonians, like the visitors to Bath in *Mr. Pickwick's* time, are "never old") to the Lord Mayor, Sir J. C. DIMSDALE, in the Grocers' Hall, on Friday last, was an unqualified success. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR was at his best, and Lord ROSEBERRY in his very happiest vein of humour. The KING's health—his best health—was enthusiastically drunk, and the toast of "Eton," naturally associated with drinking, was cheered to the echo by all who, "with heart and voice," there and then joined in the Etonian boating chorus of "Swing, swing together." This was given in such perfect unison as could only be attained by men who, whatever allowances might have to be made for differences in age, weight, and opinions, felt that for the time being, and for the tune, they were "all in the same boat." The entire evening was thoroughly Eton, and so was the excellent dinner. Such a gathering is unique, even in the banqueting annals of the much feasting City. The chorus aforesaid went with a lilt, and, as oars through the water, with a swish . . . but, Dr. WARRE being present, this word was not used out of deference to the Head Master's wish.

MOTTO FOR THE USQUEBAUGH FAMILY.—
Scotland, with all thy faults, I love thy still.

THE CYNICS.

We're cynics, you and I,—and slow at that!
 And yet—if kindly Fate should so determine—
 We both, I think, might wear the shovel-hat,
 Or don the ermine.

We hint at "favour," and we talk of "fudge;"
 The sour complaints are legion that we dish up;—
 But—really now—imagine me a Judge!
 And you a Bishop!

Just think of all the stately dignity!
 The splendid income righteously begotten!
 The fitness, and—but that will never be,—
 The world's so rotten!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN the Comte de MERCY-ARGENTEAU sat down daily to write his secret letters to MARIE-THÉRÈSE, Empress of Austria, he little thought he was penning pages that nearly a century and a half later would be eagerly read by the student of history. He was Austrian Ambassador at the Court of Versailles between the years 1766—1790. That was the outward and visible sign of him. Apart from his official position he was the spy of the Austrian Empress at a friendly Court, the secretly appointed guardian of her hapless daughter, MARIE ANTOINETTE. Every day through ten years the Comte wrote to the EMPRESS, giving her minute accounts of her unsuspecting daughter's doings and of the Court in which the young girl passed her life. It was part of the Comte's success that, living under a régime where espionage was cultivated as a fine art and practised as an hourly avocation, he succeeded in getting his correspondence safely delivered into the hands of the EMPRESS. Thus protected, he felt at liberty to write with the freedom of conversation with a trusted friend. The letters, preserved in the Imperial archives of Austria, were some years ago unearthed and published in three mighty volumes. Miss LILLIAN SMYTHE has translated the most interesting of them, stringing them together in a brightly-told historical narrative. They are published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON in two handsome volumes, illustrated by many portraits and photogravures of pictures to-day hung on the walls of the chateau that once was the home of the Austrian EMPRESS's correspondent. It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest of the work. Here, drawn from life, snapshots taken whilst they, unsuspecting, talked and laughed, ate and drank, gambled and conspired, sinned and went to church, are pictures of the men and women who made the Court of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. My Baronite has marked many passages for quotation and comment. But the book is long and this page is brief. If any would learn how vile was the Bourbon Court that led straight up to the Revolution, what poor creatures were the men, what soiled butterflies the women, how mean a thing a king may be, and how downtrodden a people, he should straightway study *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette*.

Mr. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., has, in his *Reminiscences*, recently issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., given us a pleasantly-written volume, full of varied and attractive material. Mr. GOODALL's stories of TURNER, ROSA BONHEUR, RUSKIN, STANFIELD, MACLISE, DAVID COX, LEIGHTON, and other well-known representatives of whatever is best in Art, Literature and the Drama, are generally amusing and always more or less interesting. Mr. GOODALL tells how, on one occasion, he was introduced to Colonel NORTE, the millionaire, and how the Colonel bought a picture of his and insisted on binding the bargain with a tumbler of champagne. "He gave instructions to the waiter," recounts the



K. Ford
1902

MODERN BATTING.

One reason why the University Match is so exhilarating.

Mr. Punch says—"TAKE AWAY EITHER HIS BAT OR HIS PADS, IF HE DOESN'T USE 'EM PROPERLY."

modest artist, "to make no half-measures—a thing I had never done in my life before or since. After that," he adds, "I hurried away to tell my wife the pleasant news." This conveys a rather confused and tumbler-of-champagne view of the jovial incident. Even at this distance of time there is a jovial muddle in the narration, just as if the Colonel's "fizz" had not quite got out of the temperate artist's head. It is characteristic of Mr. GOODALL's generous appreciation of the smallest scintillation of wit that he should record how ROSA BONHEUR "said she was 'Bonheur,' but that I was 'Bon tout,'" which *jeu de mot* Mr. GOODALL, in a sort of jocular Pepysian vein, considers "a pretty play on my name." This "appreciation" entitles the genial artist to take rank among the easily amused friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, who, his initials being P. M., used to sign himself "Afternoon," to their great delight. Altogether it is the good-naturedly chatty work of a kindly man, who needs no apology for being less skilful with the pen than with the brush. "Ad multos annos, Mr. GOODALL, R.A.," says

THE BARON DE B. W.

Q. What is sharper than BALFOUR's bill?
 A. COWPER-TEMPLE's clause.

A Hardening Process.

WANTED.—A good soft stone Mason; wages 8d. per hour.
Peterborough Advertiser.

THE BOOK OF KING ARTHUR.

A Fragment of Malory.

"How King ARTHUR was crowned, and how he made officers."

THEN ARTHUR that was sister's son to Sir ROBERT OF CECILY (he that had great lore of alchemy and well knew the use of vials and retorts, courteous or other) did do call a great assay of knights. And it was about the feast of St. Swithin. And challenge was made that whoso should assay and had most force to wield the club Ex-Bulger he should have mastery of the knighthood.

But of all the lords and commons was none but ARTHUR that might avail to wield it; save only Sir ORCH the chamberlain, and he was sick of a passing sore *alibi*. Wherefore he let send his son Sir AUSTEN the treasurer, saying: "Sir and my rightwise liege, I would not, and if I could, assay against you. Count me, I pray you, of your vassalage; me contenteth to abide constable of the Outland Britons. Be right sure of my allegiance so long as I be on live."

And when Sir AUSTEN had been well delivered of this word, then the most part of the knighthood sware fealty, and with so loud a voice that the young bloods, that would have had Sir ORCH for king, stood abashed and refrained themselves. And duke CHATTESWORTH, waking from a great swoond, likewise sware fealty by the faith of his body, and fell again heavily on sleep. And the haut lord SEDDON of the Isles, that was not bidden to this assay, gave audience to a chronicler, and bad make public asseverance of his good-will. And so by choice of the knighthood, and by assent of the haut lord SEDDON of the Isles, was ARTHUR crowned king.

And thereafter, at the lists of the West Minster, Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU, that had right often justed with ARTHUR's company, spake exceeding pleasaunt words, very spontaneous, so as ARTHUR grew red of cheek like to a shame-faced damsel. And the knights had great content each of other.

And I shall tell you how that ARTHUR must needs have new officers of his Table. For Sir MIKE LE DESPENSER that was over the tolls, and had made them more grievous than ever had been heretofore, pleaded eld, and would withdraw him into hermitage. And thereto, as the word is, he made as if to send in his checks. Yet was he still woll beseen and debonair, and a mark for ladies to look on at the trellis.

And the choice of some, not being asked, fell on the lord GEORGE, of Hamiltoun and Inde, for that he would come to the matter with a free wit untainted by knowledge of any such manner of thing. But some there were that held that Sir BROADRICK DE SANDEURST stood in parlous need of new employ, and would deal no worse in this wise than elsewhere. And other some would have Sir HANBURGH summoned like duke CINCINNATUS from the plough. And there were certain few that would let recall the overlord of OUTREVALLES from nether Afric, for no cause save that he knew, better than most, what he would be after; and make place for another that should be a babe in such business.

But so many and great were shown to be the deserts of other knights that there was rumour how a new leaf should be added to the Round Table. And of councillors that made choice aforehand in the king's behalf was no sort of lack; and, namely, of chroniclers that have presage of all things or ever they come to pass.

But against every each need did ARTHUR devise as seemed him good.

So here leneth of the Hystorje of Arthur's Crowning. And here foloweth the five hundred and ninety and seventh chapter of the Yggle for the better teachynge of yonge childeren.

O. S.

THE CORK REGATTA.

THERE was Lord O'BRIEN,
That Four Courts lion,
Says he, "You must enter, you must," he says.
He's the boy to coax,
Wid his stories and jokes,
Ould PETHER, the Lord Chief Justice, is.
And, upon me soul,
He's bought 'em a bowl
Subscribed by a mighty fine gentry list;
And he wheedled the crews
Till they couldn't refuse,
And packed them into the entry list.

Leander came
Wid their roll of fame,
But Henley had made 'em look crazy now.
Wid their caps of pink
They could make you blink,
And their cox sayin', "Arrah, be aisy now."
They were cheerful and gay
In their English way,
And they never looked to be troublin', boys,
Till they caught a sight
Of the black and white
Of the Trinity College Dublin boys.

The *Ruderverein*
Looked mighty fine,
And, oh, but it's confident still I am
That they'll make us blow
When they start to row,
These lads of the Emperor WILLIAM.
They smoked no pipes,
But they drank their swipes,
And they ate their mutton and chicken up;
And *Donner und Blitz*,
But they gave us fits,
Wid their German moustaches stickin' up.

Emmanuel too
Looked neat and new:
From the banks of the Cam, where the willows are,
They had travelled to see
The river Lee,
Where the currents and tides and the billows are.
There were Oxford Blues
In their College crews,
And they didn't mean to be dawdlin' there
In the head of the Is-
-is dressed up nice,
And the Scarlet College of Magdalen there.

From the South and the North
Of the isle came forth
The Irishmen full of devilry:
They were broths of boys
For the fun and noise,
And good at rowing and revelry.
And when they had done
There was one crew won,
And eight of the rowers were frisky there;
But none of the rest
Looked much depressed,
For they knew there was plenty of whisky there.
"Tis."

MOTOR CARCASSES.—Mr. Punch compliments the *Essex County Chronicle* on the happy accident which is responsible for the above title of an account of Motor Car Cases brought before a local Court. Most suggestive.



AMONG LIONS.

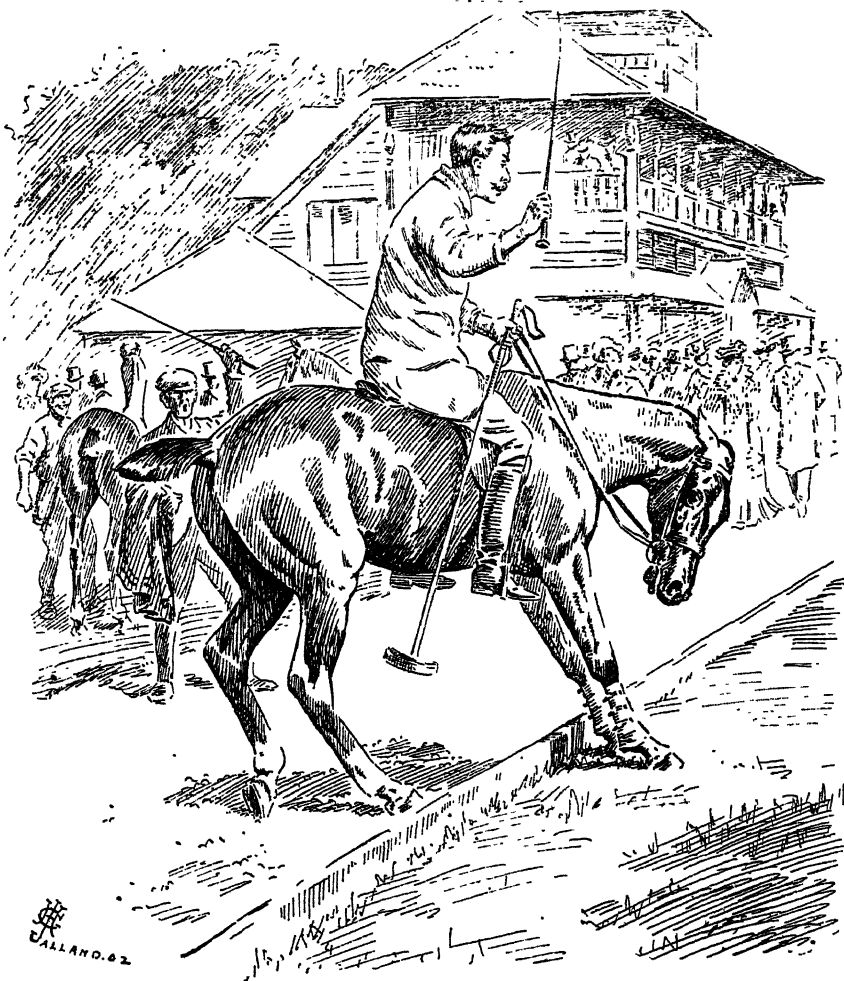
Trafalgar Square Lion (to St. Mark's Lion). "WE ALL SYMPATHISE WITH YOU IN YOUR LOSS. I ONLY WISH SOME OF OUR LONDON MONUMENTS WOULD COME DOWN AS EASILY!"

[The Campanile of St. Mark's fell Monday, July 14.]

AN EDUCATIONAL PRODUCT:
NEW STYLE.

MY DEAR GUY,—Isn't it *ripping*? I've got my colours for the Eleven after all, just when I thought I was going to get kicked out, as I hadn't made many runs lately, only 7 and 11 and 0 and 17 in the last two matches. But last night GRACE (our Captain, you know) came into my room after House-prayers and said, "I've very much pleasure in giving you your colours." I never felt so like crying in my life. *Won't* Father be pleased! It's all his teaching me to catch got me them, because GRACE said it was specially for my fielding. And I've been made a Prefect, too, though I'm not in the Sixth yet, which is very lucky for me. At the end of this term the Eleven goes to St. Nicholas to play our great match. It takes us a whole day in the train to get there, and we shall sleep there two nights. *Won't* it be splendid? Do they let your Eleven go as far as that to play matches? I *do* hope we win. I know I shall be jolly nervous. Fancy reading, when the account of the match comes out in the school magazine, that I had made a duck, or missed a catch, or let a ball through my legs! After the match I've asked our captain to come home with me for the holidays. There's no one in the *world* I like so much, though I didn't use to, except, of course, Mummie and Father and you. I *do* hope you two will hit it off. I do like people to be strong, and there's no one in the school can throw half so far, and as for batting I really believe *our* GRACE is nearly as good as W. G., besides being Al at hockey and swimming and everything else. Oh, dear! I *do* wish you were better at cricket. We three might have had such fun together if you were. Of course it's very jolly your being so clever. I told GRACE you were top of the school, and I'm very proud of you, dear old boy, but I had to say you weren't in the Eleven. Still, I never can help wishing that you didn't take after Mummie so much—not in *that* respect, I mean. Of course, I know it isn't her fault. They used to do *calisthenics* when she was at school, and wear *back-boards*, and sew, and go for walks two and two, so it's no wonder she doesn't know one end of a bat from the other! And even then she was luckier than most girls, because generally they didn't go to school at all, but just sat in the drawing-room with their mothers all day. I must go now, I've got some beastly rep. to learn. I'll try and finish this to-morrow.

An awful thing happened here this morning. Someone in my form drew a



THE FIRST TIME CAPTAIN F. TRIED TO PLAY THAT PONY HE PICKED UP SO CHEAPLY, HE FOUND IT TRUE TO THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN OF IT BY THE LATE OWNER, WHO GUARANTEED IT NOT IN THE LEAST AFRAID OF THE STICK.

picture of old ORATIO OBLIQUA, who comes to teach us drawing. We call him that because he drops his H's, and his name is HORACE, and one leg is shorter than the other, or else one's too long. And the Head saw it stuck on the black-board, and says if whoever did it doesn't confess the whole form will have to go home, and I and our best bowler won't be able to play in the match! Isn't it *horribly* unfair—like they did at Sandhurst. I'm perfectly *miserable* about it. I've been looking forward to the chance of playing the whole of this term. I *believe* I know who did it too, only of course I don't want to tell. At least I'm not sure yet. Do you think—considering how awfully important it is that we should win this match—I might? Goodness! There's 3 striking, and my net practice is at 3.10. I must fly. I'll let you know what happens. So long, old boy. Heaps of love and write soon to

Your loving Sister, MAY.

P.S.—It's all right! She's confessed! I'm *awfully* glad I didn't

sneak now. It *was* the girl I thought it was all the time. I told GRACE, and she asked her point-blank if it was her, and it was, and she's awfully keen on games, though she's too small yet to be much good, and directly GRACE put it to her about the match, and how important it was for the school, she saw it at once. I don't think she'll get into much of a row, only have to apologise to old ORATIO most likely, I expect.

P.S. 2.—Bother! I've lost one of my batting-gloves. And you might tell someone to have the nets up and a decent wicket ready for GRACE and me when we come. MAY.

DR. KITCHENER.

PORTRAITS of K. of K.'in his Honorary Doctor's gown are familiar. This is the Hood that goes with it:—

"Immortal KITCHENER! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's."

Tom Hood's Ode to Dr. Kitchener.

THE COMPLETE SPELLER.

["It is no longer necessary that a gentleman should know how to handle a rapier, but spell he must."—*Monthly Paper*.]

THE courtly grace of bygone days

Is, my CLARISSA, now no more;
The stately bow, the well-turned phrase

That pleased our ancestors of yore
No longer added honours bring

To rank that's high or blood that's
blue,

And he who'd reign a social king
Must know his *Nuttall* through and
through.

I am not famous for the grace

With which I twirl my clouded cane,
I seldom trim my shirt with lace,
Holding such fripperies as vain.

If that your praises I would tell
From high-flown compliments I flee,
And shun the thing that I can spell,
Apothegmatic eulogy.

I am not naturally fierce,

Though far from craven is my heart;
I little know of thrusts in tierce,
Nor can I disengage in carte;
For fencing care I not a jot,
Nor thirst to slay my mortal foe,
Yet I can spell what I am not,
That is a braggadocio.

Yes, though in lists I may not ride

To champion her I fain would wed,
In lists examiners provide

My name is always at the head.

And, as I know my *Webster* pat,

As fits a man of pedigree,

Dear, let me wear your favours at

The next All-England Spelling Bee.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

WHEN you have reached Grenoble from Aix-les-Bains you discover that you are about as far from the Monastery on the other side. But that only makes you more eager to get there. People who have never been to Aix can have no idea how the excursion to the Grande Chartreuse grows upon you. The difficulties of the journey increase your expectations of the beauties at the end. The exploits of those who have got there, and back again, fill you with envy. It occurs to you that, ever after, if you are offered a glass of *chartreuse jaune* or *chartreuse verte*, you will think, or say, "I have tasted it at the Monastery itself." The Monastery! The very name suggests something ancient and beautiful. Why the one at Haute-combe, just across the Lac-du Bourget, in a building of no historical interest, and for the most part of contemptible carpenter's Gothic, which only *Baedeker* could admire, is a delightful place, amidst charming gardens sloping up from the blue waters of the lake. At last you feel that you must see the

Grande Chartreuse and die, even if your death is caused by undue hurrying at six in the morning.

Nevertheless, at Grenoble, I still cherish faint hopes that it may be possible to leave at a reasonable time. Before I finish dinner I ask the head waiter if it is necessary to start early. "Ah non, Monsieur," he replies, with the air of a man who had never heard such a thing suggested, "*pas du tout. Vous partez à six heures.*"

But further investigation in time-tables reveals the unsuspected fact that there is a late train, a sort of *train de luxe* for invalids or sybaritic millionaires, which starts at 8.5 A.M. Supposing that anyone in ordinary health and of decent poverty is allowed to travel by this, it really would be pleasant to linger in bed till half-past six just for once. The station is far away, and the hotel omnibus starts before half-past seven. I remark to the *concierge* that at that hour one could not of course obtain a cab. "*Mais si, Monsieur,*" he answers, almost indignant at the implication that his fellow-citizens are sluggards, "*les voitures de place sont là à partir de sept heures.*"

The next morning, waking earlier than necessary, I almost startle these early risers by demanding a cold bath at half-past five. The *garçon de l'étage* struggles in, hauling a *bain de siège*, places it on the floor, and contemplates it with an expression of thoughtful anxiety. Suddenly a bright smile comes over his face, and he exclaims, with his Southern accent, "*Maingtenaing il faut de l'eau.*" So, having had a cold bath with water in addition, I have time to drive round Grenoble, and see its pleasant gardens and fine streets, before I catch the train at eight.

This train does not take you to the Grande Chartreuse. It does not even take you to the place whence you start to go there. It takes you in an entirely different direction, towards Lyons, and it drops you at 8.55 at one little town, where you find a little tramway train starting at 10—so, if you wish, you can snatch an hour's sleep in the *salle d'attente*, before it goes—which takes you in another hour to another little town, whence finally *un break* conveys you, all eagerness at approaching your destination after these changes, to the Grande Chartreuse. The little tramway passes through fine hilly scenery, the *break* mounts slowly through, delightful woods and precipitous gorges, and at last, after this tremendous journey, the Grande Chartreuse, the goal of all your efforts, bursts upon your astonished gaze.

Astonished, with good reason. It may be a goal, but it looks much more

like a gaol. Its plainness cannot be due to any rules of the Order, for—not to mention the one at Pavia—there is a Certosa near Florence which is delightful and beautiful, and as easy to reach as it is difficult to tear oneself away from. The Grande Chartreuse is an absolutely uninteresting building, in a valley, high among mountains, with no view in any direction. There is nothing whatever to see, inside or out. As for the *liqueur*, some small bottles for sale are the only things that remind one of its existence. When, after infinite difficulty, one has arrived, one's only idea is to get away again as fast as possible.

So, if ever, on a summer afternoon, you should think of this excursion while sitting in the shade at Aix, I advise you to snap your fingers at *Baedeker*, and go to sleep comfortably where you are. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

WAKE UP, ENGLAND.

"CONVICT" writes:—May I encroach on your valuable columns to raise my voice against the strangling by red tape and officialism of the burgling, Hooligan, and welshing industries, to say nothing of child-beating and bigamy? The attitude of Jack-in-office sanitary inspectors has practically arrested house-building in the suburbs. This free-trade craze, again, bears terribly hardly on the British smuggler. Industry is being driven abroad; can we afford to lag behind Turkey, Morocco, China, and other countries, where it has fair play? Will the new Premier adopt a broader, more progressive programme? I enclose my alias as a guarantee of good faith.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—I.

(Being the correspondence of JAKE P. HUNTINGTON, Senator, newspaper proprietor and storekeeper, of Olamville, Nebraska, U.S.A., now on a visit to England.)

June 18, 1902.

... AND when you write by the next mail, ELIZA, do tell how the Jersey cow pulled through. That matter of the beans for next fall can stand over till after the Session. Better see that ELI totes the whisky casks with the molasses labels on over to the barn before the Revival man happens in. He's got a mighty keen nose for whisky, and any suspicions of that sort wouldn't fit in with my prohibition views. But if he wants it badly, tell him to go out and fill the jug after dark. As you say JONATHAN Q. ROEBUCK is going to get married, see that he don't run any more credit. I don't believe in a man marrying in debt—leastways not in mine. Marry in debt and repay at leisure ain't

good business. Show him the old motto behind the door:—"In Providence we trust. All others cash."

I've been having a look round London as well as I could, allowing for the weather, which, in a manner of speaking, has been spotty. Just now I've got as far as the Strand and the policemen. The Strand, you know, ELIZA, is one of the principal thoroughfares in this City, like Ninth Street in Clamville, and when it's tidied up I dare swear it'll be all right. At present it's a bit jagged, and the language of the car drivers has scorched a deal of the paint off the lamp standards. I will allow, ELIZA, that for real glowing words the London car driver gets a fine hold of possibilities when he's thick in a jam for twenty minutes. Remember how RED RUBE held forth when he shot his finger off at the barbecue, and the remarks of TIM MCGINTY when his daughter skipped with a vaudeville crowd? That was just a mission service compared to a car driver's oratory when he finds he'll be ten minutes late on the scheduled time.

I was yarning to a Britisher the other evening on the stoop of the hotel. He was an intelligent sort of a dude, and stepped out of his national ice-safe manner for quite five minutes when he'd persuaded himself that I wasn't selling him a gold brick or buried dollars in Spain.

"Now this Strand of yours," I said; "I'll allow it's a mighty pretty street, but do tell why you're making claims on it? Anyone lost anything, or is it for the sake and health of the unemployed?"

"Well, you see," said the Britisher, slowly, "it appears there's going to be a Coronation. When the authorities heard of that fact through the low common newspapers they started the celebrations early, and just dug up the Strand to give us something to look at." (I believe a Britisher has been known to joke, so I took it that way.)

Fancy that in Clamville, 'LIZA! There'd be some smart play with the guns, I reckon.

But the policeman, 'LIZA! Oh! he's a bute! I saw one the other day at work. He was just great. A car had mixed itself up with a fruit lorry, the off wheel of a pair-horse shay was sharing the trouble, two old girls were in the middle of it all wanting to faint and afraid to do it, while a crowd of three hundred looked on and gave silly advice. Then the policeman, 'LIZA, came before the curtain. He pushed off the crowd, unfixed the car and lorry, took the name and address of the pair-horse shay and helped the old girls across the road into a tea dive in two minutes without so much as sweating.



"MAY THE WING OF FRIENDSHIP NEVER MOULT A FEATHER!"

"DID YOU REMEMBER TO CALL AND INQUIRE AFTER DEAR MRS. BOREHAM?"

"YES. BUT I QUITE FORGOT WHAT THE ANSWER WAS."

"THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I'M SO GLAD YOU INQUIRED!"

And when I asked him the way to the Tower of London he didn't club me on the head, he just smiled like a babe and told me which car to take, what time they opened the show, and the day when free tickets were allowed. I asked him if he'd do the usual, and he said he never took anything on duty, and then went off to arrest a drunken rough who was trying to kiss a lamp-post. He's just a picture card is the London policeman, all wool and a yard wide.

Well, 'Liz, I guess this finishes here. To-morrow I look in at Madame TUSSAUD'S. Madame runs a picture

gallery that's mighty cute, they tell me. Tell DEAF PETE, the photographer, I'll send him the catalogue so's he can see how art is fixed over here. JAKE.

P.S.—Tell ELI I don't think the *Mail and Banner* he sent last mail is any great shakes. He didn't lay it on thick enough for MARLY P. HUMMINGTOP. "Woolly-headed Snake" ain't strong enough. He might say in the next issue that MARLY is a back-number politician, with a black heart and morals like a nigger's dog. Not stronger than that, or there may be trouble before I get back.

THE BALLAD OF THE CAUTIOUS LOVER.

FAIR she is and kind and gracious,
As my heart would fain confess,
But it might seem too audacious,
And she might respect me less;
For our friendship is so recent,
Time alone its strength can prove;
And it would be scarcely decent
At this point to hint of love.

Were she just a trifle older,
And a shade less prone to jest,
Then I might perchance prove bolder,
Yet a cautious game is best;
It will save me future worry,
Spare the cynic's mocking smile,
If I wait and do not hurry,
Weighing pro's and con's the while.

* * * * *

After much deliberation,
And a deal of mental strife,
I have sent an intimation,
Asking her to be my wife;
Though her beauty's not distracting,
And she has her faults, 'tis true,
Yet one must not be exacting,
On the whole I think she'll do.

(Her Letter.)

"Thank you for your condescension,
You are really very kind,
But this masculine attention
Must distress your peace of mind;
I'm aware that you have 'sized' me
Up for many an anxious week,
That you've watched and criticised me,
—Now at length you deign to speak!

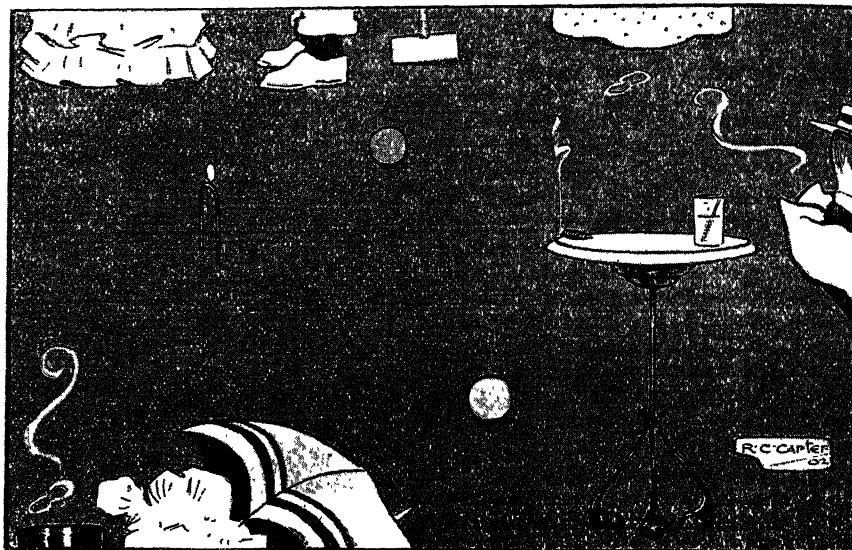
"Thank you for your condescension,
(As I think I said before,)
And 'twere better I should mention
That I feel a trifle sore.
Can it be you never question
I have anything to lose?
(Pray forgive the bold suggestion)
So I thank you and—refuse."

NOTES ON K. OF K.'S RETURN.

LORD KITCHENER's aversion from receiving addresses is well known, but the report that the General made use of an expletive after listening to the Paddington Corporation is untrue, and the misconception arose in a peculiar way. The Mayor of Paddington who presented the address was Sir JOHN AIRD, and the General happened to ask him how his Dam was getting on.

The arrival platform was laid with Brussels carpet. The fact that Lord KITCHENER trod this underfoot has been taken as a personal insult by Dr. LEYDS.

History repeats itself. In the Franco-Prussian War Lord KITCHENER was on



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART—THE GARDEN PARTY.

the side of the French. It was the same in the procession the other day.

It was inevitable that some persons should be disappointed with the procession, for, up to the last moment, a comparatively brisk business had been done by unscrupulous hawkers in Panoramas of the Coronation Procession.

And the Lady from the Country who left after seeing the Prince of WALES drive by in his General's uniform, under the impression that she had seen KITCHENER, thought that very few of the Warrior's portraits had quite caught his likeness.

When the General himself passed, the enthusiasm became intense. Moreover it proved infectious, and even a German gentleman, carried away by the excitement of the moment, was heard to cry loudly, "Bravo Bors!" to KITCHENER.

In fact there was only one discordant note. At Hyde Park Corner a stout gentleman with a heavy gold watch-chain hissed KITCHENER. He had had his hat broken in on Peace Night.

When Lord ROBERTS returned from South Africa, Lord KITCHENER was given the local rank of General. After the Banquet he was a full General.

In many instances the adaptation of the Coronation devices to suit the circumstances showed considerable ingenuity. For example, in several places one noticed that the initials "E.R." had had the word "KITCHEN" prefixed to them.

The current number of *Every Girl's Magazine* contains, as a supplement, a life-size portrait, in colours, of his Lordship's moustache.

There is apparently to be a Comic History of the War. Its coloured frontispiece representing incidents in the life of Lord KITCHENER, including the signing of the Treaty of Peace in an open tent, is now on sale, price one shilling, and can be seen outside many stationers' shops for nothing.

Owing to a recent accident in the *Lady's Realm*, very few papers that appeared on the previous Friday published illustrations of Lord KITCHENER's reception on the following Saturday.

Lord KITCHENER has expressed his regret that he arrived back too late to take part in the QUEEN's Tea to the other "Generals."

It is rumoured that there is already friction between Lord KITCHENER and the War Office. The War Office authorities, it seems, were extremely annoyed that Lord KITCHENER arrived at Paddington punctually. They accuse him of riding rough-shod over their traditions.

The real reason why KITCHENER hurried home is not generally known. He is to attempt to restore order at Sandhurst. It is realised that, if anyone can do it, it is he.

We are pleased to be able to print a full and verbatim report of the speech made by his Lordship to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES at Paddington Station. It was, "How do you do, Sir?"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

(To his peculiar friend, within doors.)

A STRONG discomfort in the dress
Dwindling the clothes to nothingness,
Saving, for due decorum set,
A huck-a-back, or towelet,
In fine arrangement, that the touch
Haply may spare to chafe o'ermuch :
A languid frame, from head to feet
Prankt in the arduous prickle-heat ;
An erring fly, that here and there
Enwraths the crimsoned sufferer ;
An upward toe, whose skill enjoys
The slipper's curious equipoise ;
A punkah wantoning, whereby
Papers do flow confoundedly ;
By such comportment, and th' offence
Of thy fantastic eloquence,
Dost thou, my WILLIAM, make it known
That thou art warm, and best alone.
DUM-DUM.

PLACE AUX "DAMES."

LADY COOK required, near town. Also Lady Help.

LADY NURSE wanted to take baby. *Advt. Daily News.*

No doubt in a few brief years the status of the domestic servant will be still further advanced, and we may then expect to find even the elect reduced to inserting notices couched in terms of the most abject humility.

Thus, for a Cook :—

"The Duchess of M . . . would be greatly obliged if some gracious lady would condescend to undertake the culinary operations in her household. A brougham would always be at the lady's disposal in the morning, and the Duchess of M . . . would of course be only too happy to arrange to dine in the middle of the day whenever the lady desires to go to the theatre or elsewhere in the evening."

For a Housemaid :—

"Lady N . . . would feel greatly honoured by the co-operation of a young lady in the accomplishment of a little light housework. In return for these services Lady N . . . would be glad to give, in addition to the full salary of £500 per annum required by the regulations of the Lady Helps Association, her services as chaperon whenever required."

For a Scullery-maid :—

"A lady is invited to place herself in communication with this agency re a lucrative appointment in the scullery of a Marchioness. The Marchioness would strive in every way to accommodate her guest, and, though conscious of her own imperfections and those of the Marquis, would nevertheless hope to be not entirely unsuccessful in her efforts to please. Any suggestions which the scullery lady might

make with a view to securing her own greater personal comfort would receive every consideration.—Apply, The Big Sell Agency, &c."

For a Nursemaid :—

"The Countess J . . . hopes that this advertisement may meet the eye of some charitably disposed lady, who would be willing to allow a little boy and girl (both *very* quiet children) to play around her for a few hours daily. A considerable selection from current fiction would always be at the lady's disposal. If, moreover, it were not making too great a tax on the lady's good nature, the Countess J . . . would esteem it a great favour if she (the lady) would occasionally hold the baby in her arms for a few minutes only. Aware

that those under whose authority children are placed are peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of the military profession, the Countess J . . . would be pleased to entertain any officer (general or otherwise) whom the lady might honour with her notice."

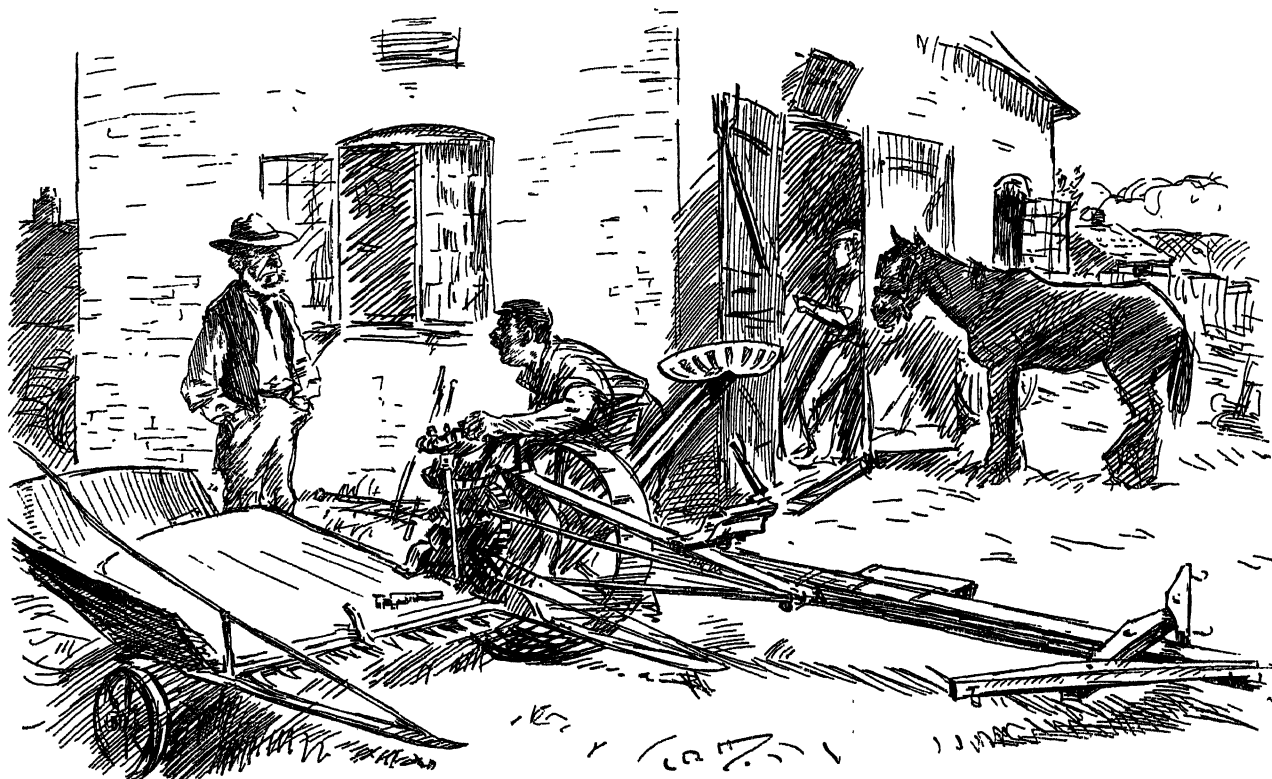
For a Lady's-maid :—

"The Honourable SOPHIA B . . . is desirous of becoming acquainted with a lady who has devoted some attention to affairs of the toilet. The Honourable SOPHIA B . . . ventures to express confidence that she will be able to satisfy any lady who may be good enough to accord her an interview that she is a person whom the lady may quite properly come into daily contact with."



A SECRET OF THE SEA.

Passenger. "LOOK HERE, STEWARD, IF THIS IS COFFEE, I WANT TEA; BUT IF THIS IS TEA, THEN I WISH FOR COFFEE."



"ONE WHO KNOWS" (THE ORIGINAL).

Blacksmith. "YOU'VE LET THIS GET IN A SHOCKIN' STATE, MR. HODGE!"

Hodge. "NOW, DOAN'T YOU GO A-TELLIN' I AS I DOAN'T KNOW 'OW TO MANAGE THESE 'ERE MACHINES, FUR I'VE 'AD TO DO WI' 'EM EVER SINCE THEY WAS MADE—AN' BEFORE!"

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(*Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.*)

II. — M. P-D-R-WSKI.

To begin at the beginning I may say that both my parents were Poles: hence my personal magnetism. I was born quite bald, but have taken care never to be so since. The earliest musical experience I can recall is recognising a chord of the submerged tenth, struck by my father in an adjoining apartment while I was being bathed in the nursery; but all my early surroundings were melodious. My aunt was a great performer on the samovar; my uncle, who emigrated to America along with STENKIEWICZ, the famous Polish novelist, used to imitate the bobolink to perfection; while my second cousin is a Hospodar. Hence I grew up in a thoroughly musical atmosphere.

It was not, however, decided immediately that I was to become a pianist. On my sixth birthday a family council was held. One relative was for the army, another for the navy, one for the church, another for the bar, another for the double bar. They could not agree; words ran high; a Polish insurrection

seemed imminent, and the name of KOSCIUSKO had more than once been invoked when I slipped to the piano, climbed on the music stool, and played the overture to *Manru*. Quiet was instantly restored, and music from that instant held undivided sway over me, mitigated only by billiards and ping-pong.

My education was prolonged and exhaustive. After taking a Pole degree in *absentiâ* at Cambridge I repaired to the University of Warsaw to complete my equipment for the battle of life. There my chief teacher was LESCHETIZKY, as is well known.

It is not, however, generally understood that I worked at pugilism under POBIE DONOSTZEFF and at pianofortification under KRAG-JORGENSEN. I also mastered the theory of capillary attraction under my dear Aunt MAKASSAROVITCH, née TACHOSIMSKY, whose husband was the famous explorer of the Hairy Ainus. Last, but not least, I acquired the art of hand-shaking under President CLEVELAND.

In those days I frequently practised fifteen hours a day, and had to be removed from the keyboard by wild horses. On one occasion the horses

forgot to come, and I remained hard at work until the next morning. During that night my hair turned auburn. Still I persevered—with what result the readers of *P.A.P.* need not be reminded. How well I remember my nervousness at my *début*! It was only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that I avoided a *fiasco*. Ten Cossacks of the Ukraine fainted, and the hardy denizens of the Blue Alsatian mountains were melted to unfamiliar tears. It was, as Sir LEWIS MORRIS remarks, a triumphant day.

After that I was soon able to play any piano and composer with impunity. As a mere matter of personal feeling, however, I prefer a Krupp grand, with a Harveyised steel resonator and bonzoline keys.

What more is there to tell? With that triumphant moment I left boyhood behind me. I. J. P.

THE dangers of our climate, with its sudden falls of twenty degrees, are illustrated by a barber's announcement in Kensington to the effect that "M. GAUBERT has transferred his business to the care of Mr. TRUEFIT." Or is this merely a concession to Mrs. GRUNDY?



THE LAST FURROW.

(Lord SALISBURY's resignation announced, Monday, July 14.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.
—The MEMBER FOR SARK has always insisted that C.-B. is the worst-used



HIDING HIS BLUSHES.

Mr. Balfour makes his first appearance in the House as Prime Minister amid a storm of cheering on all sides.

man in public life. It may be added that it would be impossible to exaggerate the undeservedness of the situation. As far as his own side is concerned the Liberal Party owe him a debt they can never repay; to do them justice they have never made attempt to meet it. The only parallel in political history of the last thirty years is found when Lord HARTINGTON filled the gap in the leadership created by the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874. The party was then as little grateful as it has proved in presence of the daily sacrifice made by C.-B.

Like HARTINGTON in 1875, C.-B. in 1899 would, if he had followed his own inclination and personal interest, have declined the thorny crown of leadership. From simple sense of duty, impelled by fealty to a cause in distress, he accepted the post, and has ever since lived in turmoil peculiarly painful to one of his sunny nature. Oddest feature in the situation is that, whilst he is not comforted and strengthened by the loyalty of a united Party, he has been the special mark of enmity on the other side. In the House, on the platform, in the Party press, kind-hearted, good-humoured, courteous, canny C.-B. has been the

target of contumely and scorn. This attitude was assumed in moment of heat created by a luckless phrase, criticising the conduct of British troops in the field. There has been nothing else either in uttered speech or habitual attitude to justify the personally bitter tone of the Ministerialists.

This made it all the more pleasant to-night to find from that quarter of the House recognition of the true C.-B. His simple words of welcome hailing PRINCE ARTHUR, wearing for the first time the laurel wreath of the Premiership, went straight home to every heart. His bold breach of order, making his little speech whilst questions were still in progress, added to the effect.

There was really nothing new in this; it was the same C.-B., victim of constant wrangling in the home circle, object of angry abuse abroad. His unaffectedly simple, hearty speech was heard again a few minutes later in tribute to the MARKISS. His first unconventional interposition gave the true note to an incident that showed the House of Commons at its best; party strife lulled in admiration, almost affectionate esteem, for a political foe; the recipient of the priceless honour, cynical man of the world, case-hardened Parliamentarian, making response in faltering voice with tear-dimmed eyes.

PRINCE ARTHUR's halting words, "In fact, I am quite incapable of saying what I feel," were worth more than half-an-hour's ordered speech rounded off by brilliant peroration.

Business done.—The MARKISS hands the Premiership over to PRINCE ARTHUR, and retires from the leadership of the House of Lords.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Yesterday, amid every sign of confidence and esteem, COUNTY GUY was installed in Leadership of the House, *vice* the MARKISS taking his rest, his Hatfield cloak around him. To-day House re-assembled with prospect of debate on the re-settlement of South Africa. And where was COUNTY GUY?

Well, not to put too fine a point on it, he wasn't here. Some men newly set in high position, fearful of being late, would have been fussing round a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. Yawning over the Orders of the Day, the Leader of the House of Lords came to the conclusion he wasn't wanted. Something about "facilities and inducements to British subjects, both male and female, to settle in South Africa." CAMPERDOWN had question on the paper; ONSLOW, representing Colonial Office, would answer it. COUNTY GUY knew nothing about it. Why anyone in this hot weather should want to settle in South Africa was, when he came to begin to think he was thinking

about it, a very extraordinary proceeding. If it was Greenland now, or Siberia, it would be pleasant. But South Africa! mention of the place sent fresh wave of heat across the room.

Let 'em talk round the subject, if they found any gratification in the exercise with the thermometer at 88 in the shade. As for COUNTY GUY, he would just stop where he was.

"The great art of leading, TOBY, dear boy," he said, politely suppressing a yawn at sight of me, "is to let your men lead themselves, or at least think they are doing so. It's wonderful how things settle down and arrange themselves if you don't fuss round them."

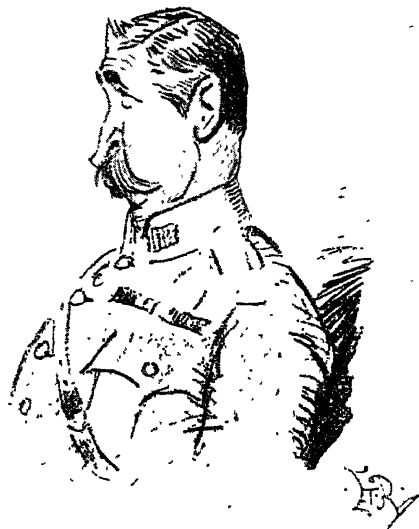
Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on Foreign Estimates. Cousin CRANBORNE carefully avoids reference to Japan or circumstances under which Treaties are negotiated.

Friday night.—HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, Baron HALSBURY, Viscount TIVERTON, Constable of Launceston Castle, sits on the Woolsack, a LORD CHANCELLOR all forlorn. Others truly lament the withdrawal from the scene of the colossal figure which, but a week ago, slumbered on the Ministerial bench. For the LORD CHANCELLOR the disappearance of the MARKISS is the severance of a rarely close friendship. The twain were ancient cronies. As becomes his high estate, the LORD CHANCELLOR refrains from the paroxysm of regret described in analogous circumstances in *Hudibras*:—

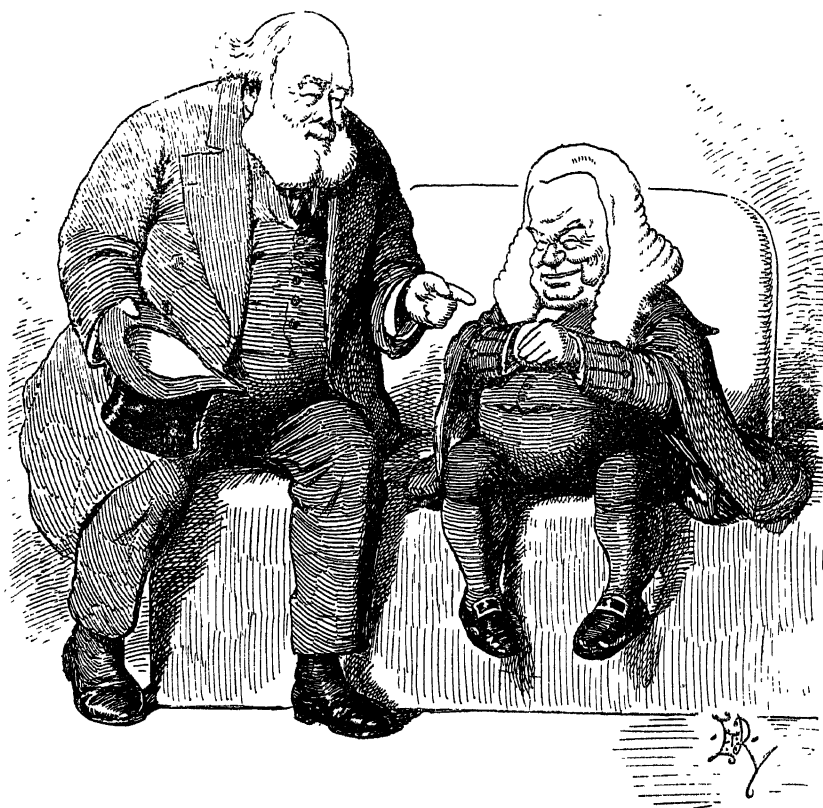
He beat his Breast and tore his Hair
For loss of his dear Crony Bear.

But the sorrow is not the less because, in accordance with stately manner pertaining to all episodes, outward and visible sign of grief is repressed.

For some years nothing has been



"Well, I haven't got much out of that!"
(Sir R.-dv-rs B.-ll-r.)



ANCIENT CRONIES.

"Apparently telling one another *risqué* stories."

(Lord S-l-sb-ry and Lord H-lsb-ry.)

more common in the House of Lords than to see the PREMIER and the LORD CHANCELLOR hobnobbing on the Woolsack, apparently telling each other *risqué* stories. Once a scene of some embarrassment followed on the habit. The Order Paper contained very little public business. But there were two Bills with which it was proposed to make progress. The MARKISS and the LORD CHANCELLOR, seated on the Woolsack, chuckling together for fully ten minutes, did not notice approach of the hand of the clock to half-past four, when public business begins. It was the LORD CHANCELLOR's turn to tell a story. The MARKISS was bending his head towards him, his countenance wrinkled with rare laughter, the story evidently just coming to the point, when through the silent Chamber boomed Big Ben sounding the half-hour. The MARKISS rose with surprising swiftness, ambled back to his place, and without resuming his seat said, "I move that the House do now adjourn."

"The question is," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, gravity settling upon him like a cloud on sunlit Himalaya, "that this House do now adjourn. Those of that opinion say 'Content,' the contrary 'Not Content.' The Contents have it."

Before the House knew where it was it was "up," leaving two noble Lords

in charge of Bills gasping on back benches.

Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on War Office Estimates.

CRUMBS FOR CRICKETERS.

II.—FROM OUR OWN FRYING-PAN.

THE Loamshire and Diddlesex match is admittedly an affair of world-wide importance. And so, *Mr. Punch*, you did well to follow the novel plan of some of your contemporaries, by obtaining an account of it from one taking an actual part in the game; one, moreover, who was unquestionably the finest player on either side. Personally, I loathe self-advertisement. There is no subject that I would write on less willingly than that of my own deeds in the cricket field, marvellous and unique as these are. And this almost morbid modesty of mine will explain the absence of any reference to myself in the following notes. Despite your own urgent wishes and those of my countless readers, I must confine my remarks to a plain and straightforward account of the Diddlesex and Loamshire match.

I was born in London on the 31st of September, 187—no, I will *not* give the precise year. Thousands of readers hunger to learn it, but the modern craze

for personal journalism is an unmixed evil. (Besides, you can find the date for yourself in *Wisden*.) At the age of two years and three months I made my first century, completely collaring my nurse's bowling and placing her length-balls between the coal-scuttle and the bedstead. The bat I used on this historic occasion has been presented to the British Museum. Entering the football arena at the age of three [Forty lines of autobiographical matter are unavoidably omitted.—Ed.] though I always liked French mustard better than the English variety. This last piece of news, never hitherto published, is copyrighted in the United States and elsewhere.

But it is to the Diddlesex and Loamshire match that my attention must be strictly limited to-day. My side won the toss, and two Diddlesex batsmen, quite passable players in their own styles, opened our innings. I rather fancy that they made a fair number of runs, but I'm not sure about this, and anyhow it doesn't matter. Sooner or later, however, one of them was dismissed, and I filled the vacancy. I was wearing my Free Foresters' cap, which, by the way, has a rather curious history attached to it. [Twenty-five lines deleted here.—Ed.]

To resume. Facing me was JOHN YORKER, far and away the finest bowler in England. His second ball would have turned in slightly from the off, and I should have cut it for three. His third would have gone away with his arm, and I fancy that I should have been satisfied with a snick to the boundary, placed just out of long-slip's reach. The fourth and fifth, being ordinary good-length balls, I should have been content to drive for a couple each. But the last of the over, which would have been a trifle slower and with a leg-break on it, I should have lifted clean out of the ground for six.

This would have been an enjoyable performance—though absurdly easy to me—so it was a great misfortune that the first ball of the over upset my middle stump. It curled in the air, broke both ways, kept low and bumped. I had made every arrangement for despatching it to the pavilion, when, at the last moment, its course was slightly deflected by a blade of grass, and my calculations were upset—like my middle stump. So puzzled was I by this occurrence, that in the second innings, from pure absence of mind, I gave point a catch (which he held) before, instead of after, I had compiled two or three hundred runs.

The rest of the game was quite unremarkable, and calls for no comment.



LOSING THE MATCH.

Captain Golding. "PLAY CRICKET? WHY, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A BAT OR BALL SINCE I WAS AT SCHOOL."
Harold. "BUT THIS MORNING MAMMA WAS TELLING PAPA WHAT A GOOD CATCH YOU WERE!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, July 14.—Not a very remarkable nor particularly distinguished gathering to meet Her Highness *La Princesse Osra*, "opéra romantique en trois actes d'après ANTHONY HOPE"—why not ANTOINE ESPÉRANCE? "Poème de MAURICE BÉRANGER" (very near BÉRANGER, only a difference); "traduction anglaise de R. H. ELKIN"; and last, but not least, where an opera is in question, "Musique de HERBERT BUNNING." Difficult to Frenchify this last name: something peculiarly English about "BUNNING." Clearly an appropriate name for the composer of a "cake-walk." But

"Cease your funning,"
Come to BUNNING,

and let us know what he has done for us and for the musical world in general. Let us hope that he has not "done for himself" in this operatic effort. To begin with, it could not have had a more satisfactory cast, as MARY-MARY-quite-contrary-GARDEN sang charmingly as the Princess, and M. MARECHAL was as good a *Stéphane* (I am supposing my reader to be thoroughly acquainted with the story as writ by ANTOINE ESPÉRANCE) as anyone could wish to hear. PLANÇON the Perfect did his best, but the part gives but small scope for an artistic basso who will be ever memorable in the recollection of opera-goers as an admirable *Mephistopheles* and perfect *Friar Laurence*.

But who can decide on the merits, for it is full of merit, of an opera entirely new to the hearer, at a single sitting?

As it takes two to make a quarrel, so ought it to take two critics, one dramatic and t'other musical, to deal, at one hearing, with the libretto and music of a new opera; and even then there should be a "third person present," who, being neither simply dramatic nor merely musical, but a master of both arts and a slave to nobody, would have the casting vote, and give his decision, from which there should be no appeal, except to the ultimate tribunal of the public.

It was well received, and HERBERT BUNNING, being called, came, and in accepting the cake of warm congratulations, looked decidedly pleased. Here's luck to BUNNING, who's in the running.

Friday night.—Second hearing of *Princesse Osra*, and first of Miss E. M. SMYTH's opera *Der Wald*, which—being translated in the programme, the title having been made in Germany—is understood as in plain English *The Forest*. Anyone wishing to learn all about this clever composeress must not consult *Smith's Smyth-ology*, as she is a very real person, about whom much that is most interesting will be found in the Musical Notes of the *Westminster Gazette* of Friday last. To-night "*place aux dames*," and BUNNING, who has achieved *his* success, yields the *pas* to the First Lady-Operatic Composer and Librettist whose work has been performed at Covent Garden. *Der Wald* is in one act and one scene, a charming sylvan "set." The plot, as illustrated by the *dramatis personæ*, may be fairly described as of the "Penny-plain-and-Twopence-coloured" order. As the entire action turns on the discovery, in a well, of a dead stag which had been hidden there by the poacher *Heinrich*, Herr PENNARINI, and his young woman *Röschen* (prettily played and well sung by Frau LOHSE), the second title of the piece might fitly have been "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" There is in it a thoroughly novel dance to a movement full of life and tune. But after this the opera seems to consist of interminable duetts, the second of them being the best. Mlle. FREMSTAD powerful as the wicked *Iolanthe*, a name that recalls GILBERT and SULLIVAN, and this opera, as did that of the Savoyards, begins and ends with fairies whose presence, in the words of the immortal *Toots*, is "of no consequence, thank you." Miss SMYTH was acclaimed vociferously, the Duke of CONNAUGHT and the occupants of the Royal Box testifying their great pleasure at

what may come to be, after judicious elimination, a satisfactory success.

La Princesse Osra followed, admirably played and sung by Miss MARY GARDEN, Mlle. MAUBOURG, Messrs. MARECHAL, PLANÇON and all concerned. The *mise-en-scène* is excellent; Mr. HARKER's Throne Room perfect. Musically it is disappointing, save for accidental reminiscences.

To return for a final word to *Der Wald*. In the book there is this delightful stage direction,—"*All dance: suddenly from the wood a weird horn-blast is heard. All merriment instantly ceases. Dead silence. The Peasants turn pale.*"

This last direction is lovely. Imagine the stage-manager at rehearsal stamping his foot and exclaiming, "Now, peasants! You've not 'turned pale,' you know. Can't you turn pale? Now then, once again; you're all singing and dancing, merry as grigs; then you hear the horn—see? then you all stop dead. Then you 'turn pale.' No! no! that's not a bit like it! Try it again!" And so forth. Not even Mr. PURF himself, in his great drama of *The Spanish Armada*, could possibly have conceived a more striking stage-direction.

MORTURI SALUTANT!

"We anticipate that within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce and Christianity!"—*Harper's Weekly*.]

We are the People, and wisdom shall die with Us,
Ours shall be ever the conqueror's part,
No other nation can possibly vie with us
Either in Letters, or Science, or Art!

Twenty years hence, 'tis the general opinion
(Think, only think, how the whole world will gain!)
All will acknowledge Columbia's dominion,
Both in the moral and physical plane.

None of the Peoples who flourished before us
Showed from the first such remarkable powers,
So let us sing in unanimous chorus,
"We are the People! The Future is Ours!"

We are, in fact, the fine flower of Humanity.
Where—save with us—can true Progress be found?
Morals and even, I fear, Christianity,
Scarcely exist in the nations around.

Art doesn't thrive in the Peoples about us,
But for our help it would probably die,
Painting would certainly perish without us,
Painters would starve if New York didn't buy.

Whether in poetry, drama or fiction,
Or in Philosophy, still we excel,
Note our remarkably elegant diction,
Notice the masterly way that we spell.

Mark our advance in the physical sciences,
Note the inventions we give to mankind,
Think of the many ingenious appliances
Due to the nimble American mind!

Europe, poor thing, can you wonder we scorn her,
Passed in the race and left lagging behind?
When we invented the Trust and the Corner,
Oh what a boon we bestowed on mankind!

Picture how Commerce was sunk in dejection,
Striving in vain to dispose of its wares,
Till these devices were brought to perfection
By the resource of our millionaires.

What is the hope, then, for civilisation?
What is the cure for a century's tears?

What—save the mighty American Nation?
That is the obvious answer. Three cheers!



"NOW, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHAT IS THE GOOD OF SITTING THERE ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING LIKE THIS?"
 "AW—I DON'T KNOW—IT'S BETTER THAN DOIN' NOTHING!"

AN HONORARY GARDENER'S REMINISCENCES.

1. *The Literature of the Garden.*—I commenced my career as a gardener by a wide course of literature. There was a certain similarity of title as well as contents among these works; but what is written for gardeners, gardeners must read. There was "Gardening," "All about Gardening," "Successful Gardening," "The Garden," "My Garden," "Our Gardens," "Amateur Gardening," "Gardening for Amateurs," "Garden Plants," "The Plants of the Garden," and a work of sinister omen, "Garden Foes." I studied this last first, and trembled. Remedies were suggested for battling with the foe, it is true, but faint hopes were held out for a successful issue from the gardener's point of view.

There was the slug, who placidly consumed seedlings; the aphid, who increased at the rate of 27 billions in three generations, and supported herself and families during this tiresome operation by devouring the choicest roses. For the rose there was also the grub, mildew, and (by way of an extra luxury for the greenhouse) the mealy bug. For the ordinary flower border there was the May frost, drought, over-watering, tomtits for the polyanthus, sparrows for the crocus, a myriad host of worms, wireworms, ants, flies, beetles, earwigs, caterpillars—and, to crown all, the unspeakable cat.

I turned for consolation to the other books. They treated of the health of body, the peace—even rapture—of mind to

be gained by the amateur gardener. I read of bulbs and bastard-trenching, of mulching, of basic slag and guano, of the Dutch hoe and the trug basket. Then I rose to the more spiritual side of the subject, and read of the Countess who broke out of her own pantry window at four o'clock in the morning to see if dewdrops really trembled in the dawn; of the poet who spoke prose whenever he walked in his garden with ladies; and of the daring people who strive to bring about the downfall of the scarlet "geranium."

2. *The Work of the Garden.*—Thus inspired, I dug, I hoed, I clipped, I pruned, I mulched with manures of the most poignant odours. All the garden foes arrived with frightful punctuality, and more than fulfilled what I had been led to expect of them. I am convinced that my aphides increased at the rate of 90 billions per three generations, instead of only 27 billions. Such seedlings as were spared from sheer lack of appetite by the surfeited slugs perished by my own hand under mistaken applications of soot; while many a plant fell a victim to the virulent insecticides with which I syringed it.

3. *The Obliteration of the Garden.*—At length I rose in revolt. I engaged a man with a plough and a team of powerful horses, and caused him to plough slowly and thoroughly through every border in my garden. Then I collected the literature and sent it in a sack to the nearest rag-merchant.



Dolly. "PLEASE, MISS SHARP, MAMMA SAYS HAVE YOU REALLY LEFT YOUR SONGS AT HOME?"

Miss Sharp. "YES, DEAR. WHY?"

Dolly. "WELL, PAPA SAYS 'IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

On Choosing a Subject.—All the world's your oyster, especially if it be in rapid motion. No other art than yours can seize the odorous, vaporous tail of the agitated motor-car, or arrest in mid-air the brief repose of the cyclist who dives from pier-ends. You will, however, endeavour to be original. A charging bull taken end on—the business end, of course—makes a novel and spirited study, and one well within the capacity of modern apparatus, provided it be properly handled. The photograph should be taken from the other side of the hedge, otherwise the negative will probably be disfigured by holes that will require careful retouching.

Of Composition.—This is a word used by arrogant painters to describe their private re-arrangements of the universe. It is, like Poetry, not a true thing. Have nothing to do with it. Snap boldly in the face of Nature As She Is. She won't mind. N.B. This does not apply to ladies at the sea-side who are strangers to you.

Of Development.—Bear in mind that what happens is the unexpected. If nothing happens, remember that all things come to those who know how to wait.

Of Technical Terms.—Two or more different views taken inadvertently upon the same plate may be called a composite photograph. Figures which show absolutely and uniformly black, owing to all the light having been on the far side, may be termed silhouettes. The opportune use of these expressions will be found essential in inducing your friends to believe that the respective results were intended.

Of Toning Down.—If the portrait of the girl of your heart comes out with a face suggestive of a coloured progenitor, expatiate on the beauties of the background, and regret parenthetically that she didn't take her hat off. If in any

print the horizon should show a marked tendency to assume the perpendicular, point out that only the most despicable hypercriticism would condemn a work of art upon a charge that may be entirely removed by holding the thing at a suitable angle. If a picture shows such a want of definition as to leave its subject in considerable doubt, commend its tone, and explain that the sun went in—which, of course, wasn't your fault—or label it frankly a moonlight effect.

Of Exposures.—None need be feared if a sufficient supply of explanatory remarks similar to the above be kept in stock.

THE MUSE AND THE POET.

Poet. At last! Don't trouble to explain—

The tube, no doubt, gone wrong again.

Muse. Oh, if you're nasty and severe

I wish I had not hurried here.

Poet. Hurried! I've waited hours.

Muse. These men!

If I had made it weeks, what then?

Could you without my aid have written

A single sentence, stolid Briton?

When I am absent, well you know

Your fountain pen forgets to flow.

Poet. To work, then! Take your hat off, won't you?

Muse. You think it rather pretty, don't you?

Poet. The hat? What's wrong with it? I thought it—

Muse. I've only just this instant bought it—

Poet. Whilst I was sitting fuming here—

Muse. But tell me, don't you like it, dear?

Poet. Well, yes, it's—

Muse. Thanks! And now, confess,

You rather like my muslin dress?

It suits me?

Poet. Yes. But what a skirt

For Fleet Street smoke and Fleet Street dirt!

Muse. O yes, of course it's far too pretty

To wear in this disgusting city.

The scent of hay is on the breeze;

I long for fields, green grass and trees,

And cool blue waters lapping sweetly—

Come! I desire the "Swan" at Streatley!

I'll teach you to sing of the river

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

With silvery willows a-quiver

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

I'll show you the Zephyrs a-playing

And setting the rushes a-swaying—

Hark! hark! I can hear what they're saying

Above our Canader canoe.

"Oh, Summer the season for bliss is

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

For laughter and courting and kisses

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

Come, paddle your sweet little lady

Down backwaters sheltered and shady,

Or lie at your ease, like a Cadi,

As we waft your Canader canoe.

"There's nowhere Love dallies so sweetly

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

As under the willows at Streatley

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

Here PHYLLIS and STREPHON are straying,

Here youth is for ever a-maying—

Hark! hark! I can hear what they're saying

Above our Canader—can you?

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

'Twas but yesterday we met,
Maiden fair,
And your sparkling eyes of jet
Made me stare
As you dawned upon my sight
In your gown of blue and white,
With the bow of ribbon bright
In your hair.

Yet, alas!—I fear those curls
(So 'tis said),
Once adorned another girl's
Shapely head;
While your cheeks—it gives me pain—
They would hardly stand the strain
Of a heavy shower of rain
On their red.

Still I'm smitten by your charms,
And I pine
Just to take you in my arms,
Maiden mine.
For, though some may call it folly,
Yet I only know, dear Dolly,
You should please my daughter MOLLY,
Ætat. nine.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE CROWD.

SCENE—*Her Majesty's Theatre during the run of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."*

Before the Curtain rises.

THE PIT.

A *Perky Snub-nosed Young Man* (with the air of one conscious of his generous enthusiasm). What I say about this place is, you may think the play a rotter, but the pit does take a lot of beatin'.

[*Settles down comfortably.*]

His *Young Lady* (reproachfully). Oh, HENRY, I'm sure the plays are lovely here. Look at that last one with Mrs. BROWN POTTER, and all that lovely seaweed in—I forget who wrote it. This of course is—(with a reassuring glance at the programme)—by SHAKSPEARE. You've seen a lot of his plays, haven't you?

P. S. Y. M. (adopting the grand manner). Pretty well. I saw 'Amlet and—er—*The Rivals* in BENSON's company last year.

H. Y. L. (doubtfully). I never knew SHAKSPEARE wrote *The Rivals*.

P. S. Y. M. (quelling uneasy misgivings with an effort). Ah, you've got those new-fangled ideas in your head, as how someone else wrote SHAKSPEARE's plays.

Between the Acts.

THE GALLERY.

A *Tommy*. Those chaps put it away, eh, CHARLIE! My word, it's given me a bloomin' thirst.

Severe Female. What were the police



LABELLED!

doing of in those days, I should like to know, allowing all that to go on?

Her *Husband* (facetiously). Go in, you mean. Why, policemen weren't invented then, my dear.

Severe Female (witheringly). No wonder they called it the Dark Ages.

THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Anxious-looking Mother. I had thought that it would give the dear girls such an educational lesson to come and see this play, but—well—it's not quite so improving as I fancied. It must have been one of SHAKSPEARE's very early efforts, don't you think?

Non-Literary Husband. Ah, perhaps so. Plenty of fun in it, and that's the thing. Not so funny as these modern farces, but worth a dozen *Hamlets* and all those dull talky-talky plays.

THE UPPER CIRCLE.

An *Ellen-Terryyite* (with fervour). Isn't she too sweet for words? Her voice—her movements—her humour—always so natural!

A *Kendalite* (critically). Oh, she's natural enough, but (superfinely) her method lacks variety. Now (graciously) on the other hand, Mrs. KENDAL—
[*They continue wrangling.*]

THE STALLS.

Lady. Yes, wonderful make up that of TREE's. You can't tell me who's in that box, can you? Splendid house; how d'ye do, how d'ye do? (*Bows and smiles in various directions.*) Oh, how could that woman come in a frock like that! Yes, that basket was killingly funny. Did you see *Ulysses*? Dreadfully clever, I know, but really that Hades scene—after a trying afternoon with one's dressmaker too.

Male companion (frankly). Can't say I—er—care for the classic drama much. Now this—there's something about this, don't yer know, that—er—er—

Lady (coming to rescue). Is so thoroughly Elizabethan.

Male Companion (vaguely). Yes, quite so, quite so.

A DUKE ON "NATURE-STUDY."

As some doubts have been cast, owing to the ambiguity of its title, on the propriety of the "Nature-Study Exhibition" at the Botanical Gardens, for which the Duke of Devonshire pronounced the opening address on Wednesday last, we are glad to explain that it was not an exhibition of *études artistiques d'après la vie*, in the human sense, but of preserved specimens of still life in the animal and vegetable world, and other objects illustrative of the advantages of rural observation. The report of the Duke's speech, as given by Our Special Commissioner, differs so materially from those published by the daily papers that we print it with the utmost reserve. It is as follows:

The Duke of Devonshire, rising punctually on the last note of the lecture-desk alarum, said:

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, As President of the Board of Education, it is my—er—privilege to call your attention to a new departure (of which I am credibly informed) in the direction of rendering the education of the young in our rural districts more consonant with their environment. One cannot be too much—er—awake (*here the Duke suppressed a yawn*) to the desirability of direct ocular investigation of the facts of Nature. Of the value of book-knowledge, already recognised by the Department, I will not speak with—er—disrespect. There are certain phenomena about which, whether they have ceased to occur or are still beyond the range of human observation, we are dependent upon books for exact information. Thus the—er—nuptials of the queen-bee, which take place, as I understand, in the neighbourhood of the empyrean beyond the reach of the loftiest L.C.C. fire-ladder, and have never been witnessed by the eye of any mortal wedding-guest, are described in very eloquent language in one of the philosophic works of—er—(*thank you*) of M. MAETERLINCK.

On the other hand, in a large, though—er—unfortunately decreasing, number of instances, the material of books has been derived from the immediate observation of facts. Second-hand information, however, while indispensable to the conduct of affairs, domestic as well as—er—political, is never so convincing as that which is derived from a study of the actual—er—objects themselves.

My own earliest—er—tastes lay in the direction of the pursuit of butterflies and the collating of the better class of beetles, or—er—*coleoptera*; and nothing short of the exigencies of a public career could appreciably have curtailed my—er—passionate predilection for a closer acquaintance with the habits and—er—manifestations of the natural world. The unparalleled stress of work which has recently been thrown upon me in my novel position as Leader of the—er—Upper Chamber (*respectful applause*) has precluded me from refreshing my memory in these—er—departments of rural knowledge. I am indebted, however, to my friend Sir JOHN AVEBURY—er—that is to say, to my noble friend Lord LUBBOCK, who not only is the author of the Hundred Best Books, but has devoted himself from time to time with an energy which commands my profound—er—admiration to the study of natural phenomena, for very kindly correcting this hiatus by supplying me with a few of his general observations on these and—er—cognate themes.

I cannot, perhaps, do better than peruse aloud the less recondite portions of the text of his—er—monograph. I have, by the way, an especial and almost—er—personal pleasure in calling your attention to his comments on the condition of coma which is natural to the chrysalis.

[*Here the Duke began to read from the manuscript of Lord AVEBURY.*]

"It is not generally known that insects can converse with one another. The same is only less true of flowers. But

the single established instance of conversation between these two branches of the natural world is the case of the Honey-suckle and the Bee.

It has been often said that even a worm will turn; but we are seldom told in what direction it will perform this movement. In the case of a silkworm the answer is plain. It turns into a chrysalis.

Sleep has been called the restorer of Nature. YOUNG, in his "Night Thoughts," described it as "balmy." This is the reason why you should not attempt to defeat its purposes by rousing the chrysalis before its time. In due course it will wake up and become a butterfly or a moth.

Moths are of different kinds. SHELLEY spoke of "the desire of the moth for the star." Some moths have less exalted ambitions. OUIDA has written a treatise on the latter.

We have all heard of the Sensitive Plant (SHELLEY again). Yet Nature has made the lower creation less susceptible to pain than you might imagine. It is surprising how soon a daisy will pick up after being subjected to the pressure of a garden roller.

Also, I have read, in a scientific work, of a beetle that was supposed to have died under an anæsthetic, and was subsequently transfixed by a pin and secured among other specimens in a box. Yet the next morning it was found that he had got up in the night and eaten the rest of the collection. (*Cheers.*)

Still, one should not take advantage of this apparent callousness. COLERIDGE has some true words on the right treatment of "bird and beast" (including man). The case of the Ancient Mariner is a terrible warning to any who are tempted to collect albatrosses.

Chestnuts came over with WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, who gave his own title to the game which our youth plays with them. There are eating chestnuts, and there are the other kind that are not fit to swallow. The technical name for this class is *Josephus Millerius*. I hope to furnish a few exhibits of this species.

Cricket is both a game and an insect. I was once walking down the Strand in search of a late edition of the papers with news from the seat of war, when my eye was arrested by the announcement of a poster which ran as follows:

LOCKWOOD'S
GREAT
BOWLING
FEAT.

These would, of course, be fatal to any cricket on the hearth (DICKENS).

Moral and social lessons may be learned from the vegetable world. Potatoes are an exception, as they generally take their place at table with their coats off.

As an example of the better sort, you will find many flowers that naturally shut up when they have given out sufficient beauty for one day. How well for us if their teaching were followed by our Members of Parliament!"

[*Loud and prolonged applause, during which the DUKE resumed his nap.*]

O. S.

Lay of the Club Scandal-monger.

(*With Apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Lord Chancellor" in "Iolanthe."*)

"And in my Club I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away!"

Our cousins in Canada have had another good salmon season. They propose to eat all they can, and to can all they can't.



WHEN LEAGUE MEETS LEAGUE.

NO FLIES.

[The house-fly is absent this summer.]

THE fly has flown! But though at this
The hairless wag their heads to-day,
The nimble boy will sorely miss
His wonted prey.

The fly has vanished into space,
We miss his dear familiar feet,
And spiders say no daily grace
For daily meat!

The fly is not! And men who sell
The poisoned sheet, the sticky thread,
Must, sadly weeping, say, "Twere well
We too were dead."

The fly has gone! Thus sadly go—
We can but mutely wonder why—
The tokens that we used to know
Our summer by.

Yet there is balm for every ill;
All joy and comfort will not flee
The while the honeysuckle still
Attracts the bee.

And some may thank a lucky star
That good disguised is offered thus—
Who say in classic phrase, "There are
No flies on us."

THE NOVELTY SYNDICATE.

(By Mr. Punch's Imaginative Reporter.)

THIS is a remarkable venture (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is out of the running altogether), its aim being—in the words of the prospectus—to introduce into Art, Literature and Science, those occult methods which have brought about commercial success in such undertakings as musical comedies. What is the triumph of the new century? Musical comedy, of course, as every schoolgirl knows. And why? Because, say its admirers, it provides a light, bright and attractive form of entertainment which revives the mind jaded by worry and scurry. The Novelty Syndicate, however, claims to have discovered another and the real secret of its popularity. According to this august and potent body, the success of musical comedy is due to its unexpectedness.

For is it not the work of about half-a-dozen writers to start with? Can you guess from the choruses the probable treatment of the topical songs and duets? Can you even gauge from the tunefulness of one the melody (or want of melody, maybe) of another? Of course not! They are the work of different hands. From the dialogue you rise bewildered in your attempts to discover a special point of view: there are a dozen points of view—not to mention a good many views that have no point. We have the "book" writer, as advertised—the



Charitable Person (who has been much impressed by the erudition of a plausible cadger).
"YOU SEEM TO BE A VERY WELL-INFORMED PERSON. WHERE WERE YOU BROUGHT UP?"
Absent-minded Cadger (promptly). "AT BOW STREET, PRINCIPALLY."

stage manager—the low comedian, act upon. *Sensation, Gush and Some* and so on. Are you acquainted with *Glitter*. A Romance of Modern Life. Title by JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. The plot by WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Epigrams by ANTHONY HOPE, with additional epigrams by IOTA. The asterisks in Chapter XX. are lent kindly by the Antique Yellow Book Co. Adjectives specially painted for this book by CAINE, CORELLI & Co. (Unlimited). A grammatical dance of an elaborate character has been specially arranged by Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and a few grammatical 'breakdowns' have been introduced by various popular novelists. All the punctuation appointments are by Mr. HENRY JAMES.

Other suggestions by the Novelty Syndicate will be presented in due course, but this one was sufficiently immense for my mind to grasp at once.

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

I MET some good fellows a short time ago;
With the fire of true friendship their hearts were aglow;
And it's oh but they took of good whisky no end,
With a fist for a foe and a hand for a friend.
And my soul says, "Here's luck, wheresoever they be,
To the great men I met on the banks of the Lee."

Oh their songs on the Lee (and it's sweetly they sang),
How they went with a swing, how they closed with a bang!
They toasted old Erin, the brave and the gay,
Till the night faded out, and, behold, it was day.
And at last—oh, a louder I shall not hear soon—
Came a forty-voice chorus with twenty in tune.

If 'twas laughter you longed for or friendship you sought,
They were both to be had, but they couldn't be bought.
You were called on to pay—it was only in part—
With a laugh of your own and a show of your heart.
Oh this—and we gave it—is always the fee
That they ask for their love on the banks of the Lee.

There was one, a Chief Justice—he didn't live there,
But he came mighty grand from the County of Clare.
"Brother ANDREWS," says he, as he sat in his Court,
"I think," says old PETER, "we'll cut the thing short.
If we leave the Court now we can all of us see
The races they row on the tide of the Lee."

Another—and soon may I see him again!—
He was always on hand with a glass of champagne;
And all the blue devils that make you repine
He could drown, and he did, in a bumper of wine.
If you stopped for a moment, "I'm Sheriff," says he,
"And I'll make you drink fair on the banks of the Lee."

There was fun and diversion from morning to night,
And the smile of the girls 'twas a sunbeam for light.
Their eyes were like sapphires, their teeth were like pearls,
And it's Cork on the Lee that's the city for girls—
Oh, they spoke us and joked us so frank and so free,
That we wished to stay on by the banks of the Lee.

There was work for the glass, for the knife and the fork,
There was work for dry throats in the City of Cork;
And whatever they did at the end of their meals
There was one thing they didn't—they never tapped heels.
So here's love and good luck with a thirty times three
From the banks of the Thames to the men of the Lee.

"Tis."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Jim Twelves* (METHUEN), Mr. W. F. SHANNON has created a delightful character. Not absolutely novel in its conception, but new in several ways. *Jim* is an A.B. on H.M.S. *Pimpernel*. He finds a chum in *Malachi Eaves*, almost equally original; both redolent of the sea and the fo'castle. *Jim* is an optimist; *Eaves* a pessimist. Between them they freely discuss life on board ship, their officers, their work, and, betimes, that awful entity, a sort of deity ashore, the Adm'alty. "What's the Adm'alty for?" asks *Eaves*, in one of his moments of despondency. "The Adm'alty," said *Twelves*, slightly raising his voice so that the Admiralty might hear, "the Adm'alty is for to look after the lower deck as much as it can, because on that, wid the wardroom and the good providence of God, the kingdom chiefly depends." "Then the kingdom will be let in," said *Eaves*. There is a long story describing the A.B.'s adventures in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. But my Baronite is not certain that the best thing in the book

is not found among the shorter tales at the end, one relating to the life and death of "A Certain Jacker."

Sladen's London and its Leaders (SANDS) is an attempt to boil down *Who's Who*, presenting it with the attraction of lower price and the addition of many portraits and illustrations. Since it was Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN who resuscitated that indispensable volume, it is obvious that no one better could take up the new task. The main idea is to give the names and addresses of the leading people in London, including officials, hostesses, Members of the House of Commons, and other "entertainers." Leading clubs and leading shops are not omitted.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Which may be supposed to have passed between the Editor of the "Quarterly Review" and Mr. A. C. Swinburne when the proofs of the latter's signed article on Charles Dickens were being revised for the press.)

DEAR SIR,—In going through the proofs of your valuable article on DICKENS I came across the expression "Blatant Booby." As the application of this description to persons from whom one may differ in opinion is somewhat unusual in modern literary controversy, perhaps you might like to modify it?

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I utterly and entirely refuse and decline to make or accept any change or alteration whatsoever in the expression you mention. When I think a man a "booby" I call him a "booby."

Yours faithfully,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

DEAR SIR,—In writing of Mr. ANDREW LANG's prefaces to DICKENS I see you say, "The offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of CHARLES DICKENS." Is not this rather too strong a description?

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—Certainly not! In this epicene age, when the cautious criticaster bedecks and beslavers the words and works of every imbecile impostor, it is utterly right and entirely necessary that such expressions should be used. A short shift and a lang drop for such fellows!

Yours ferociously,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

DEAR SIR,—In your "DICKENS" article I see you speak of "the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudo-sophical a quack as GEORGE HENRY LEWES." You also write of the same gentleman's "insolent and idiotic impeachments." Could you see your way to toning down these expressions, as they are calculated to give pain to many?

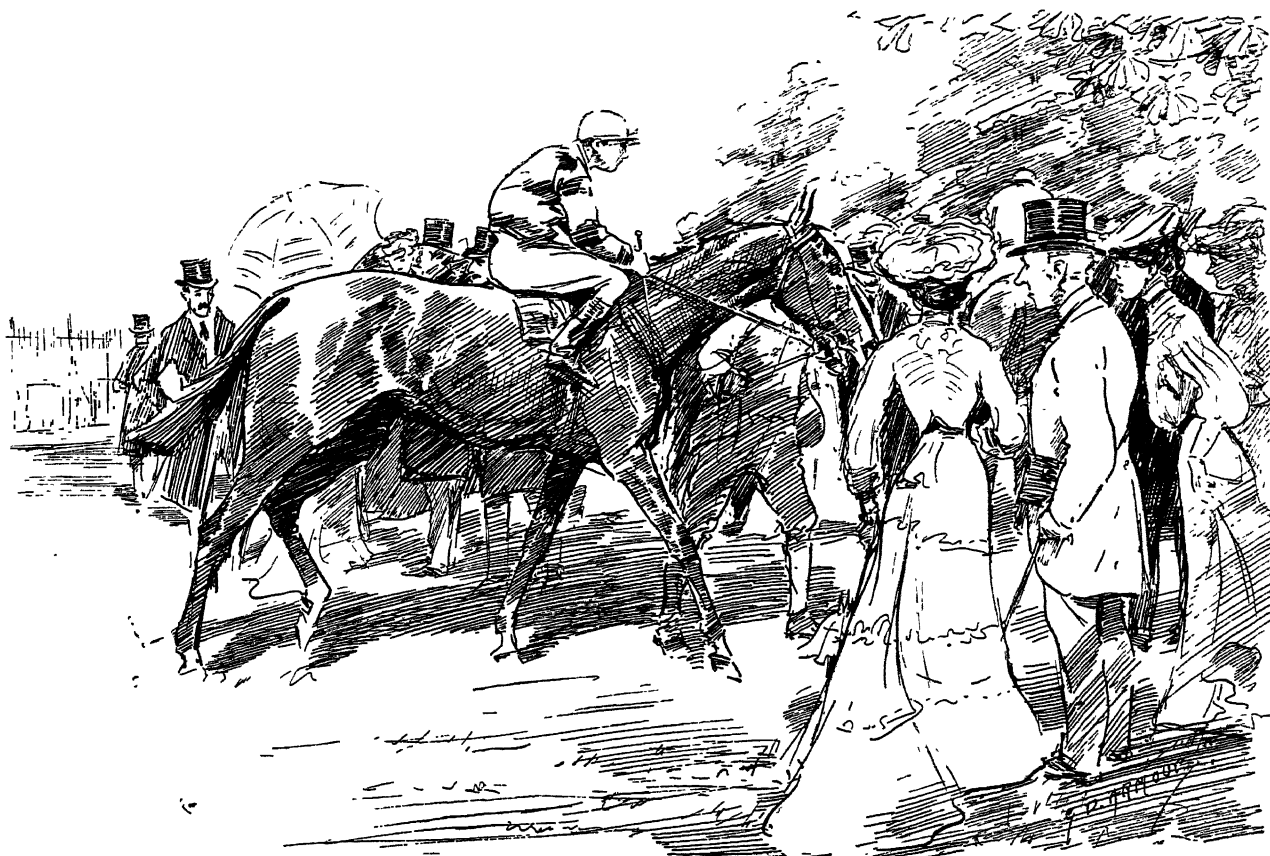
Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

SIR!—The suggestion that I should mar or modify the nervous intensity and virile vigour of my incomparable style to placate the prejudices or soothe the susceptibilities of a plethoric public is incompetent and idiotic. Nor would the public thank me for complying with that inane suggestion. To whittle away and water down my virulent vituperation and vehement invective would deprive my article of the peculiar flavour which differentiates it from the critical utterances of the groundlings. There is really nothing to say about CHARLES DICKENS that has not been said fifty times over already. All that can be done is to say it in a thoroughly trenchant manner. This I have set myself to do. And the fellow who says I have not done it is a blatant booby, an arrant ass, a preposterous pedant, and an incomparable imbecile.

Yours in a towering passion,

A. C. SWINBURNE.



GOODWOOD.

(The Modern Racing Seat again.)

Country Cousin. "LOOK, UNCLE, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THESE POOR LITTLE CRIPPLES! I SUPPOSE PEOPLE EMPLOY THEM OUT OF CHARITY."

CHARIVARIA.

WE are all delighted to hear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is about again, after his cab-accident, but he still has a large piece of glass in his eye.

LORD LANSDOWNE has made a satisfactory statement in regard to Anglo-Italian relations. It seems we still have an *entente* with Italy, even if Italy has not one with us.

General BOTHA is writing an account of the War. He has had the intention for some time past, and would have ended the war long ago but for the fact that he wished the work to run to three volumes.

The City Corporation is to give a reception to Lord ROBERTS and Lord KITCHENER. The City Corporation seems to have been not quite sure of the honesty of its guests. "A band will be stationed in the Art Gallery," said an announcement, "where as many as possible of the pictures now on exhibition will be retained."

The *Lady's Realm*, which published an account of the Coronation and adversely criticised the Gala Performance at the Opera, has paid £100 to the Hospital Fund, but properly declines to publish an apology in its columns stating that the Gala Performance was excellent.

The Naval Review is, after all, to take place, but it is hardly likely there will be so many warships present as if it had been held on the original date, for meanwhile the manœuvres will have taken place.

Suggested new name for the Campanile — The I-fell Tower.

CORRECTION SUGGESTED. — At Earl's Court's Paris in London Show "a splendid pageant of costume" (well worth seeing, by the way) "from 4400 B.C. to 1902 A.D." is advertised as "The 'Clou' of the Paris Exhibition." Surely not "the Clou." Wouldn't the "Old Clo'" (and New Clo' also) be more correct?

RATHER TOO THICK.

[At Limerick Assizes, BRIDGET COYNE recovered damages for breach of promise of marriage from AUSTIN THINNE. The courtship had lasted since 1873.]

AUSTIN, he had an Irish tongue,
In name and ways was slim;
Fair BRIDGET, she was very young,
And worshipped only him.

But AUSTIN pondered: "If my heart
Rogue Cupid should purloin,
And I upon the marriage mart
Could never change this COYNE?"

Three decades swiftly fled by,
And BRIDGET, growing old,
Thought she discerned in AUSTIN's eye
The COYNE he sought was gold.

They do not wed in other spheres,
And earthly life is short,
So having courted thirty years
They came at last to court.

There BRIDGET, being on the shelf,
Did coign of vantage win,
And now she fattens on his pelf
Instead of being THINNE.

THE LANGUAGE PARAMOUNT.

With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Harland.)

THE deep knell of the dinner gong had scarcely ceased to reverberate round the stately marble and porphyry corners of the atrium of the Palazzo Gosso as SUSANNA skipped the last six steps of the alabaster staircase.

"Ecco!" she cried in a deep, penetrating, sonorous contralto.

"The evenin' peepers hev not yet arraved," simpered a tall English footman, with the finical enunciation of flunkymdom.

She turned upon him her eyes—purple velvet, hazed with gold—with an expression in them at once beseeching and domineering, but full of railleury—or was it contempt? Then, taking from the golden salver which he held a tall amphora of lapis lazuli filled to the brim with drinking water, she suddenly raised it to her head and tilted it forward. The water leaped forth in a pellucid arc—like a rainbow all too young and immaculate to flaunt in prismatic colours—and presently the mosaic floor was flooded.

"Now we can talk—now that there's water between us!" she cried with a full rich laugh, which sounded like an impromptu by PALESTRINA (and the railleury still in her eyes—or was it mockery?) to her uncle, the old Commendatore, who stood the other side of the extemporised lagoon, turning up the bottoms of his *calzoni lunghi*.

"I am of age!" she exclaimed, on a key of petulance. "I was born at 7 P.M. just twenty-one years ago! So I'm off—*Zio mio*—to see the world!" And she waved in the air a tiny white hand which looked as if it smelt—faintly, hauntingly—of some Cardinal's snuff-box.

"*Confondete la mia parrucca!*" gasped the old Commendatore in his beard.

CHAPTER II.

The miasma which hung over the *pré salé* surrounding Craford Manor was blue with the language of the fly-man who had driven ANTHONY home from the station. He had been rewarded with a Roumanian three-franc piece.

"What men dare do—what men daily do—not knowing whom they do!" mused ANTHONY as he lowered the portcullis between himself and the irate *cocchiere*, and entered the oak-panelled hall.

"Houp-là!" sang out a rich baritone voice—and ADRIAN, ANTHONY'S secretary, entered by a back somersault. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with eyes like star sapphires, and bright magenta hair. He was dressed in loosely-fitting clothes with large buttons, like puff-

balls, and he wore a white pyramidal felt hat. He gave forth a genial smell of rum—which he attributed to the fact that he had recently shaved. His face was still covered with powder—all but his little pink nose, which stood forth in contrast to the white around it, like the ace of diamonds. On the gleaming tip of it he now proceeded to balance a peacock's feather, which nodded this way and that as he ambled round the room with a peculiar gait of his own, his eyes fixed on the swaying end of the lustrous plume.

"Oh, my dearie dear!" he cried. "My popsie-wopsie! No wonder I had pins and needles all last night! You've come back—I knew you would—referred to Drawer! 'Our courteous ANTHONY—whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak!' Dash my dimples! You don't know what I've done—the world knows nothing of its greatest house-agents! I've a great mind not to tell you—but I will because I'm so benevolent. I love myself with a 'B' because I am as bountiful as I am beautiful. And when I've told you, you shall buy me a bunch of brown ribbon to tie up my bonny blue eyes!"

"I can't think why you were christened ADRIAN," cried ANTHONY, on a key of expostulation. "Your name always reminds me of the clever person in *Richard Feverel*: and the contrast must be so painful for you. However, go ahead, dimple chin!" ANTHONY had inherited from a long line of ancestors the priceless gift of knowing how to talk to his inferiors.

"Go ahead," quo' he, as though one were a penny steamer!" retorted the other, making a *moue* as he spoke, and ignoring the allusion to the original ADRIAN. "But in wrath I'll remember mercy—and I'll take your curiosity off the rack. I've let the second floor back!"

"I stand dumb with admiration," said ANTHONY.

"And to a lady—a lady of title," cried ADRIAN; "la Duchessa di PAGGIO-BIANCO!"

ANTHONY quivered from head to foot and gave a low whinny. He had had an American ancestor who came over in the *Mayflower* on her return trip, and the very sound of a title gave him a definite, undefinable æsthetic sensation.

Meanwhile ADRIAN had seated himself at the Pianola, and was pouring his whole soul into the instrument by means of the side lever:

"D'ye ken JOHN LANE in his coat so gay,
Cardinal—yellow—and roses gray?"

he trolled, in his rich syrupy voice. But ANTHONY'S mind was far away—in the second-floor back. And he whispered to himself, "*La donna è nobile!*"

(To be continued.)

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS.

[The *Family Doctor* declares that the action of tears on the eye is beneficial.]

DAPHNE, in tears your tyranny
You long have wielded over me.

But now at length their potent sway
I am resolved to disobey,
And from your yoke to struggle free.

Why should your weeping me dismay?

Since eyes but gain a brighter ray
And lustre—Doctors all agree—

DAPHNE, in tears.

Alas! however great may be
The relevancy of my plea,
But little does its logic weigh,
For—steel my bosom as I may—
I yield directly when I see
DAPHNE in tears!

DIARY OF A MODERN "WOMAN."

[A Sydney journal prints an essay on TENNYSON by a girl of the ripe age of thirteen. In the course of it she remarks: "TENNYSON'S works are rich in legendary stories, such as the 'Lady of Shalott' and 'The Idylls of the King.' The former of these is a fairy tale I remember well in my childhood." *Daily Express.*]

POSSIBLY such examples of precocity may ere long become common, and may, indeed, extend to children of even less mature years. Should such be the case, it is possible, that, if so sacred a volume were ever to see the light of day, a modern infant's diary might be found to be something like this:—

Monday.—What thoughts crowd in on me to-day! My birthday. And I am three years old. Ah, the passing of the years! What are you growing into, you woman of three? What does your mirror tell you? Am I, I wonder, am I what the world calls beautiful? I wonder—dare I write the words—I wonder if He thinks me beautiful! Dear He! I met him this morning on the promenade. He was with his nurse, and—he smiled as we met. But it was such an enigmatical smile. I wonder if he was thinking of the old sweet days. How he used to pull my toes! Why, you foolish child, you are actually blushing! Yet why should he care? He has met lots of women in his time. Men do not live to be four and still keep young hearts. . . . But there! we women were made to suffer.

Wednesday.—I saw him to-day. Glad dear dearest day! They told me I was wet when I came in, but I had seen—felt no rain, had seen only the sun shine—my Sun. He waved his rattle to me. Oh, the music of the sound! And he said "Goo," sweetest of all words. Then he smiled! And his smile made the whole world beautiful, and the birds sang a new glad

anthem, and joy was everywhere
 Ah, it was good to live to-day!
 Then his nurse dragged him away, and
 perhaps he has already passed out
 of my life!

Saturday.—I have lost him! We
 passed to-day. We were in our prams,
 but though I bowed he never made any
 sign. Someone—oh, bitter crushing
 thought—someone has come between
 us! Or perhaps his wicked nurse has
 poisoned his mind against me. There
 was a sinister look in her face yester-
 day. Perhaps—can it be that
 But no—that would be too incredible.
 The old duenna! She must be nine-
 teen, if she's a day!

Last night I lay in my cot and cried
 my eyes out, and all for him, and to-day
 he cuts me as though I
 were a woman he ought not to know.
 But no more tears. I will be
 brave now. Next time we meet I shall
 regard him with a cold stare, and
 perhaps then he will feel
 But what is this I am saying? Even
 now I could forgive him all for one
 single smile Ah! weakness,
 thy name is woman!

THE LORD HIGH EVERYTHING ELSE.

["King LEWANIKA has gone to Scotland, at-
 tended by his Prime Minister."—*Daily Paper.*]

A PREMIER where will you see
 Like me?

I run LEWANIKA's whole show,
 You know;

I pass legislation

For all his black nation—

I'm SALISBURY, BALFOUR and Co.,

Plus JOE,

I'm SALISBURY, BALFOUR and Co.

I make any niggers I please

C.B.'s,

And levées I've lately begun

To run,

And, to cut matters short,

I'm His MAJESTY's Court

And his Cabinet rolled into one.

My son,

And his Cabinet rolled into one.

Such a crack little Premier I,

Such a black little Premier I,

Such a quick little, slick little,

Sly little, fly little,

Spry little Premier I.

Then His MAJESTY's wives I make bold

To scold;

When the KING doesn't dare intervene

Between,

I see to their morals,

And settle their quarrels

With, "Pray do not give us a scene,

Dear queen,

O, pray do not give us a scene!"

And should the KING tire of the lot

He's got,



A QUESTION OF HEREDITY.

Hal. "IS THERE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS EGG, MARTHA?"

Martha. "OH NO, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE CRACKED."

Hal. "OH! THEN WOULD THE CHICKEN THAT CAME OUT OF IT BE A LITTLE MAD?"

And want them less black in the hide
 Supplied,

'Tis I who arrange

For His MAJESTY's change,

And a new little queen I provide

As bride,

A new little queen I provide.

Such a cute little Premier I,

An astute little Premier I,

Such a slim little, grim little,

Brave little, grave little,

Suave little Premier I.

But do not suppose that my care

Ends there;

No nursemaid more busy can be

Than me

With the black piccaninnies;

I tie on their pinnies,

And wash them all ready for tea,

You see,

And wash them all ready for tea.

And when they are slumbering deep

In sleep,

With each little curly black head

In bed,

Then I bring out a box

Of His MAJESTY's socks,

And I darn till my fingers are dead

As lead,

And I darn till my fingers are
 dead.

Such a toiling wee Premier I,

Such a moiling wee Premier I,

Such a dutiful, beautiful,

Able wee, sable wee,

Stable wee Premier I.



Rec'or. "YOU'VE HAD A FINE CROP THIS YEAR, MR. GILES."

Giles. "AH, THE BEST CROP O' HAY AS WE'VE HAD THIS FIFTEEN YEAR!"

Rec'or. "WELL, IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET SOMEONE WHO HASN'T ANYTHING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT."

Giles. "I DOAN'T GO SO FAR AS THAT, 'E KNOW. WHY, I HAIN'T GOT A MOSSEL O' BAD HAY TO FEED THE DRY COWS WI'!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR ARTISTS.

Of Paraphernalia.—These are quite indispensable. Any slight inconvenience caused by the carrying about of a small tent, a large palette, a complicated easel, a sketching stool, half-a-dozen canvases, a paint-box and a maul-stick, will be amply compensated by the distinction the possession of these objects confers upon you. They need not constantly be carried. Piled on the top of your travelling trunks at the railway station they should excite considerable interest, especially amongst the porters. You will of course prevent any mistake on the part of the general public as to the ownership of these articles by frequent manifestations of anxiety about

their safety. It is unnecessary to remind persons of genuinely artistic feeling that such ownership carries with it an obligation to dress in harmony with its belongings. The style of the coiffure in particular should be seen to.

Of Applied Art.—As the wall space of most houses is limited, you will not confine yourself to framed pictures. The surface of a mirror, the seat of a music stool, or the parchment of a tambourine are excellent situations for a landscape in the style of CLAUDE, an allegory after WATTS, or a realistic bunch of grapes. Take no notice of benighted people who point out that mirrors are made to reflect, stools to be sat upon, and tambourines to be thumped. Everybody knows that.

Of Portraiture.—The portrait of any friend or relative whose complacency is positively in need of shaking up may be advantageously attempted. Consideration for the sufferings of sitters will no doubt suggest to young ladies the painting of their own portraits by the aid of a looking-glass. Many great artists did this.

Of Colour.—If drawing is not your strong point, you are probably a colourist. In that case stick to sunsets and the sea. The former, as doubtless you have observed, are red and yellow, and the latter is blue and green. To a colourist unable to draw, these subjects, especially in combination, offer great scope.

Of Animal Painting.—Make copies of the stags that figure in the pictures of the late Sir E. LANDSEER. It is nearly impossible to mistake a stag for any other creature.

Of Getting Hung.—Upon all occasions when presents are customary, the gift of a work from your own brush in an expensive frame will ensure this, provided you let it be understood you intend paying the donee a visit after a short but indefinite period.

Of Finish.—Never finish anything. If you do, don't admit it.

TO A "STRENUOUS" MAID.

["CLARE," in *Truth*, alluding recently to the revival of croquet as a scientific game, remarked that it gives no time for loitering, with its subtle tactics and time limits. Old SARAH BATTLE, she added, was not more sternly set on "the rigour of the game" than is the new girl, to whatever pastime she turns her energetic attention.]

DEAR MADGE, with nerves so well controlled,

And movements vigorously bold,
With health and strength in overplus,
You're nothing if not strenuous!

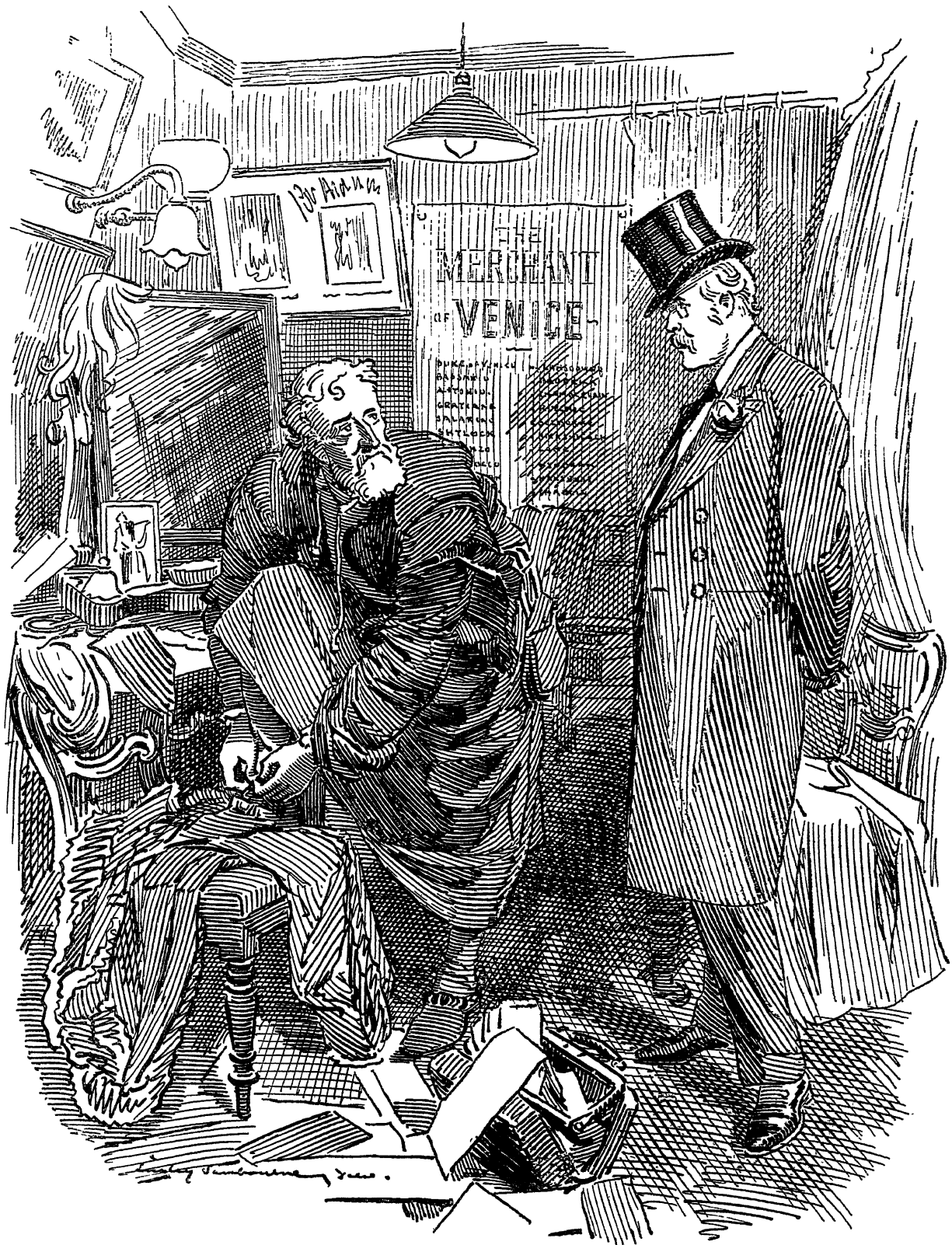
What time the mid-Victorian maid
Upon the lawn at croquet played,
She did not shine—a trifle she!—
At croquet, but at coquetry!

But you, dear MADGE, have driven hence
Such dallying inconsequence;
Your prowess holds my heart in thrall,
Impetuous mallet, flying ball!

I watch at ping-pong your attack,
And tremble for my *bric-à-brac*!
In all, you have a single aim,
And that "the rigour of the game."

And yet—I trust to Time for cure—
The strenuous mood can scarce endure;
No, sweet eighteen! 'Twill pass away
In that great game you've yet to play.

That you must play—yourself the prize—
With beating heart and downcast eyes;
Ah, MADGE! you'll be contented then
To leave "the strenuous life" to men!



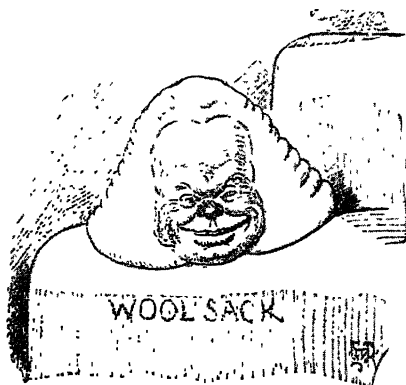
INDISPENSABLE.

A. J. B-L-F-R (*Manager of T.R. Westminster, to M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH, Leading Actor*). "SORRY YOU'RE THINKING OF LEAVING US. CAN'T YOU STAY TILL THE END OF THE RUN? WE'VE GOT NOBODY ELSE TO PLAY THE PART."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.
—Still harping on Education Bill. Ye
Gentlemen of England who live at home



THE LIMPET.

It is rumoured that Lord H-lab-ry intends to
stick to the Woolsack.

at ease, little do you know what a day's work on Education Bill in Committee means. Begins about half-past two in afternoon; goes on till half-past seven; surviving Members laid out in comatose state till nine o'clock, when they buckle to again and grind away till midnight. Well enough for some of them who steal away whilst speeches are made, coming back at sound of Division bell to run up their record in the Session's divisions. But for PRINCE ARTHUR, always at his post; for JOHN O'GORST, who shares his drudgery without the refreshment of occasional speech-making; for the Chairman of Committees, always alert, never knowing what moment he may not be called upon to answer conundrum; and for mere me, faithful among the faithless found, the experience suggests comparison favourable to a term of penal servitude.

To-night the bored Committee roused itself for a moment of mad expectancy. BROADHURST on his legs, speaking disrespectfully of the beneficed clergy; suggesting dark design on the part of HUGH CECIL. His thunderous talk listened to with mild indifference till he dropped the remark, "I have brought with me a church organ."

Here was promise of sport. In flush of pleased excitement Members didn't wait to wonder how he could have got the thing down to the House, and where he had left it. At most it could only be a sort of harmonium; possibly with the *vox humana*. It is no new thing for a Member to illustrate his address by introducing samples. BROADHURST himself did it in a speech delivered some years ago. HOWARD VINCENT, pursuing his crusade against objects of domestic use made in Germany,

one night came down loaded with pans, brushes, door-mats, an assortment of cutlery, and a complete set of carpenter's tools. LYON PLAYFAIR, delivering at the Table a luminous address on margarine, temporarily fitted it up on the model of a chemist's shop.

A church organ is different, considerations of bulk hampering its removal. Yet large masses have been moved both into the House and out of it. Once a petition in favour of Missions to the Patagonians (or against the enterprise, I forget which) was rolled in with the assistance of ten stalwart messengers, whose united ages exceeded seven centuries. Then wasn't Mr. FLAVIN carried forth? Especially if scaled after dinner, he would make any barrel organ in London kick the beam. These reflections, flashing through the active mind at a quicker rate than they may be written down, encouraged hope in the breasts of Members.

"Play! Play!" they cheerily cried, whilst BROADHURST looked round bewildered, wondering what they were laughing and cheering at.

Soon disappointment followed on expectancy. "When I say a church organ," BROADHURST explained, "I mean an organ of the Church."

Very well, that's much the same thing. Finally it turned out that what he really did mean was a parish magazine, published weekly under the editorship of the Vicar. That quite a different thing, and Members, glancing angrily at the man who had wantonly raised hope of diversion, turned again to the intricacies of Clause 7.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—Two curious questions on Paper to-day. WILLIAM (not JOHN) BULL, Member for Hammersmith, wants to know when restrictions on import of Argentine beef will be removed.

"What's BULL got to do with Argentine beef?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"Can't tell you exactly," he said; "but, you know, blood is thicker than water."

The other question stands in name of CHARLIE BERESFORD; is addressed to PRINCE ARTHUR. Wants to know "whether attention of Government has been given to need for some reinforcement of intellectual equipment for directing the forces of the Empire?"

Rather a nasty one this when you come to think of it. BRODRICK and SELBORNE, heads of the two Departments aimed at, have come to think of it, and resent suggestion question designed to convey. What further could be done in the way of intellectual equipment at the War Office and the Admiralty than was

achieved when, two years ago, the MARKISS, feeling necessity of strengthening his Government, appointed new heads to these Departments?

PRINCE ARTHUR airily replies that he "will be delighted, in any way, to increase intellectual equipment in connection with this or any other subject."

Sounds well, but on reflection perceived to signify nothing. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, always on the spot, with extended mailed fist points out this shortcoming.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, "has not stated what steps he will take in that direction."

"The field," PREMIER replied, with courteous bow towards the ancient mariner, "is open to such talent as may be available."

House laughed; evidently a joke here. Before the CAP'EN could think of retort courteous, SPEAKER called on next question.

On reflection, meaning of PREMIER evident. His reply was an invitation to talent to step forward. Mr. COGWHEEL—I mean Mr. COGHILL—with great presence of mind seized opportunity. Not been heard from lately. Now the time to put his patent apparatus into action and stop the machinery of the sitting. Introduction of the COGWHEEL recalling PRINCE ARTHUR's attention to him, he would see where desired talent lay, and straightway either the Admiralty or the War Office would be endowed with that intellectual equipment hankered after by CHARLIE B.

What to do on spur of moment? Here's where native talent asserted itself; intellectual equipment shone with radiant light. Mr. COGWHEEL has heard from private sources that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England and that other revolutionary person, Mr. Justice BIGHAM,



FINANCE.

Sir Edg-r V-ne-nt has been mentioned as a possible
successor to Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch.



"Some reinforcement of Intellectual Equipment for directing the Forces of the Empire."
Some of the "available talent" to which Mr. B-l-f-r so unkindly referred.
(Mr. C-gh-l-l, Cap'en Tommy B-w-l-s, and Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-sf-rd.)

have got a little game in hand. Four days in advance of Long Vacation they mean to lay down their ermine and their wig and secretly depart on a premature holiday. Whether they are going off to bathe together at Margate, whether they will spend alternate happy days at Hampstead and Greenwich, or whether they are merely going on State business to South Africa, Mr. COGWHEEL doesn't know. The fact of their contemplating surreptitious departure is unquestioned, and Mr. COGWHEEL, with one eye on the Admiralty, the other on Pall Mall, crying aloud for reinforcement of intellectual equipment, asks leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss as a matter of urgent public importance conduct he described as "a dereliction of statutory duty, a grave public scandal."

The SPEAKER shut him up with directions that if he wants to indict the Judges he must adopt other procedure. The House disposed to regard this as a snub. Mr. COGWHEEL chuckled as he considered he had gained his object. If Prince ARTHUR was looking out for intellectual equipment with an eye to business he would know where to find it.

Business done.—Another night with Education Bill.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, strolling about with dazed air, hasn't got over COUNTY GUY's behaviour of Tuesday night. He had called attention to the estimate for expenditure with respect to the repair of three small farms in the diocese of St. Asaph belonging to the benefice of Trefor Traian, Denbighshire, now in course of sequestration, and gave notice of his intention to move for papers. His topic presented and enlarged upon, he was preparing to carry out the intention of moving for papers when there suddenly flashed upon him recollection of Mr. Wegg's bargain with Mr. Boffin as related in *Our Mutual Friend*. The wealthy but illiterate Boffin engages Mr. Silas Wegg, "a literary man with a wooden leg," to read to him. The bargain is struck as far as prose is concerned. Then comes the question of poetry. "Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked. "Not being a regular musical professional," Silas Wegg magnanimously replied, "I should be loath to engage myself for poetry; and therefore when I drop into poetry I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, looking round the historic Chamber where he

has sat for more than thirty years, wherein he has made more inaudible speeches than any other Peer, felt his breast swell with friendship. He hadn't a wooden leg; but why should Silas Wegg, an obscure balladmonger, exceed him in generosity? A sudden impulse to drop into poetry possessed him. Of course in so doing he should ask to be considered in the light of a friend.

Unfortunately, in the hurry of the moment, only two verses occurred to him. One was from the Old Hundredth Psalm; the other from "Casabianca." Some doubt remains as to which was selected. The noble Lord's lips were observed to move, and a mumbling noise echoed through the Chamber. COUNTY GUY was positive he heard the line—

The boy stood on the burning deck.

However that be, when Lord STANLEY, by sitting down, intimated that he had finished his remarks, COUNTY GUY, following in capacity of Leader of the House, protested that he could make neither head nor tail of the noble Lord's enquiry.

"I notice," he added, taking up the Orders of the Day, "that the noble Lord proposes to ask for papers. I gathered from his concluding remarks that he was reciting a piece of poetry."

The Peers tittered. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY still lamenting this flippancy. How different was Silas Wegg's reception by the large-minded Boffin when he dropped into poetry!

Business done.—Estimates.

HORACE FOR GOLFERS.

"*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*"

JONES, my boy, your barbarous innovations

Ought to be prohibited (save for ladies)—

Mischievous new-fangled abominations!
(Topped it, by Hades!)

Cleeks with leather faces I can't away with—

(Well, perhaps th' expression was hardly biblic),

India-rubber balls are the deuce to play with—

(Caddie, my niblick!)

I despise with loathing I cannot utter
Yankee toys—(I've stimied you there,
you rascal;

Now produce that new aluminium
putter!)

Such as the Haskell.

JONES, the song I've sung was conceived in sorrow;

Therefore this advice to its tail I affix—
Whatsoever metre you choose to borrow,
Heu, fuge Sapphics!



That dear old Mrs. Wilkinson (who can't always express exactly what she means to say, meeting Jones with the girl of his choice). "AND IS THIS YOUNG LADY YOUR FIASCO, MR. JONES?"

A FEW DON'TS FOR HOT WEATHER;

OR, HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't run after a stranger's hat when blown off, unless it is a better one than your own.

Don't run up hills or bills.

Don't run down the War Office—it will run down of itself, if left to time.

Don't run to seed—in fact, don't run at all.

Similar violent exercise should be avoided; therefore

Don't *strike* a bad bargain or a faulty balance.

Don't *push* or *drive* an argument to a false conclusion.

Don't *drag* the word "strenuous" in everywhere—we can't all be ROOSEVELTS.

Don't *jump* together in this temperature, not even if you are a great wit.

Don't *rush* into print—except with good advice, as at present.

Don't *roll* logs—let the other fellow do that.

Don't *throw* good money after bad.

Don't *cast* reflections on your wife's appearance.

Don't *hurl* abuse at the actors if you dislike the play.

Don't *fall* in love.

Don't *break* a promise or an engagement—that is the young lady's privilege.

Don't *burst* into poetry—it always gets laughed at in Court.

Don't *heave* sighs at your ladylove.

Don't *ride* a hobby to death.

Don't *plunge* into a reverie or a train of thought.

All these activities and displays of energy will induce an increase of temperature, and are accordingly to be eschewed now that the dog days are close at hand.

QUELQUES SHOWS À VOIR IN BOND STREET.

ANYONE who has been lucky enough to escape being blinded by flying particles of wood-pavement by day, and by blinking electric advertisements by night, may ensure a quiet half-hour's enjoyment by dropping out of the bustling tide of New Bond Street into the fascinating "back-water" of the Woodbury Galleries. Here he may renew acquaintance at first-hand with the drawings of G. R. HALKETT—no stranger to Mr. Punch's readers—whose "Seats of the Mighty," with their marvellously ingenious fret-saw work, constitute a collection of furniture which must be the envy of Tottenham Court Road, and surely entitles him to rank as the SHERATON or CHIPPENDALE of caricature. His style is vigorous and telling, and he has an artistic quality in his work which some of his brother caricaturists, more simply rollicking and oblivious to technique, no doubt envy him. This is well seen here in some bold drawings on dark paper relieved with "wash," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

In the same Galleries Mr. HARRY FURNISS has brought together with characteristic energy and timeliness a happy collection of his political drawings under the title of "The Two Premiers." Coming at the moment when the mantle of leadership passes from the burly figure of Lord SALISBURY on to the slimmer shoulders of Mr. BALFOUR, and dealing largely with these two men-of-the-hour, this little exhibition may well hope to profit by their popularity. Perhaps the most powerful drawing is one showing the Army bound up in the tentacles of Red Tape. A sketch of Lord SALISBURY, drawn on the day of his retirement, is excellent as a likeness, and there is an interesting prophetic picture, which appeared in Mr. Punch's pages several years ago, of Mr. BALFOUR, made up as his uncle, and succeeding to the

Premiership. Some of the best of Mr. FURNISS's drawings in the Japanese manner are also included. As an additional attraction the management has provided a "haunted room" at the end; at any rate our emissary came out after a brief visit, with his hair, such as remains of it, rigidly on end, and a settled conviction that he had seen ghosts.

RÉCITATIONS À LA MODE.

THE concert? Oh, my dear, just heavenly!

I *did* enjoy myself. But where were you?

I thought you said—oh, well, I wish you *had*.

You don't know *what* you missed. Unless you've heard

What happened? Oh, dear, no, not KUBELIK,

Sweet creature! Yes, of course he played. Oh, no!

It wasn't *him*. That French girl. What's her name?

That's it. Yes! Well, you know, when she recites,

One never knows what's coming next,—at least,

Unluckily—quite so—one always *does*!

Of course you've heard her? But, my dear, you *must*!

She's simply killing! No, no! Never *that*!

Only Parisian. Such abandonment!

So *dernier cri*. But, yes! *au bout des ongles*!

And yet one has a feeling all the time

It isn't quite—exactly!—*comme il faut*.

No doubt it's insular, but—yes, of course!

It isn't for oneself, it's—yes, one's girls!

That's what I mean. And dearest ANGELA

Was with me, all in white: the sweetest thing

From PAQUIN's. Just adorable she looked.

And, though she's such a darling innocent,

She knows as much as I do. Yes, indeed!

It's really excellent—her French. In fact I knew

That if she heard her she would understand—

But every word! So what was I to do?

My dear! Go home? We *couldn't* possibly.

Oh, no! The thing was charmingly arranged.

We sent them all away—the girls, I mean—

Into another room, while Whatshername

Recited. Who? The *Bachelors*? What do you mean!

They *stayed*, of course. Why, think, how different—

They're more like *us*. You see, they *understand*!

You dear delightful Granny! Come with me—

I'm off to see her now. I've got two seats.

No? Well, I must. Bye-bye! I'm in the vein.

"A GREAT SWIM BY HOLBEIN."—This heading in the *Daily Chronicle* must have caused a stir among Art collectors. "Why," writes an indignant correspondent, "Why is not this picture in our National Gallery? Who, I ask, is responsible for such an oversight? I have walked through the galleries and noted every picture in the catalogue, but not one entitled *A Great Swim*, by Holbein, can I find."

SPEAKING of the charms of Corea, the *Daily Express* says, "There is no such thing as a novel or newspaper in the land. No regular story-writer is known to have lived there for 1000 years." Mr. Punch would be glad to receive fair warning of any other country where they live as long as that.

O SAY NOT NÉE.—One so seldom hears of an entire house being married all at once that there is a peculiar interest in the following advertisement taken from the *Western Morning News* :—

PLEASE NOTE our Address now is 5, Bedford Street (*nee* [sic] 49, George Street).

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VII.—THE NOONDAY GARDENS.

It is blazing hot—one o'clock on a July afternoon. There are blisters on the wooden doors by the turnstiles, and the bored janitors admit us with an air of hardened resignation. The Great Wheel revolves relentlessly with empty cars, forcing upon us mingled thoughts of the poetry of motion and Somebody's Malted Milk. A stall-girl by the bridge mechanically comprises us both under the cognomen of "WILLIE," inviting attention to brooches. The band has not yet started in the Gardens; the chairs are almost empty, save for an occasional newspaper-reader and some sparse needle-workers. The sun beats down upon a yellow Sahara of café-tables with their dozing waiters. The Welcome Club is a prairie of empty chairs.

We pass into Elysia. The first shade we meet is a tired man whose lot it is to stand upon the threshold of the Liliputian Ménagerie. From within are heard the strains upon a piano of a three-year-old coon song. The Educated Birds, we are assured, are pronounced by Press and Public to be the best and most original attraction in Elysia. O spirit of Virgil! The piano ceases, and a melancholy audience of three makes its way out into the sun.

"Commence again in a few minutes," announces the tired man; "secure your seats, ladies and gentlemen."

A few people wander past him with a stony stare.

"Finest baby wolf in Europe!" calls the tired man wrathfully at their retreating backs; but they hurry on, intent on the Epicurean joys of lunch at the Automatic Buffet.

"Created a furoar in Paris," mutters the tired man, with fatigued disgust.

A mournful giant in top boots issues spasmodic invitations to a French Musical Ride, pronounced by Press and Public to be the most original attraction in the Exhibition.

"All thoroughbred 'orses," he announces in the direction of distant wanderers; he seems to have reached the stage at which he neither hopes nor cares any longer for success. Outside the Oriental concert room we encounter the first signs of vitality in the person of a swarthy man in a red cap, superior alike to the heat and to the sinister proximity of the St. John's Ambulance "in case of sudden illness." The tone of his invitation seems to indicate that he is quite ready to use force, if necessary. After this it is a relief to come to the Distorting Mirrors, whose guardians merely deliver a mechanical persuasion and relapse again into apathy.



Phil MA
1902.

"I SAY, BILLY, 'ERE'S A GIPSY! LET'S 'AVE OUR FORTINS TELLED!"

Further on a little group of warm people has collected round an energetic Hindoo on a platform, who is making a surprising noise in an unknown tongue, aided by a small drum. The Hindoo embarks upon a conjuring trick with a cap and an egg, continuing in the meantime his shrieks and gibberings. The group watch the course of the conjuring with a kind of blasé scepticism. Eventually he banishes the egg from the cap and produces it from a niche in the wall. There is a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the crowd; the Hindoo accordingly supplies the applause himself. Noticing defections he again applies

himself to his drum, at the same time rousing a man in evening dress, asleep at the foot of the platform, who, finding the crowd made, ascends a chair and delivers an encomium upon the attractions within. Once the ladies and gentlemen see them they will be one and all a walking and talking advertisement. They are pronounced by Press and Public to be the most original attraction in the Exhibition.

The speech ends, and the ladies and gentlemen, unambitious of these hopes, begin to melt away.

"Not that way, ladies and gentlemen," calls the orator, with a sad smile, "but this. This is the way in."



Auntie. "DO YOU LOVE THE CHICKENS, DEAR?"

Dolly. "YES, AUNTIE. BUT I DO WISH THIS BIG ONE HADN'T SUCH A FUNNY LAUGH!"

There is no response, and he addresses himself to a little group of lingering soldiers.

"Everyone in uniform is half-price to-day," he tells them.

They look at each other sheepishly and drift away. An elderly gentleman remains, gazing dubiously at the entrance. The Hindoo joins the orator in honeyed persuasion, and the solitary gentleman, finding himself the cynosure of attention, retreats in confusion.

"That," observes the orator to the Hindoo, "is all right, isn't it?" And, climbing down, goes to sleep again at the foot of the platform.

We depart from Elysia, the voice of the tired ménagerie-keeper still enquiring if there are any more for the Wonders of the Jungle.

It is very hot in the Imperial Court, and the band is not yet playing. The same sense of general dreariness prevails. Even the bars are almost empty. A mother has laid her sleeping infant at length upon a crimson couch, and is fitting an india-rubber comfort between its lips. A gramophone belches forth a nasal love song into space. The Green Dragon is lumbering slowly round the gardens with a sparse freight. A few couples, their features marked by a stoical resignation, are being taken round the lake in small launches. By a sudden inspiration we pay sixpence to take a trip along the Styx, and a cockney Charon pilots us lazily through Hades. It is the first time we have felt cool.

And so we stroll back again into the Western Gardens, conscious of a strange discordance in everything. There is a certain indecency about the place seen

by glaring sunlight; we receive the impression of a gas jet flaring in the day. Yet there is something vastly human in the way this great pleasaunce takes its mood with the hour of the day. Even now, as we make our way out through the Western Gardens, the place is beginning slightly to awake from its mid-day siesta. The stand begins to be dotted with scarlet bandmen. Already we sight the vanguard of the gay company that will hold revel here in the cool of the evening. Meanwhile, hot and dusty, we drag our tired feet towards the turnstiles. The mechanical voice of the same stall-girl still invites passing WILLIES to buy a brooch for their sweet-hearts. We push the heavy turnstile forward, and taking advantage one behind the other of the narrow strip of shade thrown by the wooden wall on to the gravel path beyond, make our weary way out into the street.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(Extracts from the Daily Illuminator.)

FROM all over the country come reports of curious atmospheric phenomena which have been noticed during the last few days. At the time of the Martinique disaster it will be remembered that we advised our readers that the after effects would probably be noticed in our island, and the communications from correspondents which we publish below more than verify our prediction.

A remarkable sunset has just been witnessed by a correspondent in Upper Sloshington. He had been celebrating his birthday with a few friends, and as he was returning home he distinctly saw two suns sinking slowly towards

the horizon. We regret that we cannot furnish our readers with other details of this unusual phenomenon, as, after dispatching his communication to us, our correspondent called the attention of a policeman to the spectacle, who immediately placed him in the lock-up on the ridiculous assumption that he was intoxicated. When will our authorities learn to refrain from placing every possible obstacle in the way of scientific enthusiasts?

While on this subject our readers will learn with interest that a sunset of peculiar beauty was witnessed last night at Long Tiddenham. An eye witness states that towards eleven o'clock in the evening what appeared to be a tongue of fire darted across the western sky. With extraordinary rapidity the whole heaven seemed to change from grey to orange and from orange to crimson, relieved here and there by clouds of a dark substance, which we take to have been volcanic dust. We had hoped that our correspondent at Beorminster, which stands on a slight eminence twenty miles due west of Tiddenham, would have supplied us with further details. Unfortunately, however, his attention was entirely occupied by a terrible conflagration which broke out at about that hour in a large oil-store. His account of this disaster will be found on another page.

BALLADE OF THE DILETTANTE.

At Matinées and Picture Shows
I gaze about with languid air;
The newest "Art," the latest pose,
I greet alike with frigid stare.
Your modern trash I well could spare;
For me the status that is "ante,"
And quaintly mediæval fare—
In short I am a dilettante.

I sport the choicest ties and hose;
My orchid is beyond compare;
My hat and boots alike disclose
Æsthetic taste and judgment rare.
On Eastern gems or Sèvres ware,
On MICHAEL ANGELO or DANTE,
To contradict me few will dare—
In short, I am a dilettante.

In politics my deadly foes
Are folks with elongated hair,
Who prate about the workman's woes,
And drag discussion everywhere;
Who want my surplus wealth to share
With cads who call a house a "shanty;"
At fools like these I only glare—
In short, I am a dilettante.

Envoy.

My liege, of trifles light as air
My knowledge is by no means scanty,
But honest work I cannot bear—
In short, I am a dilettante.



A BANK HOLIDAY CIRCUS.

Horseman. "WILL YER JUST KETCH 'OLD OF THEM BLOOMING REINS AND STOP 'IM! I 'AVEN'T A 'AND TO SPARE, AND I WANT TER GET ORF!"

UTOPIA UNLIMITED.

[“When I was at Norfolk Island it was the only part of the British Dominions which was under the absolute rule of a Governor—it was a sort of absolute sovereignty. Twelve damsels were told off each day as my cooks, twelve more as parlourmaids . . . All adults over seventeen were members of the House of Commons . . . When there was a marriage each party received a gift of twenty-five acres of land. They wanted the amount reduced to twelve and a-half acres apiece, and I immediately made a law to that effect.”—*Earl Carrington.*]

O, who would be the Governor that governs Norfolk Isle?
Who could perpetrate existence
When removed to such a distance
From the pleasure
That one's leisure
Should beguile?

Sing wey! the little island in the centre of the sea,
As far away from everywhere as anywhere can be,
Where all the little islanders are *minus* L. S. D.
Sing wey! the little—wo! the little island.

O, I would be the Governor that governs Norfolk Isle,
Most desirable of spotlets,
Most delectable of dotlets,
Where the bowers
Gay with flowers
Ever smile.

Sing hey! the little island in the centre of the sea
Where every little islander can write himself M.P.
And each is merry as a grig—whatever that may be—
Sing hey! the little—ho! the little island.

A dozen little damsels would be cooking for their guest,
And be busily devising
Little menus appetising,
Dainty dishes,
Soups and fishes,
And the rest.

A dozen more, immaculate in aprons and in caps,
Would be waiting on me ever,
And with diligent endeavour
To be handy
With the brandy
Or the schnapps.

And if I didn't like a law, no need for me to waste
Precious time in agitation
To secure its alteration:
I'd just change it,
And arrange it
To my taste.

Sing hey! the little island in the centre of the sea,
As different from everything as anything can be,
It's just the very sort of place for autocratic me—
Sing hey! the little—ho! the little island.

IN answer to a general complaint that poets find a difficulty in getting a rhyme for KITCHENER, *Mr. Punch* produces a specimen couplet:

South Africa has now been patched by KITCHENER,
'Twas he, in fact, that put the final stitch in her.

A PUNCH STAFF-COLLEGE.

[At University College School (Head Master, Mr. LEWIS PATON, formerly Captain of Shrewsbury) a prize has been given for a series of cartoons, the Masters being the models. It was won by a son of Mr. A. S. BOYD, whose work is familiar to the readers of *Punch*.]

PATON, your hand! I never thought
That in our midst we had a School
Where adolescence might be taught
So charmingly to play the fool!

Not since, by far Trinacria's shore,
Great DIONYSIUS held the throne,
Has Art enjoyed such license, or
So suave a "tyrant" set the tone.

Your hand, I say! and here 's my heart
(Warm with the afterglow of lunch)
That yearns to hymn your glorious part
As patron of a School for *Punch*.

In one dear scene our lots were cast,
Where Severn nursed her old renown,
And still the unforgotten past
Outwears the pedagogic gown.

Else how should you so well disarm
The schoolboy at his wanton game,
And take from sin its secret charm
By stamping it with virtue's name?

But here is genius! here a touch
Of what the gods alone bestow;
For, while Salopia taught you much,
She never taught you this, I know.

Nay, if my memory plays me true,
The scheme to which your tastes are wed
Directly stultifies the view
Held by our venerated Head.

For, had our young Hellenic sense
On fancy-portraits been employed,
We should have earned a recompense
Other than that of Master BOYD.

Discovered, from his awful seat,
Limning the Chief in furtive wise,
Whatever promise marked the feat,
Ten "penals" would have been our prize!

Forgive me, if I call from sleep
Indecorous thoughts of days long done;
You have your dignity to keep,
While I have, obviously, none.

Yet though, in life's estranging maze,
At sterner tasks you toil and spin,
Our common love of laughter's ways
Leads me to hope you count me kin!

And if in "letters more humane"
You've passed my little range of skill
I like to think your ampler brain
Approves an art humaner still.

Macte! and ever may the round
Of graver duties leave you free
So to support a training-ground
Of younger TENNELLS yet to be.

O. S.

"IL Y EN A TOUJOURS UN AUTRE."

(As illustrated by plots recently unfolded on the London stage.)

"YES," yawned BEN HUR, to whom ULYSSES, grown curiously fat and Elizabethan withal, had been relating his adventures with CALYPSO, "something of the kind happened to me. A little Egyptian person, one IRAS—understand this was before I was married——"

"My wife was at home," chuckled ULYSSES, depressing one eyelid slightly, "singing the songs of mine own land. By my troth, but that my admirable dexterity of wit delivered me, good master BEN——"

"I trust your wife was not young," interrupted the Count MALATESTA, gloomily; "my FRANCESCA, alas——"

"Sir," said Colonel BONHAM, of the Eleventh United States Cavalry, "shake hands across the sea. I just expect we've had trouble of that sort down in Arizona."

"Why in the name of FÉLIX POUBELLE shouldn't she have been young?" exclaimed the Marquis of QUEX, jauntily; "mine was—oh, it's you, GEORGE—GIOVANNI, I mean. I beg your pardon. Poor devil! The middle ages were no place for the middle—ahem! for those in the prime of life."

"Aha, milord! And how's MURIEL?" inquired SAPHO. "That nice young man of hers returned from Hong Kong yet?"

"You must be aware, my dear lady," replied his lordship, "that it's not the least use your paying your addresses to me."

"My wife," began the gentle voice of Mr. MARK EMBURY, "was to have been young, but unfortunately the best laid schemes of mice and men——"

"So sweet of you to furnish a house for 'em!" laughed SAPHO. "*Hélas!* why did I never meet a philanthropist!"

"I never met anyone," remarked a military gentleman, severely, "until I met the Hon. Mrs. GEORGE D'ALROY; and all the time I was in India, fighting with the sword which, you will remember, she bravely tried to buckle to my belt at the end of Act II.——"

"Please don't!" they all cried; "no doubt you're much properer than any of us, and all that—but you were only a revival, you know."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL COURTIER.

It's meself that's the subject both loving and loyal,
And it's EDWARD's me sovereign, right noble and royal,
But should he be passing—you'd wonder at that—
Begorra! it's I wouldn't take off me hat!

I love him, it's true, and I fear him as well,
But—would you believe me?—it's truth that I tell—
If EDWARD the Emperor came here to-day
Wid an escort of princes, I'd get in his way!

Now EDWARD and me, we are very dear friends,
And when he's wid me, it's himself that unbends;
But bedad it's the truth, that I never will sing,
No matter who bids me to—"God save the KING."

It's familiar I am with the KING, and I dare
To reply to his glance with a good honest stare.
You others who meet him, must curtsy or bow;
Well—I only give him a friendly bow-wow!

JACK, KING'S TERRIFR.

HOLIDAY TIME.—If "ignorance be bliss," then when all the schools are closed what a perfect Paradise France ought to be! Only, would it not be quite a "Fools' Paradise?"

SATISFACTORY.—We are glad to be able to report that the gentleman who one day last week, while walking on the bank of the Thames near Henley, fell in, with a friend, is doing well. His companion is also progressing favourably.



Bernard Partridge

BROKEN BARRIERS.

Mandarin. "WHAT! NO MORE PEECEE LIKIN? ALLEE LITEE! PLENTY OTHER WAY CAN CATCHEE DOLLAR CHOP CHOP!"

THE CRITIC'S TEMPTATION.

["C. K. S.," in *The Sphere*, complains that publishers bribe authors to write introductions to works towards which they have no special affinity. He adds: "If I were asked to write an introduction to DARWIN's *Origin of Species*, although the subject is one on which I am grotesquely ignorant, I should not hesitate to accept the offer."]

It is the modern critic's aim
To mould his work to any sample;
He'll tackle any task you name,
If but the recompense is ample!
No field can claim his sole regard,
Through all he moves, a casual
roamer;
He'll edit any kind of bard,
From Mr. AUSTIN back to HOMER!

He's docile as the chaperon
Obtained on hire from Mr. WHITELEY;
No author, famous or unknown,
But he will "introduce" politely!

Yet blame him not because he's built
No statelier fabric of ambition;
Place on the publisher the guilt,
His sin is one of great "commission"!

Before his fat and tempting fees,
Alas! the critic's soul must grovel,
Ranging from SPENCER'S syntheses,
Through DARWIN, to the modern novel!

And thus the critic plays the game
According to the price provided;—
I wonder if his praise or blame
Is in the self-same way decided?

CHARIVARIA.

OFFICIAL news of the late Indian Mutiny has now reached the India Office, and a monument is to be erected at Delhi.

The Foreign Office has been chaffing the India Office about this. The Waima Affair has been settled by the Foreign Office within nine years of the incident.

An appeal has been published in the Berlin Press for the purpose of promoting better relations between England and Germany. The KING wishes for no better relation than the German EMPEROR.

The Continent is much upset because we will not allow Dr. LEYDS to return to South Africa. If Dr. LEYDS thinks this over he will find it is not exactly a compliment.

Mr. HEALY would rather be ruled by the SULTAN than by EDWARD THE SEVENTH. This places a new weapon in the hands of our Government. Should the SULTAN ever again prove recalcitrant in political matters, we shall be able to threaten to present him with Mr. HEALY.

Mr. HALL CAINE has signed a contract



JAMES GREGG

Elderly Don Juan. "NEXT WEDNESDAY IS MY BIRTHDAY, AND ALL MY LADY ACQUAINTANCES HAVE PROMISED ME SOMETHING. WHAT WILL YOU—AH—ER—GIVE ME, MISS BLOUNT?"
Miss Blount. "A MIRROR."

for the manufacture of a new novel by next year. One of the conditions is that it shall be another work of genius.

Our Dumb Friends' League was thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the report that a young officer in the Second Life Guards at Windsor had had his Kit wantonly destroyed.

The series of manœuvres instituted by the Admiralty to test the effect of one Destroyer colliding with another continues. By a curious paradox this time the *Thrasher* got the worst of it.

"Ruffianising Manchuria" is a misprint in one of our newspapers which is causing some annoyance in Russia.

The inquiry into the Victoria Street fire has closed. It has established the fact that at present all is WELLS, rather than well, with the Brigade.

Meanwhile the feeling is gaining ground that, until the Brigade is improved, we had better give up having fires.

The authorities, it is said, would not have been so upset at the fires at Sandhurst, had they not occurred in the hot weather, when they were entirely unnecessary.

A commission has been appointed to proceed to South Africa to ascertain whether Martial Law was Partial Law.

A DITTY OF CHAMPAGNE.

This is the fellow for strut and swagger:—
 With his tilted sword and his rakish dagger,
 And his breast as gay as a herald's tabard,
 And his cloak caught up on the long sword's scabbard,
 And the fine hose fashioned for summer weather,
 And the cap aflame with its red cock's feather,
 And the doublet slashed into purple gashes,
 And a fluttering hint of his gold-edged sashes,
 And the long red shoes with their pointed toes,
 Out and about and back he goes;
 Swaggers, his hair all crisp and curled,
 And the ends of his saucy moustaches twirled,
 Free to the edge of the happy world.
 And hark to the echoes rolling, rolling
 To the song that the beggar's voice is troling:—
 "All good fellows of each degree,
 Hurry and join my company!
 Show me your souls and I'll give them wings,
 Crown them, sceptre them, make them Kings.
 Roistering, flashing, and all zig-zagging,
 Off we go with our tongues a-wagging;
 And each of our band, when he meets another,
 Salutes him straight as his heart's own brother.
 Take but a look, and, your minds on fire,
 Each of you owns his dear desire;
 Laughs for it, hugs it, always sought it,
 But never found it and never bought it,
 Until, with a smile that pierced right through him,
 And a wave of my hand, I gave it to him."
 Then swift he summons to meet your need
 A curvetting flame-eyed chestnut steed;
 And before you have time to think or stammer,
 The world flies by that his hoof-beats hammer,
 And you on his back, with your knees set tight,
 And your being a blaze of golden light,
 Off and away with the steed's mad flight,
 Reckless of all that the rush may bring,
 Off you clatter and on you swing.
 Back rolls memory's curtain, back,
 And it's gold, pure gold, that was once mere black.
 Golden visions of golden hours
 Spent in a garden of rich red flowers,
 Where warm to your throbbing breast you fold
 A wonderful girl with a heart of gold.

This is the fellow for me, and I, Sir,
 I wouldn't change him for King or Kaiser.
 Wherever his swaggering steps go free
 He may count me one of his company. "Tis."

MORE NATURE STUDY.

WE are moved by the present Exhibition at Regent's Park to suggest the following Objects, among others, for Study and Investigation during the coming holidays:—

1. *The Note of the Curfew.* Budding ornithologists, fresh from town, should be on the *qui vive* in remote country districts where this curious and plaintive metallic monotone may still be heard on quiet evenings. It must not be confounded with the Boom of the Bittern, the Lay of the Nest-egg, the Drone of the Battle-Dor, the Hum of the Hum-Bug, and like vespertinal sounds.

2. *The Different Kinds of Hopper.* Much instruction may be derived from a comparison of the Grass, Sand, Cheese, Dancing, and Whitechapel varieties. The last, of which many sub-families are present in Kent and Sussex during the last weeks of summer, should be studied from a distance, as they are generally unsafe to handle, and resent examination.

3. *The Length of a Rustic "Mile."* Its precise value has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained, and undying fame awaits the Nature-student who can reduce it exactly to commensurate terms. The common carrier, the wayside stone-breaker, the local fly-man, the *bonâ fide* traveller (on Sundays), and many others, all give widely discordant estimates.

4. *The Parish Pump.* There is an opportunity here for inquirers to arrive at the true inwardness of the wealth of political allusion and literary tradition with which this familiar object has been invested. It may turn out, after all, to rest upon an unsound and rotten basis, like the Village Pound, the Stocks, and other moss-grown institutions.

5. *The Rural Milkmaid.* Considerable doubts have lately been expressed, in spite of the poets, as to the continued existence of any specimens of this genus in England, and it is a point, therefore, which Nature students might take upon themselves to clear up. Light might incidentally be thrown upon the smock frock and the agricultural labourer himself, both now believed to be extinct.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

SIR GEORGE R. SITWELL, Bart., F.S.A., in one among many interesting papers by various authors contained in *The Ancestor*, a Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities, No. 1 (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.), tells us how "The first gentleman to whom a monument was erected was JOHN DAUNDELYON, of Margate, who died about 1445." Margate has something of which to be proud: and those who know Thanet will remember that the name of DANDELION, so spelt now-a-days, is that of a considerable farming property in the island. This is a small matter, but it happened to catch the eye of the Baron, to whom anything relating to this annexe of Kent is particularly interesting.

To commence the volume is an article written by the Earl of MALMESBURY, that ought to be of the utmost interest to everyone acquainted with *Mrs. Gamp* and *Betsy Prig* (in CHARLES DICKENS'S *Martin Chuzzlewit*), entitled "Some Anecdotes of the Harris Family." Do we not all remember (are not the words deeply graven on the tablets of our memory?) how *Betsy Prig* impugned *Sairey Gamp's* veracity, when *Betsy*, "shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words: 'I don't believe there's no sich a person!'"

This article in *The Ancestor* is the vindication of *Sairey Gamp*, and puts utterly to the rout the "Bragian" audacity of the superciliously incredulous *Betsy*. This most interesting paper is aptly illustrated with photographs, not always of the clearest, from portraits by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, and others; while in disproof of the impudent Prigian assertion, there stands out the *vera effigies* of Mrs. HARRIS herself ("Mrs. JAMES HARRIS" she was, to be strictly accurate, "wife of JAMES HARRIS, M.P.") after the painting by JOSEPH HIGHMORE. *À propos* of illustrations, there is one excellently printed in colours "of the deepest dye," representing "*Roundel of Stained Glass, with Arms of Lyte and Horsey.*" To the superficial but ready-witted reader (who might be inclined to ask "Who was Roundel?") it may be necessary to explain that this illustration of "Arms" does not represent them as those of some jockey celebrated in his day as being the very model of a boy "Lyte and Horsey," but is one of several representations of "Heraldic Glass from Lytes Cary," pictorially instructing the readers of an article on this subject, by Sir H. MAXWELL-LYTE, K.C.B. Ancient lights could have no better exponent of their history than this modern shining LYTE. Well is it that *The Ancestor* is a quarterly; this number, issued in April, has lasted the Baron till August, and even now he has read but a third of its peculiarly interesting contents. The Baron

awaits *Ancestor* No. 2, to join the unique *Ancestor* now in his possession. He has been informed that the second *Ancestor* is already "out." The authority for this statement being unexceptionable, the Baron can only add that when he may have the pleasure of receiving it, he shall place it on an ancestral shelf in his ancestral hall, where it will only be disturbed when the maid, having tidied up the ashes of the grate, shall herself return to dust—the book-shelves belonging to

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HARD LUCK.

HARD luck ' to lose the toss at first,
And, after they had done their worst,
Hard luck, once more, to have to bat
Upon a pitch as bad as that.
And then, to spoil our chance again,
Hard luck, indeed, that it should rain.
Hard luck, the catches that we dropped;
Hard luck, the boundary hits they stopped.

And luck as hard as well could be
That we should lose at last by three;
While—hardest luck of all—the test
Proved the Australian team the best.

THE APPRECIATIONS OF ALGERNON.

[Mr. SWINBURNE's remarkable *Quarterly* article on DICKENS, referred to in the last issue of *Punch*, is to be followed, we understand, by another on THACKERAY. From the extracts appended, it will be seen that this second paper will be marked by the same graceful distinction of style.]

Of all the authors who have enriched, or might potentially have enriched—had their intellectual capacities attained to greater dimensions or had their transitory sojourn upon this planet been protracted to a date considerably subsequent to that actually marking the natural or unnatural termination of their so-called lives—the English language, to which there's a verb belonging if you hark back somewhere to the beginning of the sentence, few have evoked a more superabundant ecstasy of conglomerate and agglutinate, as opposed to distinct and individual, enthusiasm than the novelist whose works, if such a term may be employed without conspicuous impropriety, I am about, if my lungs hold out, to criticise. As any person whose percipient, æsthetic, and analytical faculties are not markedly inferior to those possessed by blackbeetles, larks, and similarly mentally deficient animals will opine, to compare, contrast, or in any measure or degree to bring into juxtaposition with the view to formulating ultimately a literary estimate which a bob-tailed baboon would not necessarily dismiss as inconsequent and absurd, the novels, tales, or other literary productions of



"BUT, DARLING, YOU USED NOT TO CRY IN YOUR BATH. WHAT FRIGHTENS YOU HERE?"
"OH, MUMMY, IT'S SO MUCH TOO FULL!"

CHARLES DICKENS and WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, would be an act of chattering duncery and blatant buffoonery, as to the full mawkishness, madness and malignity of which I will say nothing, inasmuch as the casual reader, duped by the otiose nincompoopery of ordinary punctuation, is presumably or at least hypothetically desirous of encountering a full-stop in the course of the next ten minutes or so. Babble-tongued blitherers may in the fancied exigency of fundamental data question with the inept impertinence characteristic of the reptile-criticism of the day the infallibility of my literary pronouncements and adjudications, to which I would reply by the terse, apt, poignant, and for all practical needs and purposes sufficient rejoinder, that the prose fiction of CHARLES DICKENS is great, glorious, majestic, consummate, unparalleled, be-

nificent, and invincible, while the boobishly-lauded and inanely-extolled work of him whom squirming braggarts assert to be his not inconsiderable rival is puny, weak, bad, vulgar, repellant, abominable and several other adjectives which the purely human and subjective conceptions of time and space coerce and compel me to omit. Fulsome adulations of a swinish public bruited abroad its ignorance in the present dearth of primitive sense and intellectuality above the level of a hydrocephalous ape may be the reward of THACKERAY; for DICKENS has been reserved the noble pæan of praise from the poet's mouth sounded in the *Quarterly*, and therefore published approximately when thrice the wanton moon has waxed and waned, for which alliterative line the addlepatte may turn to my poetical works, where he will not find it, *Review*.

NOT IMMORTAL.

[The latest utterance from Mr. ROCKFELLER'S University of Chicago is found in a lecture on art and literature by WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE. He declared: "SHAKESPEARE and HOMER are not immortals, and I should be bitterly disappointed if they were. I hope that in the near future the human race will so improve in its tastes and accomplishments that SHAKESPEARE will be held unfit to read. I hope the literary world will advance so rapidly that SHAKESPEARE and HOMER will not only have no reason for being immortal, but will be even forgotten in their insignificance as compared with future writers."]

SHAKESPEARE and HOMER are doomed to obscurity—
GUTHRIE foretells it, and GUTHRIE should know!
He's of Chicago, that fountain of purity,
So, if he speaks, we may know of a surety
None can gainsay it; it's bound to be so.

Upward and onward with cool intrepidity
Climbs the American—first among men;
Up, while he mocks at his rivals' timidity—
Up, imperturbable in his placidity—
Up, till he passes clean out of our ken!

Then he looks down, and his mental obliquity
Moves to compassion his sensitive heart:
Pigmies, we worship the gods of antiquity,
He from his pedestal sees as iniquity
All that is ancient in letters or art.

Much that to groundlings is incomprehensible
Plainly is read by the lords of the skies;
We, though in darkness, are fitfully sensible
Weakness is wickedness, sloth indefensible—
Would we see visions we know we must rise.

Yes, we must strengthen our mental capacity,
Widen our landscape, and sharpen our sight;
Then we shall see what at first seemed audacity
Plainly revealed as the cultured sagacity
Born of a wedding of wisdom and light.

Then all the world will of course be unanimous,
Things will be weighed on a uniform scale;
None will be petty and none pusillanimous,
All will consider, *sans* bias and animus,
SHAKESPEARE a minnow, and GUTHRIE a whale.

Then, in the lowest and meanest society,
Thanks to Chicago's intelligent men,
There will be eagles in charming variety,
HOMER, in spite of his past notoriety,
Seeming by contrast no more than a wren.

Stratford will weep, and the GALLUP cryptology—
Lilliput's strife—be an object of scorn;
Greece will deplore her denuded mythology,
HOMER from Hades will send an apology,
Sorrowing most that he ever was born.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

I.

THE first person to whom I broke the news, early in May, of my resolve to serve my country as a Volunteer was my wife. As a rule men who suffer from an abnormal craving for female adulation—the self-conscious roosters of the human poultry-yard—are my pet abomination. But the present occasion was, of course, exceptional. At the cost of much inconvenience and discomfort, to say nothing of danger, or, as I now know, of ridicule, I was about to qualify myself for the efficient discharge of one of the noblest duties of primitive man—the protection of the weaker sex. The fact that my wife is an exaggerated specimen of the early Edwardian young woman, with long loose limbs and a brainless passion for unintellectual sports, whereas I, both physically and mentally, am the very opposite, only served to accentuate the extent of my chivalrous devotion. Clearly this was a case in which I had a right to expect, if not admiration, at least grateful sympathy. But my wife, I regret to say, did not rise to the occasion. She failed to express more than the most languid interest in my announcement.

"Really," she said, "that's very energetic of you." Then she relapsed into silence.

After a short pause, during which I endeavoured to put my wounded pride in my pocket, I returned to the charge.

"You don't seem," I remarked gently, "to understand what it is that I propose to do?"

"Oh, but I do," she answered. "I understand perfectly. But you said you had made up your mind. If you had asked me first, I should have said that it was ridiculous of you at your time of life. Won't you look rather silly? They always make the uniforms so extremely tight."

I confess that this nettled me a little. It is discouraging to have your figure and your years thrown in your face, and by your wife of all people, when from a simple feeling of duty you have made up your mind to a disagreeable course of action—one that in my case ranks about midway between going to the dentist and going to the Academy. I explained this to RUTH in somewhat terse language. Also I pointed out how the country, and, indirectly, she herself, would benefit by my resolve. "Oh, ah, the French," she said. "Well, and if they do land, you don't suppose *you* are going to make any difference! Why, you can't *see* a haystack, much less hit it. Besides, you know we are overdrawn as it is. And I suppose it will cost you pounds and pounds."

"Shillings," I replied. "Thirty-one and a-half. And I wouldn't hit a haystack if I did see it. Why should I? And, as I am going out, I may as well tell you that you appear to have been going about all day with a large smut on the end of your nose."

On the stairs I met my wife's sister. I don't know what it is in DAISY, but she always seems to understand me much better than RUTH does. So I told her about my volunteering. I daresay that I was a trifle tragic, but I think, under the circumstances, that was excusable. She put her hand to her side.

"JOSEPH!" she cried; "you're *not*!"

I nodded slowly.

"But what will RUTH say? Have you told her yet?"

"RUTH!" I repeated bitterly. "Yes, I've told her. No, she doesn't like it much. Not at all, in fact. But my mind is made up."

"Oh, but JOSEPH! dear JOSEPH!" (Here she threw her arms round my neck.) "Darling Jo!" (Here she kissed me.) "Why? Why? There isn't anything—you haven't been quarrelling with RUTH, have you?" (Here I looked pained.) "Oh, but you mustn't. I can't let you." (Here I began to feel distinctly better. This was much more the kind of thing. And how different from RUTH!) "Oh, Jo, for my sake, promise me you won't. Of course I know it's awfully dear and noble of you, and it makes me awfully proud of you, but don't you think you—aren't you a little old, and—and lame and stout and—er—short-sighted? And isn't it nearly over now?"

"One at a time," I said cheerfully. "As for my age, I'm not quite in my dotage yet. And I can still see with glasses, and walk without crutches. And isn't what nearly over?"

"Why, this horrid, horrid war. Taking all our best and bravest. Oh, Jo, darling, say you won't go—for my sake!"

"Go where?" I asked.

"Why, to Africa, of course. I know it's very selfish of me, and I ought to send you out on your shield like the what's-his-name matrons, but—"



Ducker. "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, MAJOR? YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY AGAIN! YOU TOLD ME THAT THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE HAD GONE OUT!"

Gay Widower. "QUITE SO; BUT NOW, YOU SEE, I AM GOING TO STRIKE ANOTHER MATCH!"

"But I'm not going to Africa."

"Not going to Africa!"

Here her arms resumed their normal position.

"Of course not. What put that in your head?"

"Why, you did. You said you were going to volunteer."

"Well, so I am. At least I'm going to be one."

"Just a common ordinary Volunteer in London?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. Yes, in London."

"Oh!" she said. "Well, no wonder RUTH doesn't like it. You *will* look silly. Fancy you in a uniform! I always thought you had a sense of humour. Why, you'll look like a—like an uncooked sausage."

"Thank you," I said; "that's enough. Even the Government draws the line at ill-manners. Besides which, my personal physique is beside the question. It is quite unimportant."

"It is," she agreed.

"The days," I went on, "the days of brute force and bayonets are over. It is the mind that counts—the mind behind the trigger. Everything else is——"

"Bosh!" said DAISY, and slammed the door in my face, leaving me no choice but to carry out my heroic resolution. The Recruit may die, but he does not retreat.

A TERRIBLE DOUBT.

DEAR PUNCH,—Out here in Tenerife we are still curious about the Peace Terms. We have read the account given in the London papers, but against this we have to set the authority of our local Spanish paper, *La Opinion*, which is served by a telegraphic agency with information direct from Madrid. This is what it says:—

"Se confirma la paz entre ingleses y boers.

"Las principales condiciones de dicha paz, según telegramas que se reciben, son las siguientes:

"Autonomia completa y absoluta.

"Conservar los boers sus tropas.

"Quedar libre el territorio de la república de la ocupación de las tropas inglesas, que evacuarán inmediatamente dicho territorio.

"Los boers conservarán la lengua holandesa, que será la oficial."

What are we to believe? You see, the Spaniards can have no reason for concealing the truth, whereas the English papers might have motives.

Yours dubiously, AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

MEASURE BY MEASURE.—Function of any Opposition for the time being, described by any Government for the time being:—

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

Measure for Measure, Act III., Sc. 1.



"WHEN I FIRST PUT THIS UNIFORM ON."

Second Lieutenant Softly (vainly endeavouring to master the intricacies of his new "Sam Browne" equipment. "WISH I'D GOT THAT TAILOR FELLOW TO SHOW ME HOW THE INFERNAL THING IS PUT ON!")

THE LION RAMPANT.

"Look here," said the British Lion irritably, as Mr. Punch's Representative approached his den, "you're too late. I don't care whether you want me for a poem or an article, but I'm simply full up with work. Go away and see the Unicorn!"

Our Representative hastened to explain that he did not propose to ask for the Lion's services at the present time, since, doubtless, he was fairly busy.

"Busy?" returned the Royal Beast, "that's no word for it! I'm simply worn out! Think of what I've done in the last month or so. In answer to

requests from minor poets I've brandished my mane two thousand and fourteen consecutive times. No sooner have I settled down for a nap than some wretched versifier bids me awake and guard my priceless heritage, or something equally silly."

"Yes, but what would our writers do if you refused to appear in their Coronation Odes?"

"Oh," said the Lion, "anything in reason, of course, I'm willing to undertake—but when it comes to wearing a crown and brandishing my mane at the same time, it's enough to try the temper of any beast. Nowadays, too, they interfere with my domestic life. Until lately they never meddled with

this, but now they are always telling me to 'summon my cubs'—I've had to do that in twenty leading-articles during the summer, and my family don't like it—they don't indeed. Then I promised a poetess just before you came to grasp the sceptre in my massive paw, and really I've not the least idea how it's to be done. Ten to one she'll want me to roar directly afterwards—'paw'—'roar'—that's her notion of rhyme. But I won't roar. It hurts my throat horribly."

"Couldn't you engage an assistant?" asked our Representative.

"Oh, there is the Unicorn, but the lazy beast hardly helps in a sonnet, even, all the year round. People talk about the Lion's share of the work, and well they may! I believe, however, that the Dove has had a fairly busy time of it in peace poems, though, of course, I've had to appear in them as well. But I mean to go on strike soon, and then—"

At this point a keeper appeared and coughed significantly.

"Well," said the Lion sharply, "what is it? If it's another poet, tell him to go and—"

"Very sorry to trouble you, Sir," said the keeper, "but a gentleman of the name of AUSTIN is waiting to see you on business. Says it's official and most important."

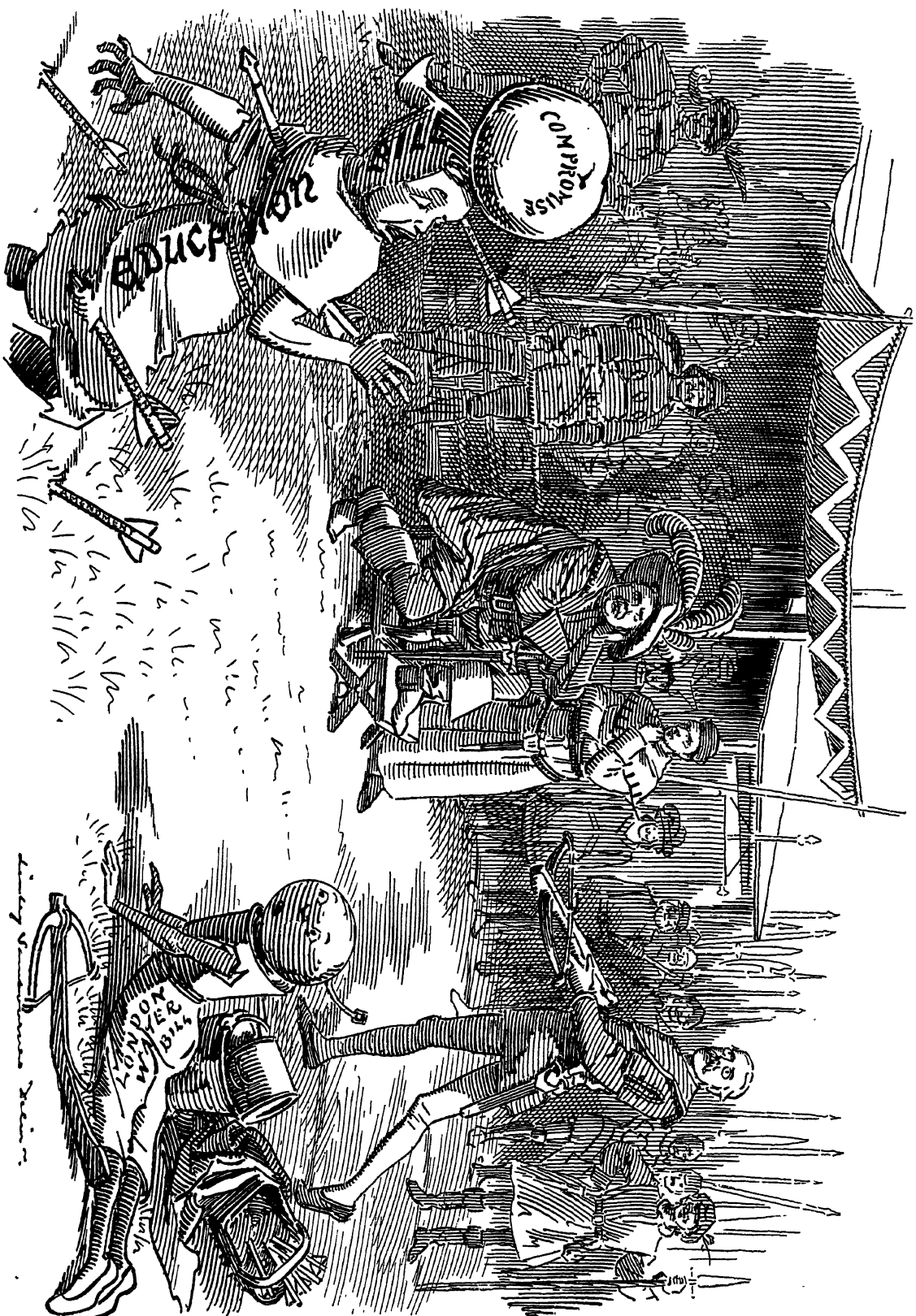
Our Representative caught sight of the Lion's expression on hearing these words, and fled.

CUM GRANO.

["At the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Society's Show Lord ROSEBERRY was awarded first prize for 'one pound fresh butter,' while his 'one pound fresh butter, slightly salted' was 'highly commended.'—*Daily Paper*.]

He freely spreads his Primrose butter, And, when he nerves himself to utter The fresh and undiluted unction, First Prize we grant without compunc- But at High Commendation halt [tion. When he requires a grain of salt.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.—North Britons, it is said, as we consider erroneously, "joke wi' deeficulty." Here is proof positive in print that they can at least make a neat pun with the greatest possible ease, for in the *Times* announcement concerning expressions of sympathy with the King it was told how it was said by "an Aberdeen correspondent that it had been definitely decided that the King will visit Deeside after the Coronation." This play on words, it is not unlikely, we have heard or seen before, but at all events the pun is happily applied. Many a true word is uttered in jest, and it is to be hoped that this forecast is correct.



MISSING THE APPLE.

Guest . . . SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNAN.

William Tell . . . RT. HON. MR. A. J. BAKER.

His Son . . . EDUCATION BILL.

BUT (aside). "I'M SURE MY DEAR FATHER MEANS WELL, BUT ALL THIS IS VERY DISFIGURING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28.
—There are pained moments in the life of a Prime Minister when sense of public duty compels him to perform what at the moment seems an act almost of

MACNEILL or his attack on the Judges. What of that? Only a fresh line in advertisement.

After "with much respect" shouting disorderly speech for half an hour, throwing his arms about like an inebriated windmill, MACNEILL sat down full of content. BRODRICK made

the House of Commons. As DON JOSÉ truly said, C.-B. never allows political controversy to degenerate into personal animosity; a lesson it would be well if some would learn in their attitude towards C.-B.

In his face, pallid and a little pinched, DON JOSÉ showed some sign of his accident. His speech, an hour long, disclosed no declension of vigour. True, it was pitched on a gentler note than rang through the House when the Colonial Secretary, with back to the wall, fought for his policy and for colleagues faithfully carrying it out in South Africa.

"A little blood-letting has done him good," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, eyeing him with keen scrutiny of professional fighter.

Result proved afresh how Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War. Having won an arduous fight, his sword sheathed, his helmet now a hive for bees, DON JOSÉ breathed peace, exhaled conciliation. Characteristic of him that, midway in speech thus constructed, he pulled himself up for a word in the ear of whom it might concern.

"Our object," he said, "is to set up in South Africa that system of self-government in which we British have so much confidence. But we are not going to be hustled."

As a rule, DON JOSÉ's appearance at the Table is signal for unrest on benches opposite. The Irish incontinently go for him; the Radicals murmur resent-



"LONG LOST BROTHERS";

Or, one touch of sticking-plaster makes us wondrous kind.

inhumanity. Such ordeal PRINCE ARTHUR went through to-night.

After Questions at afternoon sitting SWIFT MACNEILL obtained leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance the appointment of Commission on martial law in South Africa, which last week Mr. COGWHEEL, from another point of view, denounced as a public scandal. Sitting set apart for Committee on Education Bill. Case so urgent that Twelve o'clock Rule suspended. Members prepared to sit up through the summer night wrestling over Clause 7. Under old Rules the scatter-brained Member for South Donegal would have been master of the situation. Education Bill would needs have been put aside; precious time occupied, whilst his inordinate vanity was gratified by delivery of a speech sure to gain prominence in newspaper reports by reason of constant intervention of SPEAKER on points of order.

Happily the New Rules stepped in. By their beneficent operation afternoon sitting rescued, SWIFT MACNEILL's self-advertisement relegated to the dull hour that follows resumption of sittings at nine o'clock. Made the most of his opportunity; succeeded several times in dragging up the SPEAKER. Newspapers always report SPEAKER verbatim in first person; so it's all right for the show in to-morrow's papers. True, the House nearly empty and altogether impatient. Also C.-B. formally washed his hands of the business; would have nothing to do with SWIFT

brief reply; C.-B. washed his hands as aforesaid; and up gat JOHN DILLON. It was a few minutes to ten o'clock. DILLON good for at least an hour; more probably would make it hour and a half. REDMOND cadet might follow, and a new day would dawn before House allowed to take up Education Bill.

PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure. JOHN DILLON stood aghast. Never was man's inhumanity to man more brutally displayed. Through the dinner hour been looking forward to this opportunity. The joy of wild asses in the clover field nothing compared with taking the House of Commons by one ear, holding it whilst you pour into the other illimitable flow of verbiage. Here, at the very moment when the tap was about to be turned on, PRINCE ARTHUR plugged it.

SWIFT MACNEILL chuckled. Very sorry of course: but at least he had enjoyed his fling. Nothing could mar the pleasure of that reflection. DILLON turning sharply upon him, he adroitly ran the chuckle into a roar of "Gag! gag!" Closure carried, and business reached. But not till after two divisions and the waste of an hour and twenty minutes, a loss the House querulously toiled after, making it up in the watches of the night whilst others slept.

Business done.—Very little before midnight.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ back again, bringing his scars with him. C.-B. welcomed his return in one of those genuinely warm-hearted speeches that are in tune with the best traditions of



A NASTY ONE FROM NORTH LEEDS.
Liberal Majority 758.
(Mr. B-lf-r.)



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Cap'n Tommy B-wl-s reminds Mr. H-nb-ry of the good old days when *they* used to "do a bit" in the way of discussion.

ment; old colleagues on Front Bench opposite interpose contradiction. To-day, speaking on subject that has riven political parties, broken up family circles, estranged old friends, DON JOSÉ pleased everybody. Ministerialists were assured by his unflinching front in insisting on full exactment of terms of surrender. Liberal Imperialists found in the speech final discomfiture for their Pro-Boer brethren. Pro-Boers discovered in certain passages back-handed blows at Imperial PERKS.

Thus were *Box* and *Cox* both satisfied.

The House, as a whole, recognised true statesmanship in the terms of reference to the gallant foeman, and in the painstaking plans matured, already being carried out, for his resettlement in his old home, with even something more of the benefits of free citizenship than were enjoyed under the corrupt oligarchy of Pretoria.

Business done.—With reference to settlement in South Africa DON JOSÉ rises to explain.

House of Lords, Friday night.—COUNTY GUY beginning to discover that Leadership of House is not all beer and skittles. Here's that skittish Peer. NEWTON, in open revolt because when he put a question with respect to that Imperial measure, Local Government Provisional Orders (No. 7) Bill, there was no Minister present to reply. Business pertained to KENYON, fourth Baron, who in his person combines offices of Lord-in-Waiting to the KING and representative of Local Government Board in the Lords. KENYON not being in his place, NEWTON insisted that the Leader of House was the proper person from whom information might be sought.

Delightful to see cloud of apprehension that fell on expressive countenance of COUNTY GUY. "Come now, you know; bad enough to expect President of Council to understand (in the main) what the Cockerton Bill is about. If he is also expected to explain Provisional Orders Bill it will be time to go." All COUNTY GUY could think of at the moment was to promise that, dead or alive, KENYON should be in his place at next sitting.

Promise fulfilled. Representative of



Congratulating Ak-rs-D-gl-s on "The remarkable forgery he had produced at the west end of Westminster Abbey."

(Lord B-le-rr-s.)

Local Government Board, strategically hobbling to Table, pleaded gout. A man who has spent six years in the Diplomatic service, finishing his education in the Imperial Yeomanry, not to be taken in by excuse so transparent as that. Looking LORD KENYON's thirty-eight years full in the face, NEWTON with grave irony expressed his "sympathy with the noble lord suffering from a malady which did not usually attack one so young."

That was all right. Having set these two young cocks a-fighting, COUNTY GUY relapsed into his favourite attitude of immobile observation. Still he hoped KENYON wouldn't go having the gout again when Provisional Orders Bills were to the fore.

Business done.—House of Commons passed 7th Clause of Education Bill, leaving the battered shape to be further dealt with in Autumn Session.

THE CITY PRESSED.

["Imagination has never, so far, ventured to contemplate a time when the City Corporation would have to consider how to make both ends meet, yet, according to the *City Press*, that time is near at hand."—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—Mansion House. Date uncertain. A newly-elected LORD MAYOR and a dejected SECRETARY consulting.

Lord Mayor. Then you mean to tell me that I have only £99 2s. 3d. to my credit at the present moment?

Secretary. Your pass-book represents the matter in that light; but we hope to raise a slight temporary loan upon your Lordship's State Bed. Your Lordship's collar of gold and diamonds, silver-gilt mace, sword and seal, are—

Lord Mayor (*hurriedly*). Quite so. Any further—ah! m—economies?

Secretary. Well, my Lord, if you could dispense with a State Coach, and use a four-wheeled cab, and substitute high tea for the Banquet—

Lord Mayor. Exactly; and the Show?

Secretary. I am happy to say that there will be no disappointment in that direction; indeed, a contract with an eminent firm of advertising agents awaits your Lordship's signature. The pageant would consist of ornate cars, emblematic of the history of various popular specifics. The firms represented to pay all costs.

Lord Mayor. Ah! I see.

Secretary. Further, my Lord, I suggest the opening of a Mansion House Fund in aid of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

Lord Mayor (*much relieved*). I must propose you for the Freedom of the City, or would you prefer a glass of port? I believe there is a sample bottle somewhere.

[Scene closes.]



She. "HOW CURIOUS YOUR RACING COLOURS ARE, SIR GEORGE! ARE THEY FAST COLOURS?"
Sir George (who is out of luck, with feeling). "NO, MADAM. CONFOUNDEDLY SLOW!"

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—The announcement that "PEASE AND PARTNERS LIMITED" will, at their meeting on August 6th, show a total profit of £149,205 ("the halfpenny be demm'd," said *Mr. Mantalini*, and acting on this businesslike sentiment we allow the shillings and pence to take care of themselves), suggests that the occasion offers an excellent opportunity for altering the title of their Company to "*Pease and Plenty Ltd.*" The above-mentioned happy result the PEASE Co. will celebrate with "a regular Beano!"

LORD KITCHENER'S TITLE.—New Patent and Title registered as "The Soldier's Kit"—absolutely indispensable for War or Peace. Some extracts from the Press:—
 "Thorough throughout. For use, not for show."
 "Will stand any amount of hard work and knocking about. Always ready."
 "Packed with skill, judgment, and tact."
 "Highly approved of by the King, the Army, the Nation, and *Mr. Punch.*"

THE LANGUAGE PARAMOUNT.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Harland.)

CHAPTER III.

It was half-past four on the morning of April 27. The rising sun was ruling the country-side with rays of red—like ledger-lines, and the damp earth sent up a thick pink vapour. Above, the air full of birds, like an aspic of quails, shook and trembled with their song. The tern, the willywicket, the woodpecker, the hornfinch, the bean-crake, mingled their strenuous pæans with the sad gasp of the mute swan. ANTHONY had had a bad night. He groped his way along the dark corridors, past ADRIAN'S door—outside of which lay in disorder that eccentric genius's loose white suit with the Toby collar and his sugar-loaf felt hat—down the old oak staircase, on to the kitchen. It was St. Zita's day, and the servants had decorated the *cucina* over-night with calceolarias, fuchsias, love-in-the-mist, pelargoniums, and various kinds of peonies: Mme. Tournier, rosy flesh and soft sulphur; Mme. Furtado, tinted salmon-rose; and Lord Salisbury, rich crimson—all quite distinct free-flowering varieties.

"If yesterday hadn't been Friday," ANTHONY murmured to himself, "I might have been able to hold out till breakfast!" And he steered for the red earthenware bread-basket.

"WATTEAU—she bumps!"

It was the voice of SUSANNA. She was seated aloft, on the top of the dresser. Over her night-robe she had thrown a light fawn-coloured wrap—or was it a waterproof?—which she had tied round at the waist with a sash of the Papal colours. The deep ophicleide notes of her voice quivered through ANTHONY like so many augers.

"Her voice is like a muffled dinner-bell," mused ANTHONY, "or the siren of your ship when it's coming home." Aloud he said, "How do people propose? In real life I mean; that is to say, in novels, because life outside novels isn't really real, is it?"

"It depends on the people, or on one of them," said SUSANNA. And she looked down upon him, pityingly, deferentially, wonderingly, yet with a mischievous glow at the back of her eyes.

"Her eyes are like two fire-flies in a butterfly-net!" thought ANTHONY. "I only know one of them," he said, "the male one, and I've prejudices with regard to him. If you were half a chap, you'd tell me who the other one is—I mean the girl, or the angel, or the little cherub, or whatever she is." And he looked up aloft.

"Please, I'm the new lodger," crooned

SUSANNA. And the crimson colour welled up into her face as she dropped her eyes on to her little white toes, which were looking up at her like ten tiny silkworms. "I'm the second-floor back," she added. And she laughed—in the sleeve of her Aquascutum. "Her laugh," thought ANTHONY, "is like the sound of Best Silkstone coals pouring into a marble cellar!" Then after a pause, he asked her, "Why are you sitting up there?"

"Look!" she said. And she pointed to the floor. "I don't know how you call them—*il scarafaggio*!"

ANTHONY looked. A huge cockroach was hurrying along the whitened pavement, his little red legs straining on either side of the polished pent-house of his tortoise-shell wings, like the oars of a Roman galley. His *antennæ* were alternately curved backwards or pointing forward towards a certain deal box ahead of him, shaped like an apexless pyramid.

"Don't tread on him!" cried SUSANNA.

"I wasn't going to," replied ANTHONY. "He's heading straight for the trap."

CHAPTER IV.

And later the summer came. SUSANNA and ANTHONY were seated on the family tomb of the VALDESCHI in Sanpaulo's Churchyard. She had been telling him the history of the family from the earliest times—the plot, really, which nobody needed, had she but known. The sky was blue, the corn yellow, the poppies red, and a brown brook babbled and guggled close to them. The sun was hovering over the horizon—ready to rise or set at the whim of the novelist. Bees and locusts and cockchafer were boring passages through the teeming atmosphere, which was heavy with the scent of sage, cipolla, mint, thyme, tarragon and wild garlic.

"Then came the terrible persecutions in 1813—when URBAN THE SIXTH, through the machinations of SAVONAROLA, was kidnapped and carried off to Avignon by the mercenaries of GARIBALDI!"—SUSANNA went on. ANTHONY lay by her side, his eyes closed, his chest rising and falling—rhythmically—to the music of her voice. "GUIDO'S step-mother having married his late mother's first husband, his younger brother became as it were heir presumptive. Oh, it was pitiful!" SUSANNA rose as she wailed these last words, her tiny fist clenched until the almond nails became outlined—dimly—through the opalescent oyster-white backs of her hands. Her eyes rose simultaneously, skywards, like war-balloons (but Raillery sat in the car!) Then her face closed—suddenly, blackly—like a Gibus when the glass of a Hansom cab has accidentally fallen upon it, and she gave a low moan.

"Was that dinner—or only the dressing-gong?" asked ANTHONY, starting into a sitting position.

"You were asleep!" cried SUSANNA, flashing a whimsical little smile into his left eye (which he presently removed—surreptitiously—with the corner of his pocket-handkerchief).

"I was never really awake—until I met you," replied ANTHONY, evading her imputation. "It's rather rummy, when you come to think it over—" he went on—she listening with eagerness, but her mischievous little mouth twitched nervously now and then, like that of a circus horse with an uncomfortable bit. "Baby Man is lulled to sleep by the nurse-maid—and Middle-aged Man is called in the morning by the *schiafetina* who brings him his *copa di té*, and his *bagno caldo*! Woman's work is never done! I wonder how far we've got into our story?" he suddenly broke off. "You've no idea, I suppose, how many words I've said to you?"

"Why?" asked SUSANNA. And the rosy rays of the rising sun—or the crimson beams of the *tramontare del sole*—whichever they chanced to be—bronzed the bloom on her puce-coloured hair.

"Because there's something I've got to tell you—when I've said a great many more words to lead up to it," ANTHONY explained. As he spoke he threw half a brick into the brown brooklet, which sent the newts and the stickleback scudding in a thousand directions.

"Have you ever talked to any other woman like this?" inquired SUSANNA.

And her voice sounded this time from somewhere down—but right down—in the very underground depths of her heart, as though HOFFMANN were playing a nocturne to the gas-meter. For a moment ANTHONY paused and watched the fish. His mind carried him back to an open glade leading up to a castle with fir trees, and an English Princessa and cataracts, and himself on the wrong side of them. But at this moment over the brow of the hill appeared ADRIAN, ambling along in a loosely-fitting livery of the VALDESCHI, and with him, bearing his snuff-box and the marriage licence, moved the CARDINAL, wearing his rochet, alb, amice, chasuble, dalmatic, and cope, all at once.

"I knew it," cried ADRIAN on a key of reminiscence; "I have talked to just such another woman just like this. You see, there's only one really nice story in the world, and it's Anglo-Italian, and it's been told already once, but it is as gay and as dainty and as diverting as ever."

"Life is nothing but vain repetition," said SUSANNA. "*Parole! Parole!*"

"*In specula sæculorum!*" observed the CARDINAL.

SCOTLAND YET.

WHAT'S a' the steer? Why, man, ye see,
Kinghorn is on its mettle,
The connysoor o' ilka ee
Frae Anster tae Kingskettle.
We'll show the warl' a twa-three things
An' let it ken the morn, man,
What way we coronate oor kings
In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

There'll be the Provost, robes an' a'—
'Twill be as guid's a play, Sir:
I'm tell't he's bought a dicky braw
In honour o' the day, Sir.
Then, dressed in a' their Sabbath coats,
Wi' collars newly stairchit
An' stickin' up intil their throats,
The Bailies will be mairchit.

An' next the Toon Brass Band ye'll see,
In scarlet coats an' braid tae,
An' then the hale I. O. G. T.,
Forbye the Fire Brigade tae.
There'll be an awfu' crood, ye ken,
Sae, as we mairch along, man,
We'll hae twa extry policemen
Tae clear awa' the thrang, man.

An' then at nicht—why, ilka ane
Has emptied oot his pockets,
An' mony a guid bawbee has gaen
In crackers, squibs an' rockets.
Eh, but I'd tak' my aith on this—
The KING 'll be gey sweer, man,
Tae bide at hame the morn an' miss
Oor collieshangie here, man.

Although I'm tell't in Lunnon tae
They've got a Coronation,
An' even Cockneys mean tae hae
Their wee bit celebration;
But eh! I doot yon show 'll be
Disjaskit an' forlorn, man,
Beside the bonny sights ye'll see
In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.)

III.—DR. R-B-RTS-N N-O-LL.

I WAS born in the old Kentish town of Auchterlochty fifty-one years ago. The house still stands midway between the kirk and the bookshop, and there is talk of turning it into a Nicoll or Dime Museum, to be opened with suitable addresses by my spherical friend Mr. SHORTER, and my gifted colleague Signor LAGO MAGGIORE, alias Major POND.

The earliest thing I recollect is being held at a window in Thrums to see Mr. A. P. WATT go by. He was dressed simply in a long tartan frock, with accordion-pleated sleeves; his right hand held a rattle, his left a roll of paper. He could hardly have been pinker. He caught my eye as he passed, in his nurse's arms, and we have been friends ever since.



DAVID
WILSON

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Bobby. "MA, MAKE PA CARRY ME TOO!"

I am told that I was a precocious child. I soon mastered the Shorter Catechism and preached sermons from a hassock in the nursery, and every Sunday afternoon I composed a piece of verse. Instead of reading the foolish books that are usually given to children I spent hours over the *Spectator* and *Quarterly Review*. Not that I gave all my time to reading; on the contrary, I was devoted to bird's-nesting, and am still a profound o-ologist.

At school there was nothing about my school-fellows that I did not know, with the result that I was known as the boy who Kent. Later I modified this old nickname into the man of Kent, but the signification remains the same.

My proficiency in journalism has not come easily. It had to be toiled for. At first I could write only one review of a book, but gradually I learned to write two, three, four, five, and even six; and this, too, without duplicating a sentence. Ah, me! Why is there no Victoria Cross for the heroisms of peace? I shall never forget the night when I finished my first sixth-review. "Henceforward," I exclaimed, "my path is Clear."

Need I say more? Is not the remainder recorded in the pages of the *British Weekly* and the *Bookman*, the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Sketch*, the *Expositor* and the *Woman at Home*? R. N.

BANK HOLIDAY STUDIES.



'Appy' Arry—

"WITH MY NEW PANAMA-A-AR
AND TUPP'NY CIGA-A-AR."

OPERATIC NOTES.

"*Finals*."—Opera for this season is over. "After the Opera's over," as the old song had it, then come the reflections. Good season? Bad season? Well, all things considered, including Coronational disappointments, a very fair season. At least it has produced one thing absolutely unique, and that is *Der Wald*, the work of an English composeress rejoicing in the British name of SMYTHE, which after all is only SMITH "writ large." We have welcomed—"Place aux dames"—Miss MARY GARDEN and Frau LOHSE. The work of composer BUNNING—"he's English too"—we have noticed, and can say "Glad to hear from you again, Sir—only, go one or two better." Madame MELBA is the bright particular star that brighter and brighter shines, season after season, while CALVÉ, just a wee bit uncertain in her singing, is, histrionically at all events, a joy for ever.

What more remains to be written, except that Messrs. RENDLE and FORSYTH, with Mr. NELSON, the stage manager, have temporarily joined the "Moody-Manners" Company (would for the sake of lightness, brightness and politeness in "Company manners" it would change its style and title!), and are giving a season of operas at popular prices,

to which, as a trial trip with an idea of permanency, we wish every success.

With a promising (and performing) company, these managers propose giving several most popular operas (in English); also an opera, as yet untitled, by Pizzzi. If the subject of the opera be classical and can be called *Cato*, then the name of composer and opera would suggest the lightest possible touch in combination as *Pizzzi-Cato*. So ends the Opera Season, and so begins another. "One down t'other come on."

HISTORY (PICKWICKIAN) REPEATS ITSELF.

LAST week the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* gave a short account of the visit of "the distinguished Japanese statesman, Count MATSUGATA," to the Russian capital. "The Count," he wrote, "proposes to spend a week or ten days in Russia, and will devote the time to acquiring as much information as possible both from official and from other sources with regard to the foreign policy and the internal condition of the Empire." Does not this remind us of Mr. Pickwick's interview with Count Smortork at Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party?

"Have you been long in England?" inquired Mr. Pickwick of the illustrious foreigner.

"Long—ver long time—fortnight—more."

"Do you stay here long?"—"One week."

"You will have enough to do," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling, "to gather all the materials you want in that time."

"Eh, they are gathered," said the Count.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"They are here," added the Count, tapping his forehead significantly.

"Large book at home—full of notes—music, picture, science, poetry, politic; all tings."

A reference to the chapter from which this is an excerpt will show what were the notes made by the Count of "information received" and the style and manner of his entries. We wish Count MATSUGATA every success and "a good time" in Petersburg, so that, on his leaving, his favoured acquaintances may sing his praises as did Mrs. LEO HUNTER and "a chorus of bystanders." "Wonderful man, Count SMORTORK!" "Sound Philosopher," said Mr. POTT. "Clear-headed, strong-minded person," added Mr. SNODGRASS.



'ARRY'S AUNT UPON THE CLIFF.

A Study in perspective done by 'Arry with a 'and camera.

"LOOPING THE LOOP."

(Some Amended Proverbs suggested by the exploits at the Aquarium and the Crystal Palace.)

Look before you loop.

A loop in time saves nine lives.

A loop in the air is worth two in the bush.

Loop me, loop my dog.

There's many a slip 'twixt the loop and the inquest.

It is a long loop that has no turning.

Those that loop near glass houses should not throw stones.

Who loops with "DIAVOLO" should have a long spoon-brake.

It's an ill loop that brings no manager good.

It's a wise child that knows his own father upside down.

A looping bike gathers no moss.

'Tis looping makes the world go round.

Brevity is the soul of loops.

You can lead a horse to the Aquarium, but you can't make him loop.

Procrastination is the thief of loops.

Half a loop is worse than no chute.

A loop is as good as a broken neck to a blind man.

ANY NIECE AND ANY UNCLE.

[The following correspondence seems to explain why three excellent seats on a stand in Whitehall were unoccupied when the Procession passed last Saturday.]

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAR UNCLE JACK,—Will you come and take ARTHUR and me to see the Procession on Saturday? Papa bought three places for us and Fräulein, but now Fräulein is ill, and Papa does not think he will be able to go with us. And we can't go alone. Papa says he's sure you'll refuse, but ARTHUR and I say you wouldn't be so unkind.

Your loving little niece,

MAISIE HILLINGDON.

Bachelors' Club.

DEAR MAISIE,—Of course I will come. It is disgraceful of Papa to say I should refuse. I shall be delighted.

Your loving Uncle, JACK.

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAREST UNCLE JACK,—You are an angel! Papa was awfully astonished to hear you'd said "Yes." We shall expect you here in time for dinner on Friday.

Your loving MAISIE.

Bachelors' Club.

DEAR MAISIE,—All right. I'll turn up in time for dinner on Friday night. Tell Papa he'll be green with envy when he hears how we've enjoyed ourselves. Where are your seats? And how do we get to them?

Your loving Uncle, JACK.



THE TWELFTH.

(Guilderstein in the Highlands.)

Guild. (his first experience). "I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! THAT CONFOUNDED AGENT SAID IT WAS ALL DRIVIN' ON THIS MOOR, AND LOOK AT IT, ALL HILLS AND SLOSH! NOT A DECENT CARRIAGE ROAD WITHIN TEN MILES!"

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAREST UNCLE JACK,—Our seats are on a stand in the upper end of Whitehall. They're just a *tiny* bit difficult to get to from here, but that only makes it more fun. And they're *lovely* seats. We are to get up at four in the morning, just like the larks, and drive all the way from Croydon, as the trains will all be too full and we must get to our seats by eight at the very latest. ARTHUR and I are taking a box of chocolates with us in case we get hungry, as the Procession doesn't pass till lunch-time. Papa says we must buy some Bovril lozenges for *you*. We are all to bring waterproofs, as the stand is not covered in and it may rain. Besides,

they will be useful to sit on, as the seats are sure to be wet. After the Procession has passed we shall try and get something to eat somewhere, but I expect it won't be possible, as all the shops will be crowded. Then we shall all drive back to Croydon together. Won't it be jolly!

Your loving niece,

MAISIE HILLINGDON.

[Telegram.]

To Maisie Hillingdon, The Pines, Croydon.

Sorry. Can't be with you on Saturday. Important business.

UNCLE JACK.

WHO GOES ABROAD?

Now sinks the peace of curtained gloom
On talkers lingeringly belated,
And golden silence fills the room
Of speech at best electro-plated.

Here ends the actual Seventh Clause!
And lo! our children's Educators,
Haggard with faking dubious laws,
Burst out in tweeds and sporting gaiters.

Some to the moorlands flit away
In quest of grouse or vulgar rabbits,
Intent to snatch their early prey
Before it learns elusive habits.

Others, whose taste for game is marred
By inability to fell it,
Will urge against the bunker's guard
The scarcely less innocuous pellet.

Gourmands, whose girth is witness to
The New Procedure's pause for dinner,
Will hie to Homburg and pursue
The water-course that leaves you thinner;

While some, impelled by no disease,
But just the tripper's fine afflatus,
Will seek Lugano's grateful breeze
Or lap the mists that crown Pilatus.

And there, with low obsequious bow,
Mine host, of Fatherland extraction,
Will brush their boots and disavow
His country's anti-British action.

Who would recall—so swift the play
Of flattering tongue and smile that flutters—
What filth his fellows flung our way
From Berlin's insalubrious gutters?

Or, tickled by his vocal trill,
While other Deutschers growl like thunder,
Hint reasons why he would not kill
The goose that laid the golden plunder?

'Tis true that, now the war's at close,
I catch from Germany a rumour
How her official prints propose
To readjust their sense of humour—

That's well! But I reserve my heart,
Lashed by a stout and steely tether,
For such as take my country's part
In heavy, as in halcyon, weather.

Therefore, although my native beach
Just now I think of taking root on,
My spirit flies to where the speech,
But not the local tone, is Teuton.

Thither my body too should fare,
Nor leave my *ego* split in sections,
Only I simply could not bear
To brutalize these Swiss affections;

For there, where Love and Nature flow
Alike with milk (condensed) and honey,
My gratitude could never go
And take the shape of sordid money!

Nay, nay, mine host, be very sure
I dearly prize your troth's persistence,
But, just to prove your motives pure,
I'll let you love me from a distance!

O. S.

THE WAY THEY SHOULD HAVE IN THE ARMY.

["He was driving, when he narrowly avoided running over a man. The man swore, and the lieutenant cut at him with his whip. The man seized the whip and thrashed the officer with it about the head. He then flung the whip in his face, and made off. Upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the officers of the Hussar Regiment they formed a court of honour, and found that the lieutenant was guilty of a breach of the regulations in not cutting his assailant down, and sentenced him to expulsion from the regiment—which, of course, means from the army."—*Daily Express*.]

MILITARY honour is proverbially a tender plant, but in Austria it seems, according to this story, to be almost too tender to bear the light. *Mr. Punch* hopes it is not true that Mr. BRODRICK has under his consideration the following regulations for the preservation of the honour of British officers against the brutal civilian:—

1. Should an officer, meeting a civilian, observe that he looks at him too hard, he shall draw his sword and threaten the said civilian.

2. Should the civilian continue to look at him the officer shall, after warning, beat him with the flat of his sword.

3. Should the civilian utter unseemly words or otherwise retort, the officer shall use the point of his sword so as to draw blood, the amount of blood to be determined by the unseemliness of the language of the said civilian.

4. Should the civilian thereupon attempt to strike, knock, or otherwise wound the officer, the latter shall cut off the arm with which the said civilian attacks him.

5. Should the civilian, in spite of this, and in defiance of all rules of honour, succeed in striking, knocking, or otherwise wounding the officer, the latter shall at once cut him into six pieces, after which he shall spring up to attention.

N.B.—Paragraph 5 does not apply to Volunteer officers, who are only required to cut their assailant into four pieces, after which they must spring up to attention.

THE FLIRT EXCUSED.

["The woman flirt is a very amiable sinner, lends new zest to the sunshine, brightens the flowers, helps to pass the time. Her sinning arises, in most cases, from an innocent desire to please the other sex. Who would be ungrateful enough to quarrel with so amiable an object?"—*The Lady's Pictorial*.]

It's kind of you, MABEL my love, to unbend
To your masculine friends and relations
And on heart-broken, world-weary mortals to spend
The wealth of your sweet fascinations.
Your sensitive nature I surely should hurt
If I treated your ways with suspicion,
For I know that, though others may call you a flirt
You are really fulfilling a mission.

There's poor Captain JONES, who is satisfied quite
That his lot is what's known as a "hard 'un,"
How thoughtful you showed yourself, MABEL, last night,
When you took him that stroll in the garden!
While CHARLEY DE VERE, at her ladyship's ball,
Seemed dullest and saddest of dancers,
Till with you he'd sat out, in a nook of the hall,
Six vales and two sets of lancers.

At dinners, at picnics, at balls you refuse
To no one your life-giving 'potion';
The men that you've cured of the dumps and the blues
Outnumber the sands of the ocean.
But since your *fiancé* is somewhat depressed,
And clouds o'er his happiness lower,
Oh! won't you give some of your patients a rest,
And grant him a taste of your power?

THERE is an old English family in which at least beautiful women should always be found. For what would the PEELS be without a fair number of belles?



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

Tourist Agent (to Mr. John Bull, who contemplates a holiday on the Continent). "FOREIGN COUNTRIES QUITE CIVIL, SIR, NOW THE WAR'S OVER. GREAT CHANGE IN THEIR VIEWS!"
John Bull. "NOT IN THEIR SCENERY, I HOPE. THAT'S WHAT I GO ABROAD FOR."

CORONATION HATS AND THE
FIRST COMMISSIONER.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—It is quite likely that you will not receive this till after the Coronation, as the posts from this village are infrequent enough on ordinary occasions, and disappear almost entirely when confronted by a Bank Holiday and a Sunday. Moreover, even you will have been holiday-making, and neglecting to fill your numerous waste-paper baskets with your usual correspondence. So you may not know till it is over that I am not going to the Coronation at all.

I am by nature a brave man. I should have faced undaunted the innumerable terrors of the English climate; of the English crowds—so noisy since Mafeking night; of the English horns, whistles, squeaks, ticklers, and all the other instruments of national, if not rational, rejoicing; I should have braved the threatened dangers of fire, of falling stands, of prolonged fatigue; I should even have tried to gaze, without feeling ill, at many of the so-called “decorations,” whether English or Italian; but I could not face, from behind, the ladies’ hats. Why pay for a seat, even at greatly reduced prices, only to survey a mass of millinery?

So I fled to this secluded spot. I may remark that there is no millinery here, but that the villagers seem to be providing themselves with horns, whistles, squeaks, ticklers, &c., for the great occasion.

It was all very well for you to try your best, but I am sure every woman would say that you, *Mr. Punch*, are such a good-natured old dear that you could not really object to her new hat, which is only a quarter of a yard high—well, perhaps it is nearer three-quarters of a yard, if anyone is so silly as to measure to the top of the feathers.

No, *Mr. Punch*, there is only one man who could have secured justice for the male spectators, the responsible Minister, the First Commissioner of Works, and he was too frightened.

Poor, timid Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, at last he and his subordinates have been defeated. He who is so meek and unassuming, and his nominal subordinate, Lord ESHER, who is of course the same, have not feared to grapple with the problems of the new Government Offices, and to design them, as they think, with greater skill than the original architects. They have not feared, without assisting the traffic in the least, to widen the widest part of Piccadilly, and ruin its appearance for ever. Last June they even



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

“BUT THOU ART FAIR, AND AT THY BIRTH, DEAR BOY,
NATURE AND FORTUNE JOINED TO MAKE THEE GREAT.”

King John, Act III., Sc. 1.

ventured to transform the front of the National Gallery into a mass of wood apparently arranged for a bonfire, but happily so soaked by rain that intending seatholders upon it were compensated for the prospect of inevitable rheumatism by the reflection that the national pictures behind it were safe. Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS and the others never uttered a word of protest against similar preparations for a bonfire around St. Paul’s Cathedral. Nor have they protested against the destruction of the trees in St. Margaret’s churchyard by an obstinate parson. By Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS and the other officials, equally ignorant of the arts, the new Record Office is said to be a thing of beauty. In all these matters, he, and Lord ESHER and the others have conclusively shown that they think they know better than anybody else, and

now at last they have been completely bowled over by some women’s hats.

But the First Commissioner did Lord ESHER an injustice. He, at least, would never have feared to rush in and prescribe the headgear even of angels. He would have drawn up rules for hats and regulations for toques and a complete Building Act for bonnets. Is it conceivable that he would have been frightened by a feather or beaten by a bow? Never! But Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS did not give him the chance of issuing an edict, and he was too timid to do it himself.

So I have abandoned all idea of seeing the Procession, or, rather, the hat which would have hidden it entirely.

Yours obediently,
Mudby-in-the-Marsh, C. LITTLE.
August 2.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VIII.—THE KING'S PEACE.

It is Coronation night, and I have come out—more from a feeling of dogged obstinacy than from any other reason—to see the illuminations. To tell the truth I am determined to be able to say that I have enjoyed the Coronation, and hitherto fortune has not smiled upon me. For the greater part of the day I have been standing in tight boots, wedged in between two stertorous foreigners—who seem to have breakfasted on a sole diet of garlic—this, in order eventually to be rewarded with a glimpse of two white plumes and the top of a lance. But to-night my chance of enjoyment is at any rate as good as that of the seated plutocrats of the day.

The prevalent spirit seems to be a determination to express complete satisfaction. It is well voiced, I think, by a festive navvy who, holding up his hand for a silence which is not granted, observes, "Fellow-countrymen! Peace 'as been 'claimed, and to-day the KING 'as been crowned. 'Ooray!" and promptly goes to sleep against a shop-front. It is a general feeling which has different methods of expression. A large number seem to find it an adequate reason for knocking off other people's hats. Numerous choral bands are conclusively expressing their loyalty and ratifying the Peace by aiming ingenious blows with bladders at the heads of respectable people—of whom I am one.

This does not increase my enjoyment of the evening; further, I have to submit to the ignominy of being addressed as *BERTIE*, and tickled in the face with peacock's feathers by muscular ladies to whom I am certain that I have never had an introduction. I am particularly struck by the irrelevancy of the song part of the demonstration. One gentleman has arrayed himself from head to foot in a huge Union Jack in order repeatedly to break the news of his impending departure from *DOLLY*. An unescorted lady in a tricolor paper cap is making an impersonal appeal to be buried by the old yew tree, a suggestion which, to my regret, nobody seems ready to act upon.

As I contemplate all this, a bullet-headed young man of ruffianly aspect steps up to me, and without troubling to speak, motions to me that he requires the aid of my cigarette. At this he proceeds to light what looks like half a dirty cigarette paper screwed round some sand. As he does so there is a sudden and violent interruption.

Kollop!

A bladder-wielding party have picked

off my companion on the back of his bullet head. In an instant he swings round, and lets out like lightning with his foot, and simultaneously one of the bladder-wielders sits down heavily in a winkle-stall. The next moment I am aware that another of the party has dropped the bladder of peace, and is aiming a blow with his fist at my head. There is no time for explanations; I stoop and tackle the man "low," and he measures his length on the pavement.

It seems to me that an explanation would now be out of place. The bullet-headed young man has disappeared with a completeness that borders on the miraculous. I turn and walk away from the scene of action, not without a feeling of elation. I have acquitted myself as a Briton should. It is but a few hours since I witnessed the inspiring pageant of two white plumes and the top of a lance. I am a son of the Empire. At the same time I feel that it will be advisable to take the next 'bus.

With these reflections I step firmly—and briskly—into the road. Suddenly I am seized from behind by the collar. I turn, and in a moment find myself the centre of an excited group of the bladder fraternity.

"D'you know what you've done?" yells their loudest spokesman, punctuating his remarks upon my person. "You've killed my pal, that's what you've done. You'll jest come back with us. We've sent for a copper."

I endeavour to enter into explanations, but without success. I am hustled back by a yelling group, growing larger every moment, to where the man whom I had "tackled low" is lying on his back unskilfully simulating insensibility. The loudest of my escort is becoming too vigorous in the punctuation of his remarks to suit my taste. I manage to get my back to a shop-front, and find myself facing an unpleasantly large crowd.

"You'll jest see a copper about this!" yells the *fidus Achates* of the deceased.

I assure the mob, and with truth, that I am perfectly ready to do so. It is the course that I should myself have chosen. The crowd is increasing every moment. *ACHATES* has circulated a report that I have knocked a man down and kicked him to death. The mob is expressing its opinion that such a proceeding is un-English. *ACHATES'* policy of fetching a policeman seems to be superseded by a general desire for my blood. One man on the outskirts of the crowd is original enough to suggest that my defence should be given a hearing. I catch a glimpse directly afterwards of his prudently hasty departure. It is here that I have a sudden recollection of my form-

master at school describing Public Opinion as "a splendid safeguard." I begin to have serious fears that the KING'S Coronation is about to be marred by the loss of a valuable subject, and, changing my attitude, endeavour to convey the impression of a wholesome fear of police interference.

ACHATES becomes exultant.

"Don't you think you're goin' to get orf," he yells—colon here, on my chest—"You'll spend the night in a cell, I can tell yer."

I sincerely hope he may prove a true prophet. As it is, I am more than apprehensive of spending the night with the rest of time as unrecognisable remains.

"Yer friend got away, did 'e?" continues *ACHATES*—double mark of interrogation—"but you won't. You'll swing for this."

At this point there is a diversion in the middle of the crowd, and I gather that my victim has returned from the land of the dead.

At the same moment I feel a tug at my sleeve. I turn, and am confronted by a wizened little man wearing a Coronation button.

"Look 'ere, Sir," he remarks confidentially, "you're in a myenority 'ere."

I am bound to admit it.

"If you take my advice, Sir," he continues, "you'll clear out o' this."

I express my gratitude for this valuable counsel. But the little man is a man of action. Taking me by the arm he begins to pull me roughly through the mob, whose attention has to some extent been transferred to the miraculous resurrection of my victim. How the little man does it I cannot altogether understand, but in half a minute he has me outside the crowd, and is walking with me down the road. A few vegetable missiles find their billet in the back of my neck. The occasion strikes me as a suitable one for hailing a cab.

I offer the little man a solid token of my appreciation, but he will take nothing.

"That's all right, Sir," he says. "You were in a myenority. You drive off 'ome, that's my advice to you."

I am unable to prevail upon him.

"That's all right, Sir," he repeats. "Good-night, Sir. I saw you was in a myenority."

The little Samaritan glides down a side street. The cab starts off, and, leaning back with a sigh of relief, I meditate on the blessings of Peace.

First Johnnie. Hullo, old chappie, what did you do for the Coronation?

Second Johnnie. Oh, well, old man, I didn't overstrain myself: but I felt something was expected of me, so I wore a Coronation necktie.

CORONATION NOTES.

MANY 'buses had Grand Double Fares in honour of the Coronation. Others, determined not to be outdone in loyalty, trebled theirs.

One enterprising 'bus labelled "Mammoth Fares!" attracted large numbers of country people.

A short-sighted gentleman in the stand erected in Parliament Square created a scene by insisting on Lord BEAONSFIELD sitting down.

One of the most wonderful features of the Coronation was the temporary addition to Westminster Abbey. It was absolutely impossible to say where the old left off and the new began, and those who know their British Workman fear that, unless very careful instructions are given, when the time arrives to remove the temporary structure, the whole of the Abbey may be pulled down.

Business capacity was more apparent than good taste in some of the decorations. For instance:—

"HIS MAJESTY EATS JONES'S PICKLED PINEAPPLE.
LONG LIVE THE KING!"

"MARY JANE" writes that those who did not see Kensington Gardens a few days before the Coronation missed something worth seeing. It was got up exactly like Paradise. It was one mass of soldiers.

Three fashionably-dressed ladies, who had booked seats through an agent, made a regrettable scene when they drove up in their carriage on Saturday. They then discovered they had to sit behind a glass shop-window bearing the words, "The Cheapest Hats in London."

But that was really nothing to the fuss made by the two spinster sisters whose day was entirely spoiled by the notice, similarly placed, "Must be cleared. No offer refused."

If the gentleman from the New Cut who found the Handsome Gold Watch, lost by a Gentleman from Belgravia in the crowd on Coronation Night, will call on the latter, he will be suitably rewarded.

The merry little shoe-black who greeted one of our Dusky Visitors with the question, "Shine your face, Sir?" expects to be out of the hospital in a fortnight.

The gentleman who, on Saturday night, when out to view the decorations, climbed a creeper made of paper to pluck a xylonite apple, lies in a precarious condition.

Great diversity of opinion prevailed among noble lords as to the correct



BINKS, WHO IS THE KINDEST CREATURE POSSIBLE, HAS UNDERTAKEN TO FASTEN UP THE BOAT AND BRING ALONG THE SIPHONS. UNFORTUNATELY BOTH SCULLS HAVE GONE, AND HIS FRIENDS ARE OUT OF HEARING.

fashion of wearing a coronet at the Abbey last week. Lord SALISBURY, I hear, wore his tipped over his nose. Lord ROSEBERY's, on the contrary, was perched negligently on the back of his head, while Lord LANSDOWNE, perhaps in memory of his recent connection with the War Office, had his cocked jauntily over one ear like a forage cap.

The limited amount of seating accommodation provided for each peeress at the Coronation gave rise to inconvenience in many cases. Thus Lady PORTLY and Lady REGULAR-BIGGUN, whose seats were next one another, at once realised that the number of inches allotted to each of them was miserably inadequate. The difficulty was, however, settled in a friendly fashion, the two ladies drawing lots to decide which of them should stay away.

The problem of securing sufficient nourishment during the long hours

which elapsed between taking their seats in the Abbey and the entrance of His MAJESTY exercised the minds of several great ladies. The Duchess of ST. MAW took with her an ample supply of pemmican, Lady POULTRY hard-boiled eggs, Lady GUZZLER consumed Proteid biscuits and *pâté de foie gras*. Lady DYSPEPSIA TOMPKINS, being a vegetarian, supported herself surreptitiously on lentils, while Lady MIDAS ate meat-juice out of a tin with a gold spoon.

GOOD OPENING FOR AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

"To-night we have swollen altogether out of our original proportions."—*Report of Lord Rosebery's Speech at the Liberal League Banquet.*

An order appears in the *Gazette* to the effect that August 9 is hereafter to be observed as a Collar Day. Why not as a Bank-Collar-Day?



Trippler. "'ERE! 'ARF A MO'! WHERE'S THE CHANGE OUT O' THAT BOB I GAVE YER?"

Bystander. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, COCKY, AIN'T YOU GOT THE BLOOMIN' 'OSS AS SECURITY?"

A CANTO OF CLARET.

(To W. J. J.)

On an evening—oh, it was long ago
In the years when life had a rosy glow,
When each black cloud, though we never feared it,
Yielded and faded the more we neared it,
Like a thin wan mist by the sun's rays scattered;
And nothing at all in the wide world mattered,
Nothing but joy and the right to choose it,
And the strength of our arms and the right to use it;
When gold, not ingot or coin or bar,
But better and richer and rarer far,
Was ours, not toiled for or snatched for or groped for,
In the friends we had and the friends we hoped for,
All of them tested and staunch and truthful,
And all, like ourselves, immensely youthful—
On a certain evening in mid-November
We sat and we talked—do you remember?
And all of a sudden, neat and thin,
A third to our party came gliding in;
Neat and thin and sedate and prim,
With a fine smooth cap, and a dress so prim
That the least rough movement might disarrange it;
And a look—but I didn't wish to change it—
Fixed and sober and cool and quiet,
With never a hint of noise or riot;
So calm and gentle that, but for staring,
We might have missed when a fire came flaring

Forth from his eyes, so swift and bright
As the sparks from a horse's hoofs at night,
When the road gleams out by his gallop fired—
So quickly it flashed and so expired.
Then he looked you here and he looked you there,
And I thought, thought I, I must speak him fair.
He's a gentleman, every inch, that's clear;
So let him be welcome and sit down here;
And if he can talk, so much the better:
Right gladly I'll listen, and be his debtor
For a story told, and, unless I'm cheated,
It's bound to be good—so I said, "Be seated;
Be seated, friend, at your utmost ease,
And tell us your story, if you please."

"Tis."

(To be continued.)

Rice v. Confetti.

It seems that in Siam there is still a preference for the old custom of discharging rice at wedding festivities. Thus we read in Reuter's cable from that region: "Six hundred Shans still hold Muang Pray . . . They are collecting rice and making ammunition."

The account goes on to say, "The Shans have killed twenty-five Siamese officials . . . Eight Europeans remain at Pray."

We fear there is folly in this contempt of danger. As the poet said: "And fools that came to Pray, remained to scoff."

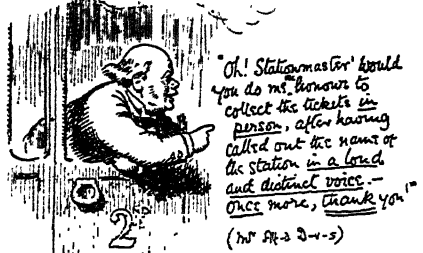
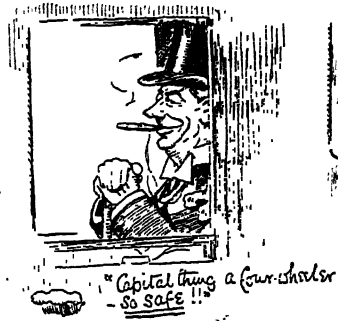


EMPIRE AND PEACE.

Coronation, Westminster Abbey, August 9. Naval Review, August 16.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Prof. Decker always writes lying flat on his face on a bed."

"RECESSIONAL."

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.
Much struck with WALTER FOSTER'S approach to Front Opposition Bench. Appearance weirdly transmogrified.

That "bedside manner," that has for a quarter of a century been the comfort of Birmingham and its proximity, vanished. "Instead of which," as the

judge said, there is a distinct military bearing about the kindly doctor. He hastily improvised a moustache, which in its truculent twist faintly recalls HERMO-

HODGE's masterpiece. When he approached the Table, instead of bowing in ordinary fashion, he halted, brought his heels together with snap, above which you could almost hear the jangling of spurs; with sweep of arm carried stiff right hand to touch his martial brow in salute of SPEAKER.

Mystery solved when House got into Committee of Supply. Army Estimate under consideration. All the colonels mustered on parade. C.B., whose scorn of week-enders is well known, went away on Thursday; hasn't been seen since. On eve of departure confided Leadership of Opposition to BRYCE. The anguish BRYCE went through on Friday night, when he endeavoured to keep HUMPHREYS-OWEN straight on his amendment to Seventh Clause of Education Bill, temporarily prostrated a frame undermined by ascent in early life of Mount Ararat. Post of Leader of Opposition accordingly delegated to Sir WALTER FOSTER, M.D., Consulting Physician, author of that popular work *The Use of Sphygmograph in Heart Disease*.

At proper time, when a few colonels and such-like had spoken, FOSTER fell in and delivered luminous address from Front Opposition point of view on general policy of the War Office, with special reference to judgment in horse flesh and accuracy of range with the wind in the south-west. BRODRICK, who followed in defence of his Department, was rather nasty. Valuable remarks, he observed, had been made by gallant gentlemen on either side of the House; but he didn't think much of the contributions of the Member for the Ilkeston Division. Some suggestions he had advanced were impracticable; others had been in force for some years.

This, however, only professional jealousy. Nothing war veterans dislike more than to see a civilian poking his nose into the barracks. During the siege of Paris GAMBETTA, it will be remembered, suffered from this prejudice.

Business done.—Fourscore votes in Army Estimates passed as quickly as Members could march round Division Lobbies.

Tuesday night.—It never rains but it pours, especially in Cowes Week. STANLEY has had much to put up with lately, including Mr. WEIR. To-night, serving his country by explaining what had become of the vast supply of clothing sent out to South Africa, was suddenly interrupted by SPEAKER with stern cry of "Order! order!" Happened at moment to be dealing with the stock of nether garments. In his haste, spoke *tout court* of "trowsers." Vague recollections of virgin society, where the word was taboo, flashed on his troubled

mind. Was trowser an un-Parliamentary word? Did reference to it hurt the delicate sensibilities of Irish Members? STANLEY furtively looked across floor to see if WILLIAM O'BRIEN was in his place. No.

His next impulse was to withdraw trowsers—of course I mean the word. About to withdraw and apologise in customary fashion when he comprehended the situation. It was 10 o'clock; at that hour, on this particular day, it was ordained talk should cease and voting commence. Stranger in gallery, looking down on scene through afternoon, profoundly puzzled. Had read something of urgency of situation; since he took his seat in gallery had



TOBY, M.P., "Loops the Loop."

heard the Premier lament the overflow of business and the scarcity of time. Had even hinted at necessity for carrying Session over into next week, to the shattering of domestic plans of Members. Yet by the hour Mr. WEIR, followed by Mr. CALDWELL, delivered prodigious speeches on minute topics before almost empty benches.

Time thus occupied in the freshest hours of the sitting, here was the Financial Secretary to the War Office interrupted in important speech on Army Clothing, his cloth, so to speak, suddenly snipped. And all on the score of urgency, of the preciousness of time, of the weight of business that overwhelmed a working assembly!

Closure enforced, some 300 gentlemen of respectable, even sane, appearance spent hour or two in walking round the Lobbies. "Passing the Report Stage of Supply," the wise call it.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Thursday night.—After long, laborious Session Mr. WEIR, packing up his *pince-nez*, goes off to his moor with contented mind. In these closing days of first division of Session has had his hour of triumph.

Has brought Financial Secretary to the War Office to his knees; has pounded Pall Mall with blows, the sound of which fell upon alarmed ears in the equally faulty Department at Whitehall.

All about the remounts. Report current that a number of horses at Stellenbosch, fed with chaff, had retorted with glanders. Consequence was, six hundred had to be shot.

"As a rule," says STANLEY, with fine irony, "glanders is not a disease horses catch through eating chaff."

Frivolity of remark touched Mr. WEIR to the quick. "The noble lord," he said, pumping up funereal voice from its tomb in his boots, "defends the practice of feeding horses with chaff."

"I did nothing of the kind," said STANLEY; which was, indeed, the truth.

"Very well," said Mr. WEIR, waving him off; "a most unsympathetic reply—most unsympathetic. Will the noble lord deny that the horses had the glanders? No, Mr. LOWTHER, he can't. Then, why quibble? Does he deny the horses were fed with chaff? or that in consequence six hundred of them were shot? Ah, Mr. LOWTHER, I'm thinking of my poor cottars in the Highlands and islands, who will have to go without many a half-ounce of tobacco. A most unsympathetic speech. I shall move the reduction of the Vote by £100."

In vain Members near besought him not to put Committee to trouble of Division. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir WALTER FOSTER, V.C., rising from front Opposition bench, with colourable imitation of the Squire of Malwood's figure and manner, recommended him, as his Leader *pro tem.*, to withdraw. Mr. WEIR was obdurate.

"Most unsympathetic speech," he murmured; "feeding horses with chaff!"

There was, perhaps, personal feeling in this last matter. Six hundred horses fed with chaff at Stellenbosch had succumbed to glanders. In House of Commons Mr. WEIR always being chaffed. Who could say what might not happen? Anyhow, "an unsympathetic answer by noble lord." LOUGH, of all men, attempted to dissuade him. Mr. WARNER rose from bench immediately below and made a personal appeal.

For all answer, Mr. WEIR said, "I'm thinking of my poor Highlanders."

How they came to be dragged in, whether in connection with the chaff or the glanders, did not appear. Mr. WARNER



ORATORY.

Park Orator. "AVING SAID ALL I AM GOING TO SAY ON THIS POINT, I WILL RETURN TO WHAT I WAS JUST COMING TO WHEN I WAS INTERRUPTED, AND REPEAT WHAT I WAS PREVENTED FROM SAYING."

was sensible of a scalding tear falling on the unprotected crown of his head, It was Mr. WEIR weeping as he thought of "my Highlanders," not able to borrow a pipe of tobacco from a neighbour all owing to the affair at Stellenbosch. Conquering his emotion, he took a Division.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Adjourn for holidays. School re-opens 16th of October.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to one of the best-informed French papers Lord SALISBURY has, since his resignation, accepted service as a spy in the employ of the British Government, and is to reside at Beaulieu.

Will the French ever understand us? In a not very friendly article on the War, just published in one of their journals, there are some ridiculous mistakes. Lord ROBERTS, throughout, is referred to as "le vénérable Robber," and the High Commissioner is always "le lord Millionaire."

The much-advertised Motor Race in the Ardennes turned out to be a poor affair after all, not a single person being killed.

The War Office has officially approved of Motor Cars for the Army, and it now only remains to adopt the wrong sort.

General YOSHONINA, Chief of the Staff of the Japanese Army, is in this country studying British Army methods. Last week he was shown Sandhurst College. "England," as someone said, "does not seek alliances."

The statement that BOSS CROKER, of Tammany fame, intends to enter English Society is untrue. The rumour probably arose from a report that Mr. CROKER has been taking lessons in English.

Last week's list of commercial failures shows one less than the corresponding week of 1901. This must be the boom that was promised after the War.

An International Fire Exhibition is to be held next year, and the English authorities have been invited to contribute to the Retrospective Section.

Captain WELLS has declared that the appliances used by our Fire Brigade are the best in the market. He is now busy getting better ones.

To render more striking the change that is to take place in the ownership of

the Westminster Aquarium, the hall is now in the possession of a gentleman named DIAVOLO.

On dit that the fish are to be eaten by the Directors at a farewell banquet.

ILL-FÊTE-D!

[“Lord KITCHENER’s entertainers will do well to remember that nervous prostration is a complaint that spares not even generals.”—*Daily Paper.*]

ALAS! for the quiet and rest
To Commoners freely allowed;
While heroes with honours oppressed
For ever must live in a crowd.

Wherever I turn in the street,
My path by admirers is barred;
I scarcely find space for my feet,
While thousands my progress retard.

From banquet to banquet I rush,
To dine in the popular gaze;
Men’s plaudits my modesty flush—
I feast on a surfeit of praise.

There come deputations in hordes,
Whose eloquence nought can abate;
My armoury bristles with swords—
I’m glugged with caskets and plate.

Ah! what shall recover for me
The rest I am hankering for?
I long from this turmoil to flee
To peace once again at the war!



BOOKSTALL BUOY.

A Suggestion for the Holiday Season. Would be very handy for the passing Steamers.

SWITCH IS IT?

SIR,—In *Spectator* for August 2, a correspondent, writing about KEATS and Corporal Flogging (good military sounding grade this!) signs himself "ONE OF THE SWITCHED." He may be correct in his spelling ("switch-back" is right, but this was invented after his time and KEATS's), though, personally, being an Eton boy (or rather having been one—but once an Eton boy always an Eton boy, for Etonian youth is perennial), I never heard this word pronounced as spelt by this correspondent of the *Spectator*'s. In my time, Sir, "swished" was the invariable pronunciation; we never had to *spell* it, as far as I remember, when Dr. HAWTREY administered the backwardation. To view this retrospectively is, what may be termed, of the very essence of the matter. I feel almost as certain of the spelling of this word as I do of its pronunciation, though, perhaps, now-a-days, I would not for my opinion go to the block, not even on the chance of obtaining remission by pleading "first fault." Yours,

A MERRY SWISH BOY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The first volume of *Parliament, Past and Present* (HUTCHINSON), a popular picturesque account of a thousand years in the Palace of Westminster, is just out. It confirms the impression recorded in this column on reading the first of the fortnightly parts. My Baronite chances to know something of Parliament during the last thirty years. But he has learnt a great deal from a study of this volume. Mr. ARNOLD WRIGHT and Mr. PHILIP SMITH, old parliamentary hands, joint authors, have done their work admirably. They have left no stone unturned, no record unsearched, for the illumination of their record. Its value is enhanced by the reproduction of a multitude of valuable, not easily accessible, paintings and engravings. *Parliament, Past and Present*, is the best thing of the kind yet done. It will remain the standard work on a subject that has undying fascination for the English-speaking race abroad and at home.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW IT STRIKES A YANKEE.

You ask me what I think, JOHN? Wal, I've jest ben lookin' round
An' sizin' up things gen'ally, sence I struck English ground.

I've ben here now for quite a spell—sence June, I b'lieve, an' so
I think I'm in position to express my views below.

When I see Injun Princes, yes, an' Fiji niggers, too,
An' strappin' lads from New South Wales, an' that New Zealand crew,
An' all the rest that gathered here for just one single thing,
To show their loyal homage to their EMPEROR an' KING,

Why, JOHN, I tell ye, it's a sight I never kin forget!
It stirred up my old blood-pump so that—wal—it's stirrin' yet!

An' tho' I am a Yankee, JOHN, a loyal Yankee, too,
I couldn't help a-feelin' proud that I come down from you!

I ain't forgot, JOHN, what you did, when I was fightin' Spain,

When my boy DEWEY, in the East, was givin' them a pain;
Ye know some fellows poked a nose where noses didn't b'long,

An' GEORGE, he didn't waste no time in sayin' it was wrong.

An' when them fellers come to you, to find out what you tho't,

You didn't say a blessed word; but, JOHN, you *looked* a lot!
That kind o' thing I can't forget, because—wal—I dunno,
The words won't come exactly, JOHN—but—shake! Thar—now, ye *know*!

An', then, JOHN, there's some other things that link us, old and young

Our ideas are about the same, 'n' we speak one mother tongue;

We've had our little scrappin', JOHN, but now we've drawn the line,

It ain't on your mind much, I guess; I know it ain't on mine.

You're hard to *know*, JOHN, sometimes, but when you let down the bars

There's not a better feller underneath the sun an' stars!
I poke my fun at you, JOHN, an' you poke your fun at me,
But 't's all in best of feelin', cause we *understand*, you see!

But if some other feller tried to git a little gay,
We mightn't be so playful: ain't that true, JOHN, what I say?
So let me tell ye somethin' on the strict "Q.T."—
"strict. con."—

Because it's jest 'tween you an' me, and no one else is "on."

If anyone comes nosin' 'round, and lookin' kinder "fly,"
An' possibly gits over-bold an' holds hisself too high,
Jest bear in mind, now, what I say in confidence to you:
Here—whisper, JOHN—sh!—come up close!—"I've got some popguns, too!"

U. S. A.

MOONLIGHT AT A FASHIONABLE FAIRY WATERING-PLACE.—
"Come and have a flutter," said Puck to a lively little Fairy.—"No, thank you," she replied. "I prefer to take a dragon-fly by the hour. It saves my wings."

IRONY OF NOMENCLATURE.—In Paris, just now, whenever two deadly antagonistic bodies wish to have a free fight they make for the Place de la Concorde. The only point on which they are in agreement is as to the place of meeting.

SCIENCE AND ART.

["Professor MARK H. LIDDELL (of America), has written a book called *Introduction to the Study of English Scientific Poetry*. 'Poetry is literature usually of a high degree of Human Interest, which in addition to its Human Interest has in it an added *Æsthetic* Interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognisable and constantly present concomitant of thought-formulation into a form of *Æsthetic* appeal for which an appreciative *Æsthetic* sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written.' This enlightening definition is further elucidated by an algebraic formula which stands as follows:—' $x + HI + VF$,—meaning ideas formulated in terms of correlated sound-group-images + Human Interest + Verse Form.'"—*Academy*.]

AN, what is Poetry? You ask.

A thousand criticasters try
The all-unprofitable task,
And of their ignorance reply.

She is a Maid, say some, who sips
The waters of the sacred well,
And whom she favours, from his lips
Shall sweetest numbers rise and
swell.

She is a Zephyr; poets' souls
Are her *Æolian* harps. She sighs
Upon their chords and music rolls—
She passes, and their music dies.

Or she is Love—the wondrous light
That shines in lovers' hearts and
shows
A world all magically bright,
A universe *couleur de rose*.

Or she is Genius—the art
To know what Truth and Justice be;
The thinking mind, the feeling heart,
The ear to hear, the eye to see.

She is a question of the brains—
Grey matter present in excess;
No doubt the two parental strains
Were both a bit abnormal, yes!

Words, words, mere windy words, to
hide
The criticaster's little lore;
Oh, let our answer be supplied
With verbiage less and meaning
more.

Let Science be our guide to-day,
To Rhetoric's effusion deaf.
You ask, what's Poetry? I say
It's $x + HI + VF$.

THE elementary difficulties connected with the manipulation of verbal participles are familiar to readers of sporting journalesse, e.g. "Quickening opposite the Doves, the watch showed 35 to the minute." But a record in this kind is established in a contemporary's account of the Surrey and Yorkshire match:—"Rolling out to a grand wicket, the Surrey men commenced in promising fashion."



MAN'S EXTREMITY IS WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

CONSOLATORY!

"C'est la façon dont le sang circule."

WHEN your feet are like lead
(And so is your head)
And your temper is simply infernal,
And your excellent wife,
Worried out of her life,
Remarks on the fact in her journal—

When you growl like a bear,
Or jump up and swear
If a plate is put down with a clatter,
And are quite at a loss
To explain why you're cross
And what in the world is the matter—

When you don't want to live,
And the thought that you give
To your business is fretful and cursory,
And you're sulky at meals,
And can't bear the squeals
That (as usual!) proceed from the
nursery—

When you snarl and you snap,
And you don't care a rap
For the horrible way you're behaving,
And you frequently mention
Your rooted intention
Of cutting your throat while you're
shaving—

When you ponder all day
On the easiest way
Of drowning yourself in the river,
It's a comfort, I find,
To keep clearly in mind
That it's probably only your liver!

"Now," quoth an impecunious nobleman to a cautious architect, "I want a mansion five storeys high."

"It will be very expensive," was the considerate objection.

"Ah," returned my Lord, "but 'that's another storey.' We'll stop at five."



MR. PODSON WAS ADVISED TO TRY BLIND-FOLDING ON A HORSE INCLINED TO BOLT. IT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE THE ROAD SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE BLOCKED BY A HERD OF CATTLE THE FIRST TIME HE TRIED THE PLAN.

A CORONATION EXECUTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A fortnight ago my master received the following notice from his laundryman. "In consequence of His MAJESTY's Royal Proclamation that August 9 shall be observed as a National Holiday, will you kindly have any linen you may require washed ready for the man when he calls on Wednesday, August 6, so that I may execute the same with as little inconvenience as possible?"

Dear Mr. Punch, I can only say that he has been true to his word. Perhaps the Editor of your "Notes and Queries" will be interested in observing this savage survival of Sacrificial Rites on the occasion of Public Festivities.

Believe me to be,
The Mangled Remains of
SOME VERY FINE LINEN.

It is reported that an obliging cabman very kindly consented to drive a lady from her house to her seat on the day of the Coronation for the modest sum of six guineas. The normal fare for the distance is two shillings. The example of the cabman might well be followed by others on future occasions of public rejoicing. Thus a "Two-guinea Tube" (pronounced Tuggany)

could hardly fail to be remunerative. In moments of enthusiasm these little things pass almost unnoticed, and in any case America is with us.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the *Morning Post* thus:—

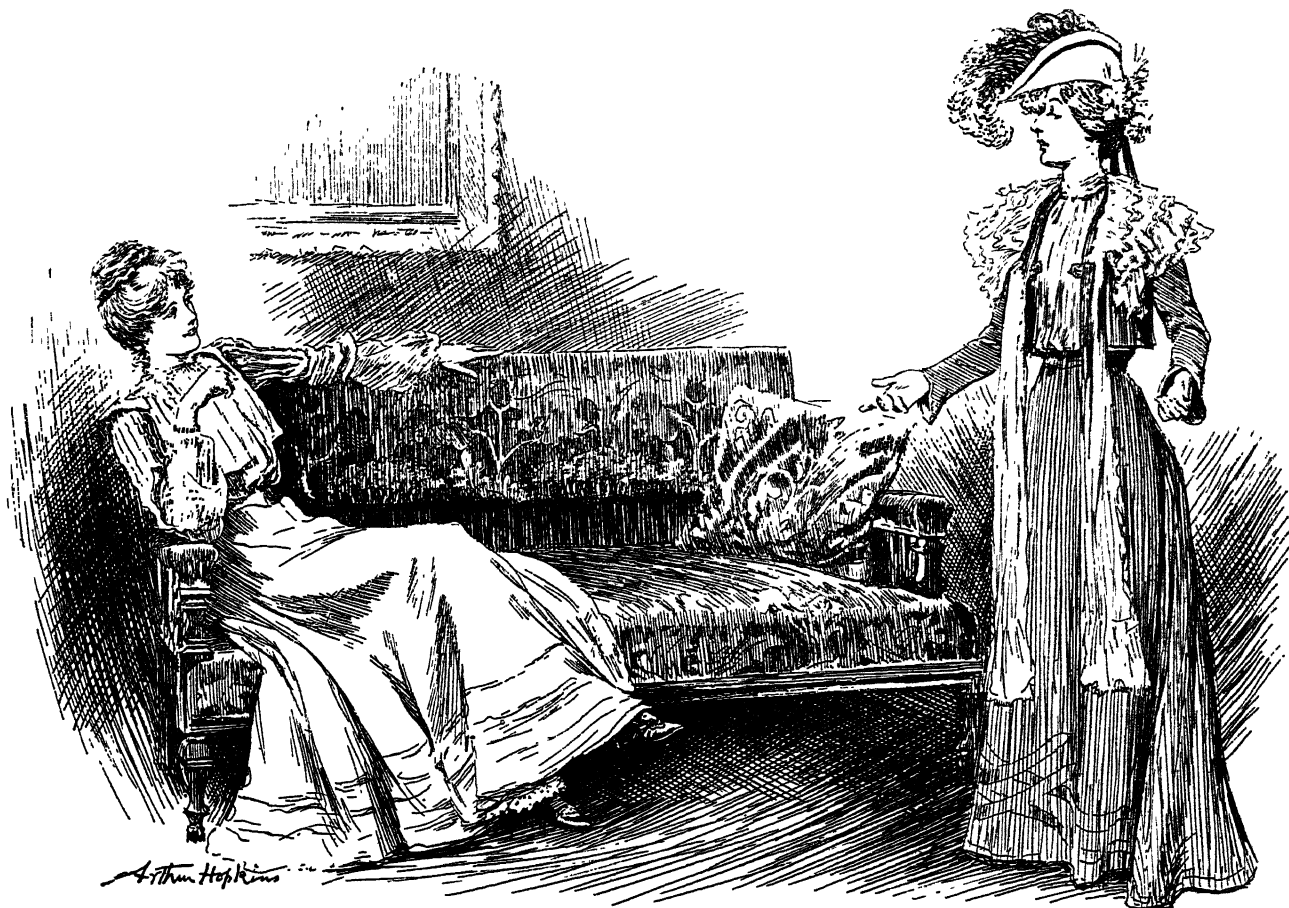
"I was staying at a fashionable hotel on the East coast, whose name I do not care to mention, and the first night I arrived I donned my 'war paint,' as was my wont, when judge of my surprise to find that I was the only man in evening dress at my table. Now I wish to openly protest to such treatment. I think that the manager of such a hotel ought to either insist on evening dress at dinner being indispensable, or he ought at least to seat those visitors who are dressed apart from those who are not."

Mr. Punch is horrified to learn that there are people on the East coast who do not dress for dinner, and he entirely sympathises with the indignant gentleman. The least that the manager of a hotel should have done in the circumstances, when he recognised the obvious social distinction of the visitor, and the rare refinement of his habits, would have been to give him a suite of apartments to himself. Then he could wear his "war-paint" all day without risk of contamination from the vulgar herd. The other people at his table were much to blame. In common decency they should have gone away and had their food in the kitchen.



"FORE! AND AFT!!"

THE GUIDE-BOOK REMARKS THAT, "UPON REACHING THE SUMMIT OF THE CLIFF, THE TOURIST IS STRUCK BY THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE BAY." SOME TOURISTS HAVE HAD LESS PLEASANT EXPERIENCES.



Mrs. Noodle. "MY HUSBAND SAYS THIS IS SUCH AN AWFUL HAT! YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING ABSURD IN IT, DO YOU, DEAR?"
Miss Sharpe. "OH, NO, DEAR; NOT MUCH—ONLY YOUR HEAD." [Friendly relations are subsequently re-established.]

THE PRINCES OF DENMARK.

[A Copenhagen daily paper is stopping publication from June to September this year, so as to enable the staff to enjoy a long summer holiday.]

Oh, oft have I pitied the journalist's lot,
Who toils through the night writing columns of rot,
And only is free to return to his cot
When the daylight is dawning; but, then, mark,
Not all of the world is composed of such fools
As cling to the rigorous, cast-iron rules
Which hold in our insular newspaper schools—
They manage things better in Denmark.

When summer comes courting and woo's you to laze
In her lap of delight through the halcyon days,
What rapture to stretch at your length nor to raise
A finger to make but a pen-mark;

From June to September to lie 't the sun,
Secure as an infant and brown as a bun,
With the blue sky above you—I say it, for one;
They manage things better in Denmark.

O toilers of Fleet Street, who painfully write
Through the lingering hours of the long stuffy
night,

Which throbs at each quarter as time's laggard flight
The echoing strokes of Big Ben mark,
Ah, think of your brothers across the North Sea
As idle and cool as a mortal can be,
And I make little doubt you will warmly agree
They manage things better in Denmark.

HOLIDAYS AU NATUREL.

[A medical paper recommends adopting a savage life during the holidays.]

Bounding Buffalo. Yield, Iroquois chief, for no brave ever
defied the BUFFALO-WHO-NEVER-SLEEPS and lived!

Snake-in-the-Grass. Three moons have I hunted on thy
tracks, Mohawk dog. Now die! (*The rifle misses fire. Aside.*)
This blamed Birmingham tool never will work!

Buffalo. Why, you're not an Indian at all! You're
(*rubbing his eyes*)—you're JONES of the War Office!

Snake. What—not BROWN! Good business! Couldn't
recognise you in all that paint without my glasses, old chap.
I'm on one of these Cheap Trackless-Forest Trips—my
gout, you know—doctor's orders.

Buffalo. Let's smoke the pipe of peace. (*Timidly*) We
can smoke here, can't we? I'm playing out time on a
Boundless Prairie Circular Coupon—really awfully good,
don't you know. They guarantee starvation, hand-fed wild
animals, night attacks by hostile Indians (they expect a tip,
though), or money returned. But the cooking's bad.

Snake (né Jones). Old SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS is on a holiday,
and I rented his hunting grounds, scalps, thingumijigs,
goodwill (or the reverse) at the estate office. Never mind
the gun; it's a dummy.

Buffalo. No use burying this old butter-knife of a hatchet
either—and I'm paying for a licence for it, too.

Snake (anxiously). Can we get a drink anywhere?

Buffalo. Let's trek to my kopje—no, that's South
African, isn't it? Come round and see Mrs. BROWN—and,
I say, hurry up; these head-feathers and the moccasins are
hired by the hour.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Immortal Youth* (HUTCHINSON) MR. MORLEY ROBERTS has written a book which attempts to do for a certain phase of life in London what MURGER achieved for Paris in his *Vie de Bohème*. My Baronite is surprised to learn that between the two cities, then and now, there is common ground that makes such work possible. MR. MORLEY ROBERTS knows, or at least conveys the assurance of knowledge. Nevertheless, the idea of an A.R.A. unexpectedly returning from a business visit to Manchester, finding his wife, drunk with wine, attempting to renew earlier intimacy with a nice-looking young novelist and poet, is new to one having a pretty close acquaintance with the *personnel* of the Royal Academy. The keynote of the book is struck in a remark by Parker Fullerton, George Vincent Lacy's mentor in the ways of London life. "Respectability," says the sage, "is a form of ignorance." MR. ROBERTS, in fashion possibly a trifle bold for enervated taste, dispels ignorance, unveils respectability. Without exception, his puppets are a shady lot. But they dance in lively fashion, not without display of ankle on the part of the ladies.

The Mystery of the Sea (HEINEMANN) is a rattling story which sometimes recalls *Monte Cristo*, anon *Treasure Island*. Through it all beams the breezy personality of BRAM STOKER. The scene is set by the curved shore of Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire. The wild scenery by day and night MR. STOKER describes with loving touch and master hand. The basis of the plot is discovery of hidden treasure, information respecting which naturally comes from correspondents in Spain. They are, however, not the shady parties MR. LABOUCHERE devotes the leisure of a useful life to unmasking. The treasure originally belonged to the POPE, who contributed it to the expenses of the Armada. The *San Cristobal* that was, as the wise say, "conveying" the treasure, sank in Cruden Bay. How Archibald Hunter was led to the discovery of the gold and gems, how he found still greater treasure in the person of a charming American girl, is told with unfailing animation and marvellous skill. Amongst many powerful scenes is that wherein *Lauchlane Macleod's* desperate attempt to swim ashore, when Lammas Flood swirled round the broken masses of rock known as "The Skares," is vividly described. My Baronite finds in the book the rare quality of adventure that enthalls the boys and pleases their parents.

The Baron has just tumbled across, without in the least damanging his shins, a little book of lectures on *Company Drill*, published (by WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS) a couple of months or so ago, viz. during "the season" when *Company Drill* would have been most valuable to many a *débutant* (not *débutante*, quite another, and far smaller, pair of shoes), and written by Major GEORGE NUGENT, of the Irish Guards. This *opusculum* is so fascinating in its poetical descriptions of "manœuvres" as to bring the Baron up at "the halt," and almost induce him to "change position," being ever in "right form," giving his entire "attention" to "squads," "inspection," "fixing and porting arms," and to "quick marching" "from the halt to the halt." But on second thoughts, seeing that there is question of "Passing Defiles and Obstacles," of "Changing Ranks," which he doesn't in the least wish to do, and of "Marching in Fours" (whereunto he greatly objecteth), he, the Baron, being aware of an "Increasing Front," and weighted, as he is, by the responsibility of literary and journalistic "Movements in Lines and Columns," determines that, after all, it is better, instead of "Forming a Company" (Limited), to enjoy the society of those he has about him, Major GEORGE NUGENT being of the number, and, with Commander-in-Chief PUNCH's popularity in view, to "advance" invariably "by the right." Yes,

"Advance by the right" is the lofty moral lesson taught by the excellent practical military manual which has here been "reviewed" by that redoubtable warrior the

BRIGADIER BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—"Brigadier, vous avez raison!"

INTERLUDE.

STRIP off your leagues of painted cloth
That struck with awe the envious nations;
No longer let the maddened moth
Impinge upon your coruscations;
Break up your timbers; they shall feed
The fires that serve the summer's need.

Undo the garter; doff the spur;
And lay your gauds of plush and ermine
In camphor or in lavender
According as your tastes determine;
And in its trembling casket set
The unaccustomed coronet.

Freshly reviewed before no less
Than five distinguished foreign vessels,
Our fleet resumes her sober dress
And with her normal duties wrestles;
And our destroyers, stuffed with coal,
Repeat their well-known title-rôle.

Now Peace, that has her victims, too,
Not less pronounced than those of Ares,
Hopes that our guests are nearly through
Their oratorical vagaries;
And even hints the time has come
When MR. SEDDON might be dumb.

The camps are struck; no more the Row
Reverberates their blown reveille;
Our turbaned chiefs prepare to go
Where things are better done in Delhi;
Taking their memories closely packed
With teeming proofs of British tact!

Rest comes at last; the war is done,
The KING is crowned, the fêtes are over;
So let us take what little sun
Is left to warm the season's clover;
He must be hard to please who cares
About "reaction's deadly snares"?

We'll fold our hands awhile at ease,
And dull our ears to dismal sermons;
What would you have? We hold the seas,
A match for all your jealous Germans!
"Four years from now they'll be unpleasant?"
Well, our concern is just the present.

As for our "failures in the field
Big with instruction"—why review them?
Their trivial tale is closed and sealed;
Besides, we always worry through them!
Don't let "reform" disturb our sleep;
In any case, the thing will keep.

We've wealth enough to meet the charge
Of these and even costlier errors;
Let us wax fat and kick at large,
And snap our thumbs at bogey terrors;
While life's so flush of meat and drink
It seems a waste of time to think!

O. S.



BROTHERS-IN-PADS.

British Lion (to Kangaroo). "Here's your health! You've beaten us in the field!"
 You're good all round. You helped us on the veld, and you've beaten us in the field!"

FOR A CHANGE.

FAGGED and jaded, DAPHNE mine,
For our annual change I pine.
Once again the problem's here,
Whither we shall go this year.
Let who will seek lake or moor,
"Bad" or Hydro, Spa or "kur."
Switzerland and Germany
Have no charms for you and me.
There while restless tourists haste,
"Good old Margate" suits our taste.
On its old familiar ground
We will make the usual round.
Meet SMITH, ROBINSON and BROWN,
Whom we daily see in town;
Hear the niggers or the bands
On the pier, the fort, the sands;
Revel in each well-known joy,
Then, when these enchantments cloy,
And for change again we yearn,
Why, then, DAPHNE, we'll return.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT do we crown and celebrate to-day?" asked the Poet Laureate on August 9, in the opening line of his Coronation Ode, and even those who did not know pretended they did.

The German EMPEROR and the CZAR have met, and embraced again and again. And, in token of their personal friendship, they exchanged aiguillettes. We seem to have heard of something similar taking place at Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday.

Suggested title for the Travelling Emperor, "King of all the Rushers."

From the Congo comes news of the discovery of an octopus which seizes its human victims and eats nothing but their brains. The young Belgian officer who sends the report escaped unharmed.

A German doctor who has treated a large number of lunacy cases has written an article declaring that lunacy is infectious. His rivals assert that the article proves its point.

Time brings its revenges. Newgate, after imprisoning housebreakers, will shortly be demolished by them.

A correspondent writes from Dartmoor that it is quite true that the treadmill has been abolished, but, on the other hand, lectures are now delivered to the convicts.

The ignorance of some persons is wonderful. "Who's this MAKONNEN?" "Why, 'e was the 'ead of the C.I.V.'s, wasn't 'e?"

MESSRS. JAEGER have presented their



A HEALTHY APPETITE.

Lady (to gardener). "HAVE YOU HAD YOUR DINNER, JOHN?"
John. "NOT YET, MUM. I MUST 'EAT THE GREENHOUSE FUST."

employés with a rifle range, and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, who made the opening speech, wishes it to be distinctly understood that the Jaeger Riflemen are in no sense related to his Flannelled Fools. The difference is naturally a material one.

Meanwhile British trade is looking up a bit. The contract to erect a new pair of meat-scales in the Market Hall at Dereham-upon-Sea has been secured by an English firm, and it is reported that last week an English-

made pair of boots was sold in the Goswell Road.

Osborne is to cease to be a royal residence. Englishmen are often called snobs. I shall be interested to see whether the sale of Osborne biscuits falls off.

In Russia people have been trying to assassinate Prince OBOLENSKI on the paltry ground that he had thirty-five peasants whipped to death. The lower classes in Russia have always been jealous of the amusements of the nobles.

A CANTO OF CLARET.

(To W. J. J.)

[CONCLUDED.]

So our friend sat down, and his voice came slow,
 But it wasn't a story at all, you know,
 For it didn't begin, and it hadn't a middle,
 And there wasn't the least little plot to unriddle,
 And you couldn't say, when the voice diminished
 And paused at last, that the tale was finished,
 Confined and clamped and buried deep
 In the place where the good and the bad tales sleep,
 And never to wake again, you 'd pray,
 Till the last trump roused it at Judgment Day.
 For, although he spoke, it wasn't a story,
 But a blaze of light with a trail of glory,
 A dragon of fire with all his joints
 Gemmed with a circle of ruby points,
 His breath like a flaming exhalation,
 And his wings one emerald coruscation,
 Fanning the sky with a noise of thunder—
 A shape that a man might see and wonder,
 With his matter of fact and his logic banished,
 Whence it appeared and whither it vanished;
 And now it seemed like the burst sonorous
 Of a wonderful magical ancient chorus:
 Not a roundelay for a festal dance meant,
 But an air with a most divine entrancement,
 That lifted you up and made you seem
 Like a floating shade in a happy dream,
 All thoughts gone that your heart offended,
 Your strivings over, your struggles ended;
 Nothing left that could now remind you
 Of tempests and tossings far behind you;
 Envy stifled and anger muffled,
 And, born in their place, a calm unruffled,
 A marvellous peaceful stretch immense,
 Beyond the limits of sight or sense,
 Smooth as glass, but with just a swell, too,
 A long low swell that you rose and fell to,
 With the music to lull you and give you the swing of it,
 And you on its surface the one lord and king of it.
 And then, it seemed, with a kind of shake up
 You 'd come to yourself and start and wake up,
 And see in a valley green and gay
 Brown-faced maidens and boys at play,
 Full in the sun on a happy day,
 Laughing and singing and fooling and frisking it,
 The boys for a kiss and the girls all risking it,
 Their eyes so bright that you couldn't but love them,
 And a shepherd stretched on the bank above them,
 Fingering deftly and blowing neatly
 On his oaten pipe till it sounded sweetly
 With notes that a wood-nymph might have sung
 In the pleasant years when the world was young.
 And, lo! you saw with your own two eyes—
 Saw it yourself without surprise,
 For indeed it seemed a sight to be glad about—
 You saw yourself in the thick of the gad-about,
 Playing a game that you seemed quite pat in,
 With a girl to help you who whispered Latin,
 While you whispered love, or its Latin analogy,
 Soft in the ear of your PHYLLIS or LALAGE.
 And next, like a joyous bird sublime,
 You were poised aloft on the winds of Time,
 With sun upon sun in the sky to show you
 The wide world plain to your sight below you;
 And you knew what it meant and how it had risen,
 Cause and effect, from its cramping prison,

When first the marvellous word was spoken,
 And the bars were burst and the shackles broken,
 And, elate with the ordered freedom gained for it,
 The globe swung out on the course ordained for it.
 And still our friend was telling his tale,
 Talking at ease till the light came pale
 Through the rents and chinks of the window curtain;
 And (this much is sure though the rest is uncertain)
 The room was cold, and the lamp was flaring,
 And you and I were awake and staring,
 Dazed with the tale that we both had heard,
 And echoing still with the man's last word,
 And thinking him still on the self-same spot there—
 Till we rubbed our eyes and, lo! he was not there.

"Tis."

A VERY ARCH BISHOP "IN PARTIBUS;"

Or, There's many a True Word spoken in Chess.

HAD "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (Mrs. CRAIGIE) and Mr. MURRAY CARSON ('tis good to be "MURRAY and wise" in collaboration), joint-authors of *The Bishop's Move*, thoroughly worked out their idea until it had developed itself into a strong plot with fine dramatic situations, then, with its admirable high-comedy dialogue, wherein the authors show to greatest advantage, the play would of itself have deserved the success which is at present won for it by the perfect acting of all concerned in the representation. It is a comedy of dialogue, a sort of "*proverbe*" extended to three acts, of which the third, that ought to have been the strongest, is, unfortunately, just the reverse.

That the clever collaborators, after hitting upon the original idea and after creating so marked a variety of characters, should have, apparently, tired of their handiwork and brought it to an abrupt conclusion in a most unsatisfactory manner, is disappointing to all who have followed the first two acts with growing pleasure and increasing interest.

That the piece owes whatever success it has already achieved and whatever measure of popularity it may obtain mainly to Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, who in make-up and acting has never given us anything better than this impersonation of *Ambrose, Bishop of Rance*; to Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as the good-hearted *mondaine Duchess of Quenten*; to H. B. WARNER cleverly playing the difficult part of the youthful *Francis Hericourt*, the novice who returns to the world which he ought never to have quitted; to Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as the most ingenuous *ingénue, Barbara Arretton*; to Mr. KING HEDLEY, excellent as *Monsignor Campden*, and to Miss KATE SERGEANTSON as *Mrs. Hericourt*, the impulsive mother of *Francis*, is a fact, the truth of which "JOHN OLIVER" and her MURRAY partner would be the first to admit and for which they must be honestly grateful. It is such artistic acting as this that ought to attract the public for some time to come. Indeed, so perfect an impersonation of a Catholic ecclesiastic (a French bishop, it seems, of English extraction, a sort of mixed quantity) has not been seen on the stage since LAFONTAINE so admirably played the *Abbé Constantin*, in a play, charming indeed, but as innocent of plot as is this. The *Abbé Constantin*, as a type of the "inferior clergy," took snuff in considerable quantities, but *Monseigneur L'Evêque* takes no such stimulant, though he is quite "up to" *tabac à prise*.

By the way, the first act is laid in "the Refectory at the Abbey of Veyle, near Dinan," in which is hung a picture that ought never to have been permitted on the walls, or within the precincts, of a Religious House. The painting is not essential to the piece, and as for the greater part of the time it is hidden by curtains (some of this superfluous drapery might have been spared for the unclothed figure), the audience, on the *rideaux* being temporarily withdrawn,

will quite appreciate the reason for its having been relegated to "the Abbey of Veyle."

As it is certain that the *Bishop's Move* will attract "the inferior clergy," it will be a surprise for them to hear that, in consequence of its success, all "orders" are considered as "invalid," and are not admitted except when they are "recognised" by the Right Reverend Prelate, Bishop BOURCHIER, whose performance in this part is quite extra-ordinary.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

ON the Bench:—Mr. A. G. STEEL, K.C., Mr. ANDREW LANG, Mr. A. J. WEBBE, Mr. JOHN BALL, Junior, Mr. N. L. JACKSON, and Mr. THOMAS MORRIS. The following cases were heard:—

WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE, 54, doctor, was charged with the heinous offence of perpetual youth.

Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, who appeared for the prosecution, said that the prisoner persisted in getting younger every year, to the confusion of all statistics and the despair of honest bowlers. Only a few days ago the prisoner, in defiance of all consideration for the feelings of the young men who were playing and looking on, had made his two hundredth century in first-class cricket; while his attacks on the wickets of his enemies were continuous and successful.

Mr. L. B. W. SCHOOLING, who said that he was an actuary employed by the Royal Blob Insurance Company, stated that that Company had been founded with a capital of 50,000 runs to insure cricketers against making ducks. They refused, as a rule, to take anyone over forty-five. The prisoner was an exception.

Dr. ANDREW GAUKRODGER, medical officer for Sydenham, said that since the prisoner came to reside in the neighbourhood he had set such an example of health that the incomes of the general practitioners in the district had fallen at least 50 per cent.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE stated that in his opinion, after a long study of the subject, the proper age for a cricketer finally to exchange the field for the pavilion chairs was forty-three, unless, of course, he was addicted to Harris tweeds, in which case he would be useless much earlier. For a man to make hundreds when he was fifty-four was a menace to the medical profession.

Mr. WULLIE PARK, manufacturer of golfing implements, said that the usual age at which a man turned from the freevolity of cricket to the sairiousness of gowf was thirty-seven. They still waited to take the prisoner's order, but in vain. It wasna' fair to trade.



Phil Witte/
1902.

Manager of "Freak" Show. "HAVE I GOT A VACANCY FOR A GIANT? WHY, YOU DON'T LOOK FIVE FEET!"

Candidate. "YES, THAT'S JUST IT. I'M THE SMALLEST GIANT ON RECORD!"

Mr. MELCHIZEDEK JONES, a solicitor representing the family of Old PARR, speaking for the defence, stated that old as that impressive figure had grown to be, there was no evidence that he ever gave up cricket.

In spite of this interesting parallel the Bench unanimously condemned the prisoner to many more years hard labour in the field. (*Applause in Court.*)

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, 54, described as Prime Minister, was charged by the Surrey police with the furious driving of a motor car.

P.C. HELIX stated that he had orders on July 32nd to disguise himself as a working man and ascertain the time of

the prisoner's motor car. He therefore provided himself with a sundial, and taking up his post behind a hedge he waited for the prisoner's approach. It was quite dark, but he was convinced, from close scrutiny of the sundial with the aid of a box of matches, that the prisoner's car was moving at the rate of twenty-eight miles four rods and two perches per hour. This was of course a gross breach of the new Act governing auto-mobiles; hence his arrest, and the present action.

Mr. BALFOUR, having proved that he was travelling at the rate of only five miles an hour, was fined ten pounds and costs.

Captain BURBERRY PAXTON, 32, was charged with assaulting EPHRAIM HENDERSON, book-stall clerk at Liverpool Street station, with his umbrella.

The prosecutor, who wore his jaw in a sling, described how Captain PAXTON had struck him a violent blow with the silver-mounted handle of his umbrella. The assault was quite deliberate, and Captain PAXTON offered no apology, merely saying, "Why on earth didn't you stand away from the tee?"

JEREMIAH TIBBLES, railway porter, gave corroborative evidence. The gentleman was perfectly sober at the time.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P., who appeared for the defence, said that the episode admitted of a very simple and satisfactory explanation. His client, who had served with distinction in the North Berwick Foosele-eers, had been much upset by the action of the Committee of the Buncaster Golf Club, who had put up his handicap from scratch to 4. He had accordingly decided to go down to Buncaster for the week-end, and while waiting for his train was practising a half-swing with his umbrella near the bookstall, when HENDERSON suddenly stepped forward and received the handle full on his jaw. He had endeavoured to explain matters at the time, but the clerk was evidently not a golfer and refused to accept half-a-sovereign.

Mr. EDWARD BLACKWELL, called for the defence, stated that home practice was most effectual, though occasionally damaging to the furniture. He knew of no more distressing affliction that could befall a scratch player than to be clean off his drive. He thought that half-a-sovereign for a half-swing was quite adequate remuneration.

Professor HORACE HUTCHINSON stated that, as the result of prolonged investigation into the psychology of golf, he had come to the conclusion that it was impossible for an enthusiast to refrain from repeating the gestures germane to certain phases of the game in totally incongruous surroundings. He had seen one of his patients at a dinner party attempting to loft *marrons glacés* into a finger-bowl with a dessert-spoon.

ANTHONY FIDDAMAN, caddie, of Buncaster-on-Sea, deposed that he always carried for Captain PAXTON, who was on the whole a good-tempered player, though nervous on the tee.

Cross-examined, he admitted that Captain PAXTON had expressed the wish that he could wring the necks of all the larks at Buncaster, they disturbed him so much on the putting greens.

Further evidence having been given by Lord BRASSEY, Professor DRIVER, and Miss CECILIA LOFTUS, the case was compromised on Captain PAXTON's undertaking to present HENDERSON with a



SUGGESTION FOR A NEW COIFFURE.
THE "KUBELIK."

gross of Haskell balls and a quart of sloe gin.

JOSEPH DARLING, who gave an address in Australia, was charged with being in possession of a bunch of English laurels in the Old Trafford ground at Manchester on July 26th.

Many thousands of persons having deposed that they saw him leaving the ground with his ten confederates and the laurels under his arm, P.C. F. W. TATE of Brighton said that he made a special effort to stop them, but without avail. He was acting under the instructions of his superior officer, Captain MACLAREN.

GILBERT JESSOP, whose appearance in the box was greeted with loud cries of "Bravo, Croucher!" from the gallery, deposed that the prisoner was undoubtedly in possession of the laurels at the Oval on Monday, August 11th. But on the date of the alleged theft he (the deponent) was unavoidably absent; while on the later date the laurels were too far gone to be retrieved. Asked for an explanation, the witness stated that the strongest trumper always won the rubber.

Mr. ROBERT THOMS said he had known the prisoner for some time. He needed a deal of stopping. It was not, however, theft, but kleptomania, and the only practitioner who could have prevented the disease from asserting itself at Manchester was probably Doctor GRACE.

The prisoner in his very stubborn defence said that he had come by the

laurels honestly, though, perhaps, he had been slightly assisted by the Clerk of the Weather. He had, in fact, won them. This view being shared by the Bench, he was dismissed with cheers.

ARCHANGELO, the Flying Demon of Tasmania, was charged with wilfully damaging the public roadway. The feat which ARCHANGELO undertook to perform was as follows: Bound hand and foot, he was in the habit of ascending in a fire-balloon and dropping head foremost from a height of not less than 500 feet.

Mr. PLANTAGENET CADBURY, Secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pavingstones, deposed that the height from which ARCHANGELO dropped was often considerably greater than that advertised, while he was so imperfectly padded that the impact was most dangerous to almost any inanimate object on which he happened to alight.

The prisoner, who was wheeled into court on a movable couch, stated that in the course of ten performances he had only broken seven ribs, dislocated his vertebrae and fractured his occiput. As, however, he refused to give any undertaking to discontinue his performance, the Bench ordered him to be detained for life in the Ping-pong ward at Hanwell.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—II.

(Being the correspondence of Jake P. Huntington, Senator, Store-keeper, and Newspaper Proprietor, of Clamville, Nebraska, U.S.A.)

June 30th.

DEAR PETE,—It may be that the good wife sent along my message saying that I'd scratch a line to let you know how art is fixed up over here. I always had an idea of your talent, PETE, ever since you took me standing outside the store leaning easily against a barrel of crackers. Do you mind that day? I do, for little ELI nearly choked himself on a piece of chewing gum, and BOSS TOMBS was shot by KEROSENE JAKE, who thought five aces were too many for one pack, and didn't give the jackpot a fair chance.

However, thinking of you, I boarded a car for Madame Tussaud's Gallery, and paying a quarter I took a loan of the show for an hour. I can't help thinking I struck the wrong shanty. I couldn't get on the track of any paintings, and all the sculpture was figured out in wax. It isn't much of a circus doing the round of a wax-works unless there's a good-class freak department in the annexe, where you can have a look at something living, like the Shrimp-Faced Man or the Coal-Eating

Lady. Still, I will say that Madame peels the paint off anything in the wax line that we've seen in Clamville. She's got old HENRY THE EIGHTH, who overloaded himself with wives a few centuries ago, and was never seen to smile again. And to point a moral example she's dropped in Sir THOMAS LIPTON, who's never done anything in that line yet, and wears a ten-inch smile and a curly moustache as though he'd never heard of a losing race, and didn't know what trouble was. Being a single man perhaps he don't.

Then there was one group that pulled me up with a jerk, in view of the gaudy revels that were to have woke up the old town this month. This was the crowning of an early British King. It must have been a scanty sort of business in those days, or else Madame was pressed for room when she put up the tableaux. There was no excited populace, but only a few straggly courtiers and a scared-looking Bishop, while the King looked as if he wished he hadn't come. But as the school marm used to tell us, it wasn't always healthy to be in the monarch business. There was a likelihood of a near relative coming along with a band of interested toughs and a sharp knife, and tumbling you out of the coronation chair before you had time to handle the income.

Then there's a nice gory room downstairs where they've dumped all the crime-workers. Now this made me feel like home and the Sunday edition of the *Mail and Banner*, with its scare headlines and snaps of the murderer two minutes after the awful deed. I shall work this up for a special against the time I come home, so you'll have to lay over for a further description.

Madame's whole show is slick, but, as I say, an extra dime for a freak show wouldn't break anyone and would wake up the proceedings. (Remember when they tried to run a one-eyed wax-works on to Clamville, and the boys melted down GEORGE WASHINGTON in a bonfire because he looked like the Jew drummer who'd filled us up with flash jewellery and skipped the town before we were on to it?) Still, I reckon Madame's figures are authentic, and as an educator of youth and upholder of monarchy she ought to do well; but I can't help feeling sad about those freaks. The nearest I could find to the old sort was a man outdoors on the side-walk with his legs under him looking tearfully at an orange-coloured fish which he had sketched in and labelled "A Salmon." If he wasn't a freak the fish was, so I donated ten cents to the collection and passed on, feeling good.

A friendly Britisher has just told me that it's the Academy I'm want-



THE TWELFTH.

Guest. "NOW, WAITER, TO-DAY'S ONLY THE THIRTEENTH, AND YET THE WING OF THIS BIRD IS POSITIVELY—WELL, TASTY. CAN YOU EXPLAIN?"

Waiter. "WELL, SIR, THE PAPERS THEY DO SAY AS 'OW THE BIRDS ARE A BIT STRONG ON THE WING THIS YEAR!"

ing for art, so I'll sort that out another day.

I don't think you'd be stuck on the hotel where I'm located. They've never heard of clam chowder, and when I asked for a canvas-back duck the Swiss hired man thought I was alluding to a cock-tail. They serve the green stuff on different plates, and iced water is as plentiful as snowstorms in June. And when I asked for a green cigar and a schooner of beer in the drawing-room, the boss said the smoking-room was downstairs. The newspapers, too, seem to want a live man behind them. Why, the *Times* hasn't interviewed me yet, and plants the murders on the fifth page instead of giving them an elegant position in the centre, with full details by the victim's aunt.

I'll just save the mail if I quit now, so good luck, PETE, and fix me up with the news if business ain't too tight.

JAKE.

P.S.—I'm not quite satisfied with young ELI. That slush he's dropping in the *Mail and Banner* don't seem to fit at all. You used to be a pretty hand at drafting a circular, so I wish you'd take a turn and fake something readable. The sea-serpent is a corpse, and the nigger woman who's a hundred and forty and remembers seven Presidents won't stand another season; but you might do something with a returned miner from the Yukon. Make him frost-bitten and full up of tales of savage tribes, and he'll do. The paper wants life. If there's no truth about, ELI should invent some. But I'm afraid that boy hasn't got the right instinct. J.

TESTE-À-TESTE.—Australia won the fourth Test Match because RHODES (not out) lost his TATE; and England won the fifth because RHODES (still not out) kept his tête.



FITZ-NOODLE'S OTTER HOUNDS.

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THE HOLE OF AN OTTER, AND PROCEEDED TO STIR IT UP WITH A STICK; BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A WASPS' NEST!

REJOICINGS IN PODDLETON-ON-SLOSH.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—No notice as yet having been taken in the public press of the important rejoicings which took place in the old ancient town of Poddleton-on-Slosh, of which I have already informed you I have the honour to be Alderman, with pain and surprise I now take up my pen again to let you know about the same, hoping to make it clear that in the way of patriotic endeavour Poddleton stands where it did. The committee of a hundred and seventy-three, including the town crier, which I may mention in confidence some folks considered too small, and grumbled because JONES the lamp-lighter and JACK HALL who drives the dust-cart were not included—but then some people are never satisfied, and even among the roses of Poddleton we have our thorns—sat on the Coronation on and off for several months. For a long time it was debated whether Mr. Mayor should be crowned in effigy for his Gracious Majesty, and there was some feeling about it, as Mr. Mayor himself would have liked it, but I felt bound to oppose it, he being

a man I consider unsound on the rates; and so he was not, after all.

Finally, it was agreed that the auspicious occasion should be commenced by the firing of our cannon, which came from Sebastopol, by the volunteer corpse (we had three once, but, unfortunately, two of them burst when the blessed news of the relief of Mafeking arrived), after which the bells were to ring and the corpse, which is rather perplexed about its new drill, performed volleys into the air, and all the householders who had guns fired them in their back gardens, because it was not considered safe for anyone not being military to go too near the cannon.

Afterwards it was decided that the best way to mark the glorious day would be to regale the school-children, and after the regalement to form a procession through the town with the Poddleton band and flags, while the corpse lined the High Street. This we considered the best form of regalia to celebrate this regal occasion. The programme was carried out to a triumphant conclusion, culminating in a donkey race; and on the following day I superintended the picking up of the

pieces of our cannon, which unfortunately has also burst, and which was carried out by the corpse in muffy.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN BLOGGSBY, Alderman.

TO ALL FIENDS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of a notice (headed "Express") from South China extolling the merits of the Yat Pun Sha Chan Pearl Mixtures. It states that "Opium-Fiends, or those merely addicted (*sic*) to the deleterious habit, should apply, for price and other particulars of the new China remedy to Ah Pai. *Directions: To be taken at 3.33 in the morning. Will not bear the light.*"

One gathers, though the inference is only negative, that among the Celestials there is a certain precision and regularity about the habits of the Rising Sun.

STICKING TO HIS LAST.

WHEN dust of ages dims the incident
Which made the Ode which made
the poet great,
Will commentators ask if AUSTIN meant
To write "console and heel," in
Stanza 8?



Bernard Partridge.

WELL EARNED !

LONDON. "IT'S ALL GONE OFF SPLENDIDLY! NOW I MUST SETTLE DOWN—TO MY SUMMER HOLIDAY!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



FIFTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. In the eighth month, which is called Orguzd, of the second year
2. of the reign of Im, who succeeded to Er,
3. who unto Thiyábbih did go
4. in procession
5. through the midst of his people,
6. small and great, male and female,
7. of all-shapes and sizes
8. who came up in their millions
9. for *thisir-korinaishun*,
10. who threw up their *hâts* and dropped all
11. their *étchiz*, . . who cracked little *jókhs* with
12. long-suffering *bobbiz*;
13. through the midst of his soldiers
14. in scarlet and *khâki*, with a dash of
15. Brit-Ishtars,—nigh unto the statue
16. of Adhmir-el-Nelson,—
17. and over the roadway
18. the sand of the desert
19. like a carpet was scattered
20. all golden and tawny. Down the line
21. did he rumble in his *arkh-éyik-charyat*—like
22. a magnified *khâskit*
23. with the world-famous *krîmz*
24. in their sumptuous trappings of purple and scarlet,
25. who are warranted never on any occasion
26. to upset the proceedings by showing *emóshan*
27. of any description,—disregarding explosions,
28. *volkanikh-erapshanz*, or earthquakes,
29. in fact all those things that are normally trying
30. to sensitive horseflesh;
31. guaranteed to go past most appalling productions
32. by courtesy commonly called *dekkur-réshunz*, and
33. *troiyum-phiyal-ortchiz*—
34. (with blood-curdling portraits by well-known pavement artists
35. and amateur landscapes surrounded by wheat-sheaves
36. with cereal products in silly shop-windows,
37. surmounted by mosque-like, incongruous turrets
38. in tin-foil—or something or other that's
39. *ikh-uuli-pestiv*—coloured photos one penny;
40. there's something *mesmerikh*
41. in *archiz* of this kind)
42. without even an ear-twitch
43. (the form of this sentence, I frankly admit it,
44. is somewhat *teutonikh*. This is all
45. introduction, and nothing whatever to do
46. with the picture). Well, as I was saying
47. in the eighth month of the second year . . .
48. . . *et settrah-et settrah* . .
49. Did Arthab-al-Phūr succeed to
50. his uncle, the Lord of the Sessils,
51. and did straightway proceed, in the manner
52. of Brodrikh—to receive resignations!
53. (the *lattah-deh-méthud* of promptly asserting
54. a masterful spirit, giving *urbaiyet-orbaih*
55. an illusory pledge of more vigorous action
56. in future It usually stops there!)
57. Forth from the Treasury went Maik-el-Thapepri,
58. after years of good service, the raker of
59. *shekels*,
60. and into his place strode the big Siti-Ritji—who to the El-Sisi
61. stood in *lókoh-pahrentiz*.
62. Then did Shuv-menébar, whose eye looks
63. through crystal—most neatly supported
64. by his facial muscles—
65. in his manner *dainamikkh*, mention one
66. or two. trifles he considered essential
67. . . . which had better, perhaps, be attended to
68. promptly. For instance, there's Orstin,
69. most promising lad and the son of
70. his father . . .; over the *méhl-karts*
71. and over all the carriers of letters

72. shall he be set, and by the side
of Isdad, the Secretary of State
73. in the Cabinet shall he sit
74. (I'll go nap upon Orstin.—What?
Oh, Jesse be
75. bothered—or give him a *pīridj*.)
76. And into the desert that's
haunted by
77. Tjaplin, Husesail, and Djimmi
78. Tommi-bölüz and others, did they
drive
79. without *skrupul* Djontha-Djestah
80. who'd skilfully ruled until lately
81. the ghostly Committee of the
mythical Council.
82. . . . who had stuck to his post
with the silently
83. rigid adhesion to business
84. of the glutinous limpet . . . like
the one on the *Wulsak*.
85. . . . His manner is apt
to be somewhat *incisive* . .
86. . . . I wouldn't be
Balphur for something. E. T. R.

UNSPEAKABLE SCOTS.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnnie Groats—
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes:

Behold his labours—
A volume padded weel wi' "quotes"
About his neighbours.

And wha should ken sae weel as he
What a' oor fauts and failin's be?
Has he no seen wi' his ain ee
Auld Reekie's lums?
Drumtochty's kent as weel's E.C.
And sae is Thrums.

Ou aye, there's noucht he disna ken
O' Scottish life and Scottish men.
Wi' lugs attentive let us then
List to his railin's,
And humbly set oorsels to men'
Oor mony failin's.

The Scot, says he, is dull and dour,
Aye jealous, greedy, jaundiced, sour,
A drucken, coarse, ill-mannered boor,
Wherein one traces
Nae sign o' CROSLAND's mental pow'r
And courtly graces.

We arena gleg, we Scottish folk:
We canna catch the witty stroke
That will a Surrey Ha' provoke
To laughter shakin',
Nay, whiles we canna see a joke
O' CROSLAND's makin'.

We swear, we lo'e the barley bree,
We thieve—but, eh, Sirs! how should
we
Be quit o' thae black vices he
Sae criticises,
When a' the virtues Mr. C.
Monopolises?

CAMERA NOTES.

[Now that the tourist season is in full swing, we feel constrained to follow the majority of our contemporaries and give our valued readers some further photographic advice. We think it necessary to steer as clear of technicalities as possible.]

You should always take at least two different views upon the same film or plate. The double or treble exposure, besides being so economical, will give the most gratifying and astonishing results, and you may expect to develop a series of surprises which will qualify for the freak column in the *Strand Magazine*. What can be more exhilarating, for instance, than to find your best girl "come out" sitting on the lap of a total stranger by the silver-printed sea, or the usual long-suffering family group reclining, by way of variety, in a pig-sty, with perhaps an express train running through their unmoved midst? This branch of photography seems full of tremendous possibilities.

If you keep a baby on the premises—this is, of course, addressed to *paterfamilias* and not to the baby-farmer—photograph it every day, placing the results in an album and sending copies to all its relatives. This will especially remind the godparents of their responsibilities, and keep everybody busy and happy replying. In the years to come, it will make the child humble and cure it of conceit to look through its record and realise that it once looked like that. Try to catch the baby crying or cutting a tooth. What would we now give for a snapshot of SHAKESPEARE muling in his nurse's arms, or NAPOLEON being spanked and sent to bed for pulling the pussy's tail? Truly, we now live in a favoured age! You have great opportunities—don't fail to make use of them. Your infant may turn out a little gold-mine to the copyright holder or the future BARNUM.

The budding and enterprising amateur should not be afraid of libel actions. If your sitters' feet emerge as twenty-five's and their heads the size of pins, tell them the camera cannot lie. If they retort with the hackneyed rejoinder that the greater the truth the greater the libel, you should learnedly but pleasantly indicate that the magnitude of the pedal extremities is redressed by the tenuity of the upper regions, and that you struck an average by focussing on the middlewaistcoat-button. Should this explanation not be considered satisfactory, you can then refer to your solicitors. Do not use your camera as a literal weapon of offence or defence. The tripod-stand, if spiked, is more serviceable.

Presence of mind is a very desirable quality in a sun-artist. If you are attacked by the modern equivalent for a footpad, snapshot him while he runs

through your pockets. He cannot prove an alibi in the presence of a double anastigmat, even if you are carried home on a focal-plane shutter. You press the button, and the magistrate's clerk will do the rest. When drowning, be sure to remember to bag the final panorama that you gazed upon; also that the smallest stop should be used, as the light on the sea is at least four times as strong as that on land. Do not dream of giving a time exposure. You will probably not have sufficient leisure, and 1/100 second *f*/64 (be particular as to this) will quite satisfy your heirs and assigns that you were on the spot on the occasion of your lamented demise. The same remarks apply to railway collisions, air-ship accidents, encounters with motor-cars, and similar emergencies. In a word, you should forget yourself in your enthusiasm for the craft and for the writers of camera paragraphs.

BAD VERSES ON A WORSE CASE.

[SIR ROGER PALMER has obtained an injunction from Mr. Justice SWINFEN EADY, forbidding Mr. ANDREWS to fish in the Thames from a point above Maidenhead Bridge to Cookham. The Judge finds that Sir ROGER has an exclusive right to this fishery.]

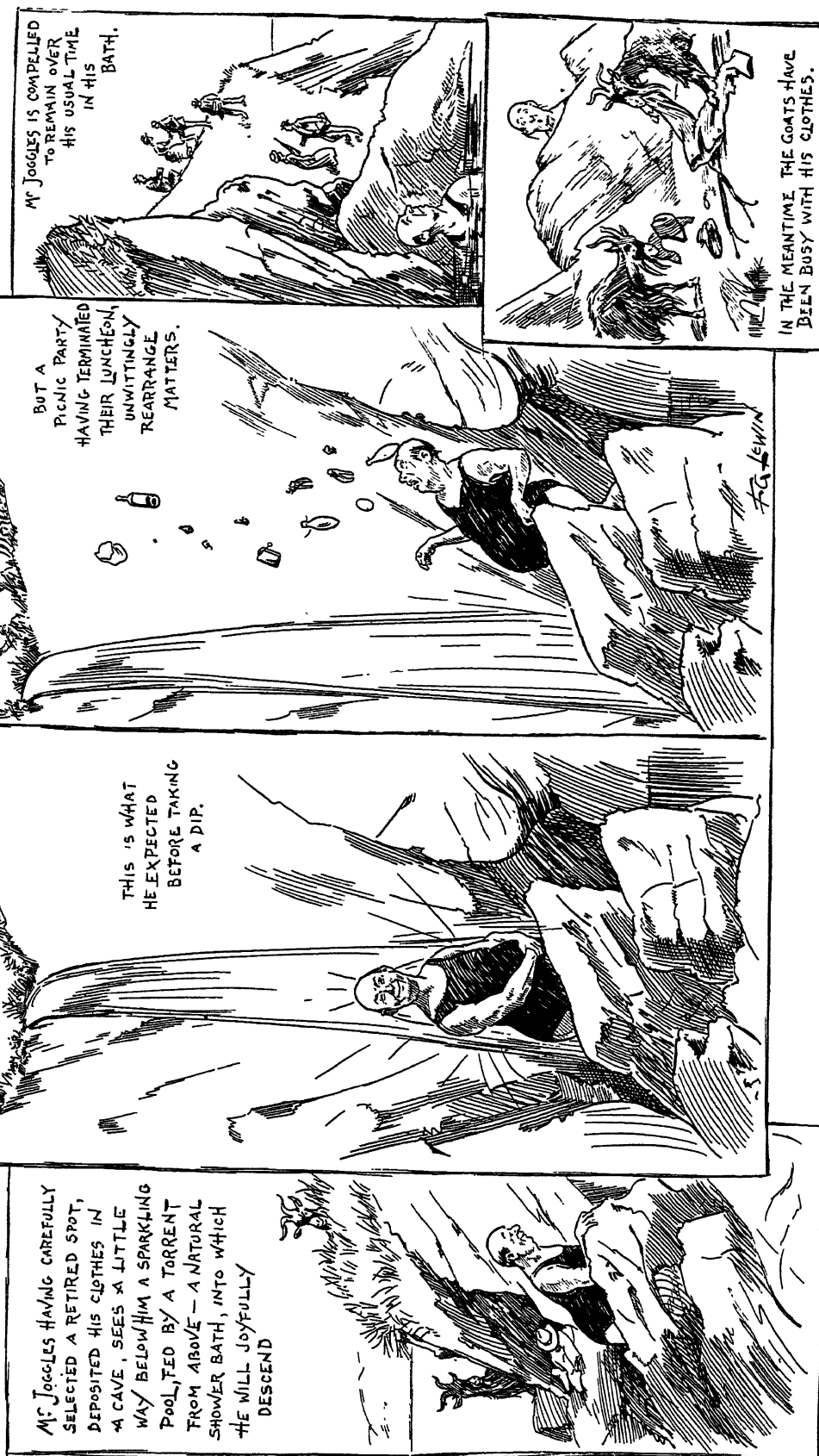
I WISH that I could render calmer
My feeling tow'rd's Sir ROGER PALMER.
It makes my very heart-strings quiver
When I adventure on the River
For (think it over at your leisure)
The Thames is for his private pleasure,
And all the fish, whoever took 'em,
Are his, from Maidenhead to Cookham;
Yes! everything that wears a fin is
The purchase of Sir ROGER's guineas.
The conger eel, the shark and tunny
Are his: he bought them with his
money.

They may be tourists on a visit
(The spot is not unsightly, is it?)
Or merely temporary lodgers
—It doesn't matter: they're Sir ROGER's.
And though his anger never kindles
At ordinary thefts and swindles,
He would not have the least compunc-
tion

In serving me with an injunction
From Mr. Justice SWINFEN EADY,
If I should ever be so greedy
As to attempt to take the fishes
In contravention to his wishes.

A British landlord seldom budes,
Especially when backed by Judges;
But this is not the sort of question
(If I may offer a suggestion)
That I should raise if I desired
To have my character admired.
Such is, at least, the firm and fervent
Conviction of his humble servant,
Whose limping lay the danger teaches
Of fishing in Sir ROGER's reaches.

MR. JOGGLES DISCOVERS A NATURAL SHOWER-BATH IN NORTH WALES.



A SENSATIONAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS AND FIVE TABLEAUX.

(Showing how he got in for it and how he came out of it rather the worse for "wear.")

THE ONLY WAY.

WHEN the streets are hot and horrid and the atmosphere is torrid,

And you mop your weary forehead and your shining crown,

When the Underground is choking and the workmen all are smoking,

Sing hey! the country cottage and the Sussex down.

When the autumn leaves are falling and the northern gales are brawling,

And the solitude's appalling in the landscape brown,

When you long to talk to something that is living, e'en a dumb thing,

Sing ho! for Piccadilly and a flat in town.

When the gutters gape expectant of the pinky disinfectant,

Sing hey! the country cottage and the Sussex down.

When the odour not of roses, but of pigs, assails your noses,

Sing ho! for Piccadilly and a flat in town.

When you lie secure and lazy, couched on buttercup and daisy,

Sing hey! the country cottage and the Sussex down;

When your cosy Club invites you—when the garden gay delights you,

Sing ho! the country cottage and a flat in town.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

II.

THE childish ridicule with which RUTH (my wife) and DAISY (my wife's sister) received the news of my proposed immolation on the altar of patriotism has only strengthened my determination to join the Volunteers. At the outset I was not so enamoured of the idea but that a little gentle dissuasion might have turned me from my purpose. But ridicule! No! I will show them that even a clever man may serve his country. I will see this thing through, from the goose-step to (if necessary) the soldier's grave. I will dedicate to the cause of England's integrity the intellectual gifts which Providence has denied to the mass of mankind. I will observe and criticise and suggest. I will recommend the improvements which I feel must be necessary to put the Volunteers on a proper footing. The War Office are said to be in need of proper men for their Intelligence Department. They shall have Me.

Let me describe how it was that the design of Volunteering came to enter my head. Like the discovery of steam and the invention of window-glass and other epoch-making incidents in the history of the world, it was more or less of an accident. A haphazard post-prandial meeting with some of the members of the smartest Company in London's crack Corps (should this meet the eye of any Metropolitan Volunteer he will at once see that it is *his* Company which I propose to join), a genial suggestion that I should become one of "Ours," a refusal on my part so polite that it was taken for a cordial assent, and I was already ankle-deep in the Rubicon. To all intents and purposes I had become what, during my time at Cambridge, in the unchastened days of the Pre-Boer period, we used to call a Bug-shooter. A day or two later, without any active intervention on my part, I was proposed, seconded, screened, elected, attested and kissed—I mean I had kissed the book. There remained only the doctor.

On receiving notice of my election, I was informed that on a certain day, at a certain time, an officer would be present in the Orderly Room to swear me in. In due time he arrived, clad in the ordinary black coat of commerce. Ought I to salute him? On the whole, no. I was still a free man. Without appearing to notice the omission, he

asked me certain questions as to my age, profession, and so forth, entered my replies on the official form, and then caused me to sign a statement to the effect that my answers were not false. Then a sergeant measured my chest. Minimum measurement, the printed form said, but the sergeant told me to puff it out. So I puffed till I was black in the face, though why, or with what result, I have no idea. Nothing more to do but see the doctor, said the officer, as he shook hands and retired, having nobly done his duty.

Sergeant invites me to come with him, and sign yet more papers. At this juncture enter a timid recruit, who, ignoring sergeant, confides to me that he has been ordered to call here to see an officer about joining. Is the officer in? This, hopefully; obviously taking me for very superior officer. The officer, I reply, is out, but no doubt the sergeant will fetch him. Profuse thanks from the recruit, still labouring under the awe and misapprehension caused by my military appearance, even in mufti. This will be a little difficult to keep up when we are doing the goose-step together. Still, it is his mistake, not mine.

Now for the doctor. The unmilitary mind might have expected me to see him, or, rather, that he would see me, before I had done my swearing in instead of after. But that's not the way they have in the Army, or at least in this department of it. First the cart, and then the horse—if you can get him. First they solemnly swear you to bear arms within these realms against all the enemies of His Gracious MAJESTY, then they send you to the medicine-man to see if you are fit to bear them. If you are not fit—but I suppose that never happens. Still, I think the W. O. might make a note of it.

Well, I went to the doctor—the Corps man, of course—with a vivid recollection of DAISY's unfeeling catalogue of my various infirmities, and a curious sinking in my stomach. But the doctor was affability itself. As far as I knew, now, was I pretty sound? Well, yes, I thought I might say I was. My sight was very bad; ditto my digestion; ditto my right knee, sprained at football in the days of long ago, and since then become the haunt of rheumatic microbes. Otherwise—but then the doctor had his innings. Could I count these dots, holding up what I guessed to be a card at the other end of the room? No, I couldn't. Didn't even know they were dots, though I was ready to take his word for it. Could I count them now? No. Now? Not at all, unless I might hold them in my hand. Could, however, count them at any distance with my eyeglass. Ah, that would do. Yes. Lungs, heart—might he listen? He might. Quite sound. Knee, passable. Digestion no concern of Government's. Hearing, good.

All these particulars the doctor entered one by one in official question-sheet. Below them was yet another space containing this dread question—Fit or Unfit? Unfit, wrote the doctor. Visions of RUTH and DAISY triumphant rose before me. How they would chuckle! How they would prate about the survival of the Unfittest. This must be rectified at all hazards.

"But I don't see—" I began.

"No, that's just the trouble," said the medicine-man. "You don't—at least, you can't. But the War Office will. Oh, it's all right. I'm bound to say it, you know, because of your sight. If I didn't, and you plugged anybody in the back, I should get into trouble. Now it don't matter if you do. I've told 'em you are unfit." (This was comforting for me and the doctor at all events.) "But," he continued, "I'll stick 'Special' on the form." He proceeded to do so, in red pencil. "Now," he concluded cheerfully, "they'll take you all right."

"It's very good of you."

"Not at all. Don't thank me. Thank the War Office."

Well, I do thank them, solely on account of RUTH and DAISY. At the same time, it occurs to me that possibly other people who can't see may have been passed as specially unfit. In which case I might get plugged in the back. In which case—but, after all, I am a Volunteer, and if in that capacity I must face death, well I will face it, though if I had my choice I would sooner not face it in the back.

ENGLAND'S PERIL.

(By Colonel Sir H-w-rd V-ne-nt, Author of "Made in Poland," etc.)

WHEN a thinking man surveys the commercial horizon of Britain, he is overcome by the sense of the terrible catastrophe which is approaching the glorious Empire on which the sun has never yet set. Foreign competition besets us on every side: our onions are Spanish, our organs American, our sausages German, our coal-scuttles Japanned, our candles Roman, our darkness Egyptian, our delight Turkish, and our very courage Dutch. The British infant is aroused from his peaceful slumbers in a Norwegian cradle by an American alarm clock. He clutches his German rattle, and absorbs Swiss milk from a Belgian feeding-bottle. See him at a more mature age standing before a German master, who instructs him by writing abstruse questions from a book (bound in Morocco), with French chalk on a blackboard made from Russian deal. See him even as a schoolboy chastised with a Malacca cane for taking French leave. View him in the midst of the stern business of life—playing ping-pong with a Bavarian racquet, a Saxon ball, and a Bohemian net. Then, in the last sad scene of all, when, embalmed by an American undertaker, he sinks in a coffin made from pine "hewn on Norwegian hills," to his final resting-place in English turf at last.

But a truce to mere generalities; let us take a particular instance, and resolutely examine one of England's decaying trades. A century since, a Government report informs us that there were in Great Britain no fewer than 10,000 beadles. We ask how many are there to-day? A strict investigation discloses the appalling fact that only twenty-four beadles remain—all in the city of London. Small wonder if in these latter days England has become womanish and hysterical. She has lost the steadying influence of her beadles. If a thoughtful Englishman wishes to become a beadle, there is no institution in which he can receive the necessary training. He might learn the right incivility; but the dignity—the pom-



"OVER-HAIRED."

SCENE—A Barber's Shop in the North of England.

Customer (preparing for a holiday in London). "I WANT YOU TO BE EXTRA PARTICULAR TO-DAY, SAM. THIS IS MY CORONATION 'CUT,' YOU KNOW!"

Sam. "AH, TO BE SURE. I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT. SURE, I CAN SEE THE CROWN!"

posity—can only be acquired by continental experience. Unless the suggestion of the British Empire Trade League be adopted that a tax of £10 per stone be levied on imported beadles (with a rebate of fifty per cent. on colonial beadles), English beadledom will be extinct. Ay! the time is not so far off! For where is the true specimen of the genuine British beadle now, at this present moment, to be found—the real cock'd-hatted, with scarlet and blue cloth, gold-lace trimming, knee breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckles, where is he?

Remember, thoughtful reader, that when England defied a continent in arms, when our National Debt reached its loftiest and most glorious pinnacle, when the price of corn was highest, then English beadles were most numerous. Remember this, and let your watchword be, "Protect the British Beadle!"

Prix Fixe and Suffix.

FROM the *Berwick Advertiser*:

"PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted in the *Advertiser* at a Fixed Charge of 6d., and for every ADDITIONAL SEVEN WORDS 3d. more is charged."

LATEST FORECASTS.

A WEEKLY review remarks that, "owing to the number of volumes held over on account of the war, a perfect torrent of books seems likely to descend upon us in the early autumn." Alarmed by this intelligence, Mr. Punch set his Literary Meteorologist to work, who has sent in the following report:—

1. SCOTLAND. A rather unsettled type of atmospheric conditions prevails here, pressure being very unequally distributed. It is strongest at present in the Crossland district, where it threatens to be applied with considerable force in a southerly direction, accompanied with a high temperature and some storms. In the Highlands the glass, as usual, is steadily going up, but there is a considerable depression in the neighbourhood of Drumtochty, and at Thrums the Barriometer is falling somewhat.

2. ENGLAND, N.W. Fairly settled weather may be anticipated here. Some threatening symptoms are manifest in the Isle of Man, but as yet they have not taken definite shape. A well-marked area of disturbance, due to minor poets, is noticeable in the Lake District, but probably it will be purely local in its effects.

3. ENGLAND, MIDLANDS. At Stratford-on-Avon an earthquake seems imminent. It has been preceded already by repeated squalls. Sir THEODORE MARTIN, who is peculiarly well acquainted with the atmospheric vagaries of this district, has advised the inhabitants to fly for their lives.

4. ENGLAND, S.W. A Q-shaped impression has been observed advancing rapidly from Cornwall, but otherwise there is every prospect of fine weather. Mr. BARING-GOULD reports that the climatic conditions promise



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—THE PICNIC.

fairly well for the harvest season. The crop, he adds, will be lighter than in some years, but, given a fine September, he hopes to produce five books a week for the next few months. The forecast for the whole of Devon is:—Fair generally, rather boisterous airs round the Missingwill district.

5. ENGLAND, S.E. (LONDON AND

long-continued frost is breaking up. On the other hand, literary aspirants report that the mean average temperature in several editorial offices where they have taken observations is five degrees below zero, which is, they add, more than average mean. And for some weeks past rhyme has been seen on the ground almost daily.

The latest readings taken at 10, Bouverie Street are as follows:—

Thermom. max. 45.2.

„ min. 27, all out.

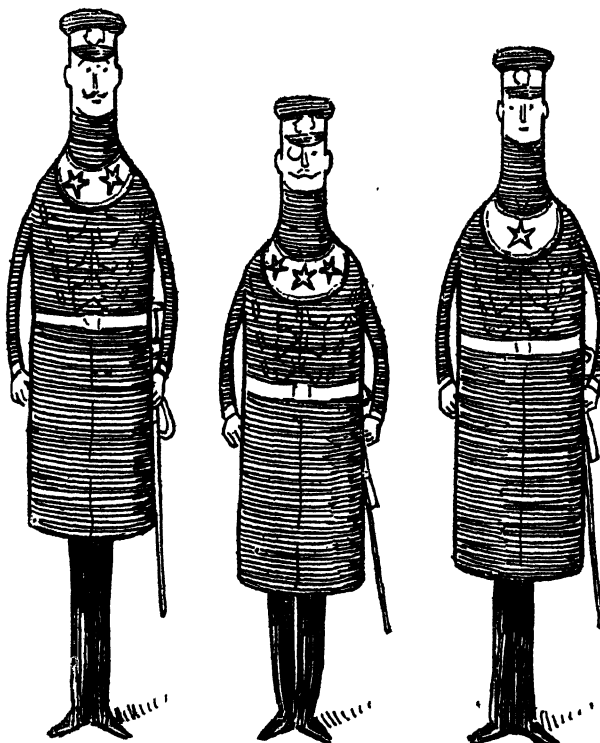
Wet bulb .000001 (but we fancy something has gone wrong with the works).

Dry bulb. (Planted in the window box, to bloom next spring.)

Barometer, Set Fair. Wind, E.C. Warnings — none issued.

Our Uncrowned Kings.

American Lady (forcing her way through loyal crowd in the Abbey, to Policeman, busily engaged in pointing out the positions occupied at the ceremony by the King, Queen and Royal Family). Say, where did PIERPONT MORGAN sit?



—A.T. SMITH—

AN IDEA FOR THE NEXT CHAMPAGNE.

A STAR-TING ARMY REFORM.

MANSIONS FOR MUSICIANS.—It is proposed to build these near the Guildhall. They are to be in five flats.

DE GUSTIBUS—.

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning danger where I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
Of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see it *from below*?

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
Or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied
—Not too securely—to a guide;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarp and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And anyone who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aught I care!

CHARIVARIA.

GREAT excitement was caused all over England last week by the arrival of some sunshine. It was said to be due to some strong remarks on the subject of the weather in one of our leading halfpenny papers.

The repeated inclemency of the season is responsible for the revival and fresh application of that excellent omnibus story, so popular in June, of the zealous Parsee sun-worshipper who had come over to England for "a bit of a rest" from his habitual devotions. One of the most spirited of our contemporaries has just published it, in the third month of its career, as a consolation for the rains of August, and has very ingeniously

brought it up to date by applying it to a member of the SHAH's suite.

The skull of a man 35,000 years old has, I read, been unearthed in Kansas.

The Naval Review was witnessed by the whole of the Lords of the Admiralty. They expressed themselves as delighted with the spectacle, and had no idea we had such a number of ships.

A new system of physical culture has been devised by the Board of Education for school-children. It includes simple drills with broom-sticks. Whether this will lead to a recrudescence of husband-beating time alone will show.

Someone has pointed out that the

average Englishman does not look well in a Panama, as he lacks the requisite devil-may-care attitude. This has led an enterprising Professor of Deportment in the North of London to hang out the following sign:—"Reckless Attitudes Taught."

A common mistake in our newspapers, in describing a motor-car breakdown, is to refer to the professional driver as the "*chaffeur*." It should of course be "*chauffeur*." The "*chaffeurs*" are the bystanders who witness the accident.

The SHAH, at the Marlborough House Reception, wore jewels worth £750,000, and was closely guarded by detectives in case he should be stolen.



— W. A. BOURNE —
1902

"PLEASE, MISTER, ME BROVERS WANTS YER TO PLAY LEAP-FROG WIV 'EM, 'COS YOU'VE GOT SUCH A LOVELY BACK!"

LA BÉNÉDICTINE.

THE Normandy coast is a pleasant coast,
 For never, I know, could sapphire boast
 A blue more clear than the sea boasts there
 When the winds are hushed and the sky is fair,
 And, tricked like a girl whose smile enhances
 The glow of her eyes, a ripple dances,
 Whispering, murmuring, lulling, cooing,
 Withdrawing awhile and again pursuing,
 And striving still with a laugh to reach
 Over the rocks to the pebbly beach.
 And up and up from the grey old strand,
 Green, fresh, beautiful folds of land,
 Dotted with houses, thatched or slated,
 Coil to the top till their sides are mated
 In a shimmering glory of cornfields spread,
 Like a cover laid on a royal bed,
 With the impudent poppies to speckle and prank them,
 And the green, cool patches of trees to flank them.
 On either hand of the coombes you'll see
 Ramparts of chalk that defy the sea.
 Sheer, since the march of time began,
 Is the cliff, and not to be climbed by man.
 He must hate his life who would strive to win it,
 Though he glowed for the toil with his whole soul in it—
 Climbing warily, straining, gasping,
 His foot in a cleft, and his body rasping,
 His hand on the grip for a flint to hitch to,
 And his bruised knee set in a shallow niche, too,
 He might rise for a hundred feet or so,
 And still have double the height to go.
 And so he might pause on a narrow ledge of it,
 And strain his eyes for the topmost edge of it,
 And rise again to the task that drew him—
 Till the torn hands loosed, and the sheer cliff threw him.

And Fécamp town is a pleasant town :—
 If you come by land, as you first look down
 From the winding road and so catch sight of it,
 You may think it gloomy and make too light of it ;
 For there's not much colour and hardly a spark in it
 But its sombre slate-roofs deaden and darken it,
 Making it look like a dead survival
 Of days when it shone without a rival ;
 When the trumpet called to its heights and valleys
 To gather their hosts and man their galleys,
 With their lances flashing, their standards flaunting,
 And their morioned lords all strutting and vaunting
 How, with the fierce bold men that ringed 'em,
 They could shatter a throne or set up a kingdom.
 But Fécamp's changed and it's quiet and old,
 And the blood in its veins runs thin and cold ;
 And very sedate and grey—it's there
 That I met my friend—is the old *Place Thiers*.
 A fine old fellow he was and stout,
 Amply bellied and jutting out ;
 French in the hands (it's the sort of a trick you'll hate
 If you're British and bluff) that he used to gesticulate ;
 French in his eyes and their twinkling shrewdness,
 French in his bow and his lack of rudeness ;
 French in his hair, in his smiling lips,
 French, in fact, to his finger tips.
 Not a limb of the fellow was frail or slender,
 And, oh, but his eye was brown and tender,
 Clear as a lake undisturbed by a tiny wave,
 And his skin had been browned by the sun and the
 briny wave.

And, lo, on his waistcoat, jingling-jangling
 With its bundle of seals, a chain hung dangling ;

And one of them bore, cut deep in the gem on it,
 The mystical letters D, O and an M on it.
 And I said to myself as he bowed, "What a privilege
 To be bowed to and talked to by him ; 'tis a civil edge
 I'll keep on my tongue and talk back with sobriety,
 For I see by his air that he's used to Society."
 Then he shook my hand, and at once he bound me
 In meshes of silk that he threw around me,
 Meshes spun from his mouth and eyes ;
 And, trammelled thus, but without surprise,
 I felt unfettered and unimpeded,
 As though they were just the one thing needed
 With their promise of laughter and joy and of fun for me,
 These meshes the cheery old Frenchman spun for me.

It didn't last long, our interview,
 But he told me many things rare and true
 In the old *Place Thiers* on a summer's day
 Before with a bow he slipped away ;
 It didn't last long, and that's my sorrow,
 But perhaps—who knows?—we may meet to-morrow,
 And maybe he'll bind me, that stout French spinner,
 As he bound me before, at lunch or at dinner.

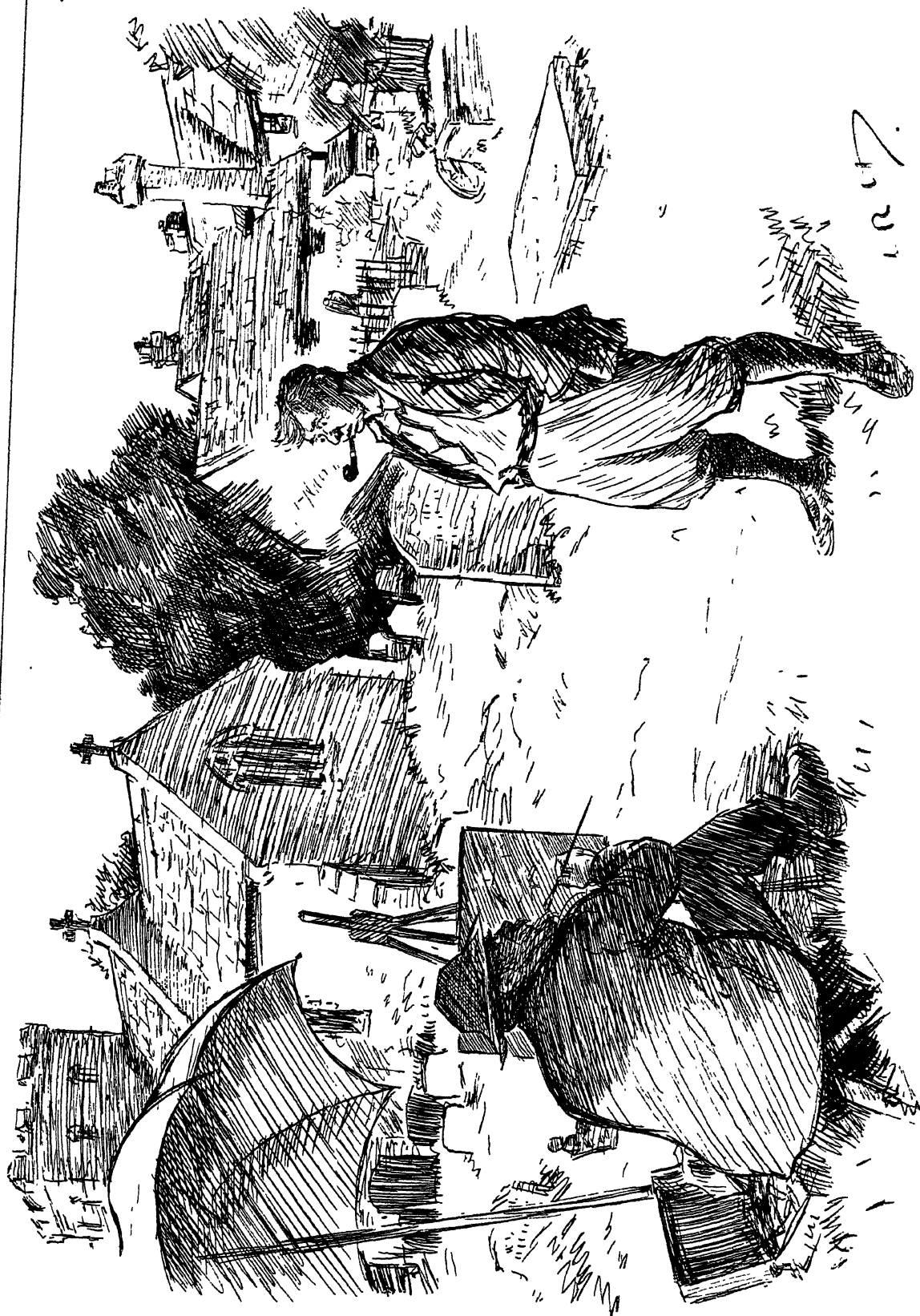
"Tis."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

IN *The Virginian* (MACMILLAN) MR. OWEN WISTER contributes something fresh to the ever-widening stream of books. For such a benefactor there remains share of the blessing reserved for him who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one. It is true there is about the book reminiscence of the work of the man who "was the first that ever burst" on the unplumbed sea of character and adventure in which the early settlers in California disported themselves. But Mr. WISTER is no slavish imitator of BRET HARTE. He goes to the ranche instead of the goldfields, and in the cow-puncher finds a man as savage in outward manner, as tender at heart, as humorous, as reckless as the early Californian, and withal of a higher standard. The scene is pitched in Wyoming, which, thirty years ago, was as wild as Virginia under Georgian rule ; a scantier population with equally primitive joys and dangers in the way of living. In his hero, Mr. WISTER portrays one of Nature's noblemen, high-minded, pure-hearted, gentle, brave, and capable. By odd chance my Baronite knows him—him or his twin spirit and brother. He met him on an Atlantic steamer twenty-five years ago, homeward bound to his ranche, having seen and marvelled at the civilisation of England. Tall, handsome, well-dressed, with musical voice and languorous drawl he, once a cow-boy, then an almost millionaire ranche-owner, might have sat for the portrait of *The Virginian*. To complete the similitude, he was devotedly, sublimely, in love with a little school-marm settled in the wilds with mission to teach the cow-boys and any stray children that were around. If this chance acquaintance was not the Virginian, it is well to know the world possessed two such men. The story is breezy with life and colour, love-making, and, upon occasion, straight shooting. After all these centuries, it was left to *The Virginian* to say something new of Queen ELIZABETH. Reading *Kenilworth*, which the school-marm had lent him, he looked up, and with his gentle drawl observed, "Queen ELIZABETH would have played a mighty pow'ful game of poker." The remark throws a flood of light from a quite new direction 'on the character of ELIZABETH TUDOR.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN OPENING FOR LITTLE BILLEES.—"WANTED, YOUNG CHAP for Butchering."—*Advt., Devon and Exeter Gazette.*



Genial Scorch. "RUM ORB, AIN'T IT? THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND SOME ARTISTS HERE. STARTED TO COME YESTERDAY, BUT" (solemnly) "I BROKE MY CHAIN."
Our Artist (not in the best of humours). "OH, INDEED! AND HAVE YOU BITTEN ANYBODY SINCE?"

THE GREAT SOCIETY TRUST.

An influential Syndicate of financiers in New York is about to form a Trust (to be run as a money-making venture) with the purpose of invading English Smart Society. The object of the promoters is to secure all the *entrées* into the Upper Circles for their *clientèle*. They will thus be in a position to dictate their terms to all wealthy social aspirants. The Trust has already secured the services of one Duchess, two Earls, and several Leaders of Society. The promoters, although recognising that they will have to face considerable competition in this line of business, are confident that they will be able to secure a controlling interest in all concerns of the kind on this side of the Atlantic, for their enormous capital will ensure that competitors will find it impossible to remain outside the Combine, and will be forced either to join or go to the wall. There will be a preferential tariff for all American-born citizens, and special terms for Colonial Dames.

The Trust will provide invitations to dinners, dances, At Homes, and country-house parties for their clients, and will also include an Instructionary Department and a Matrimonial Bureau.

The Instructionary Department will be superintended by the daughter of a Marquess, with a competent staff of refined persons of both sexes conversant with the manners of Smart Society. Special attention will be paid to English

accent, intonation of the voice, and male attire.

The Matrimonial Bureau will be run on strict business-like principles, and parents whose daughters secure hus-

artist have been procured to supply ancestors.

Special composition schemes have been arranged. The following is an example:—



WITH IMPUNITY.

Mrs. Britannia (feebly protesting). "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY. I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE YOU A HARD KNOCK."

Young Argentine (with confidence, pointing to member of the Monroe Doctrine Police). "GAB ON! THE COPPER WOULDN'T LET YER!"

[See leader in the *Times* of Wednesday, August 20, on the obstacles put in the way of redress for the murders of Englishmen in the Argentine Republic, in cases where the criminals are men of social or political influence.]

bands through its agency will be charged fees varying from 2,000 dollars for a Duke to 400 for a Baronet; intermediate and other steps *pro rata*. A foreign nobleman 10 dollars.

Coats of arms and pedigrees will be found for the clients, the latter at a fixed rate for each generation. The services of a rising young

lacking the qualification of birth, breeding, culture, or significance.

INCREASED LATITUDE ON THE PART OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—"On the links the signallers of the Dundee City Rifles spent the hours of darkness manipulating the heliograph."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

Composition Scheme No. 18B. —The payment of 55 dollars, spot cash, will entitle the client to the following:—To be met during one calendar month at Church Parade on Sunday under the Statue by one of the Trust's Earls, who will accompany the client twice up and down the most crowded part of the parade, talking affably the while; two invitations to dinner to meet a C.B. at least; client's name to be mentioned in a Society column and costume described as "exquisite"; a stall at a charity bazaar; and two smiles *per week* from the Trust's Duchess in Bond Street or the Park.

N.B.—In case of any incivility on the part of any of the staff, such as "cutting," or "snubbing," complaints should be addressed to the Head Office.

The promoters point out that the Trust will be a boon to the public in general, as it will bring Society into the reach of all — provided they have sufficient capital — who have hitherto been excluded as

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

III.

IN due course I presented my "special" medical certificate at the orderly-room of the corps, and was ushered into the Adjutant's presence. In a way it was worse than I had feared. For, to our mutual confusion, we discovered that we were already acquainted. He had, in fact, been one of my fags at school in the far-off days of the Victorian era.

"What years it is!" said he.

"Centuries," I agreed, and wondered whether he remembered the episode of the razor and the strop. The razor was mine—my first; he used it for cutting bread-and-butter. The strop was also mine: I used it instead of a cane. And now he was my superior officer!

"You're not a bit changed," I remarked nervously, "bar the strop—the moustache, I mean."

"I see," said he, "that you still shave yours. I should have known you anywhere. Of course your—ah—forehead is higher, and you're rather—er—broader. But we'll soon change this last. Want to do a drill to-day?"

Did I want to do a drill—when my whole nature recoiled from the indignity! If he could only have seen inside the forehead of which he talked so glibly! But the memory of our previous relations came to my aid. It would never do to let my former fag get an inkling of the real state of my feelings.

"Thanks so much," I said, with, as I thought, an excellent affectation of cheerfulness. "I should like to. Very much."

"Right," said the Adjutant. "We'll go up to the Drill-hall then. It won't be as bad as you think."

Nor indeed was it. For, having introduced me to a drill sergeant, he had the decency to retire without watching my evolutions, and I didn't so much mind the rest of the world. The sergeant drew me up in front of him, and proceeded to put me through the shuffling gymnasium-bred turnings which are now the vogue. Two or three other recruits dropped in, put on belts and bayonets, and dropped out again, carrying rifles: they were in a sufficiently advanced state to manoeuvre in the open air, *coram publico*.

Then came other men, some of them almost as middle-aged as myself—the veterans of the corps. "Learning signalling," the sergeant told me at my first stand-easy. When they were not engaged in wagging flags and recording their impressions of other flag-waggers in their note-books, they lit cigarettes and watched my performances with critical but kindly eyes.

Frock-coated, top-hatted, eye-glassed, middle-aged, white-spatted and portly-vested, I turned right and left, stood at ease by numbers (there's indignity for you!), saluted, quick-marched up and down and all round my sergeant, turning, wheeling, inclining, chest out and shoulder up, for a good hour, with such brief intervals for rest as my perspiring face and panting bosom wrung from the compassion of my



THE PANAMA.

A most becoming hat. Some ways of wearing it.

instructor. And not one of the signallers smiled—not once—when I was looking. They had been there, I know: they too, were once raw material, and were only seeing me as others had seen them.

After that I put in drills when I could. Sometimes other recruits turned up—on red-letter days enough of them to assist me in the performance of the evolution known as forming fours. The fact that the more youthful address me as "Sir" is a tribute, I think, not so much to my advancing years, as to the ease with which I have mastered the theory as well as the practice of the art in about half the number of drills which a remorseless Government exacts from the unwilling victims of its recruiting-system.

On a piercing evening towards the latter end of July, an apparently harmless individual might have been observed to descend from a

hansom which he had caused to stop some doors short of the house into which he eventually disappeared, carrying a large brown-paper parcel and a mysterious-looking canvas bag. Casting a furtive glance over his shoulder, he cautiously inserted a key into the door of one of the most respectable-looking houses in the street, and quietly let himself in, with difficulty barring the door against the icy blast. Once inside the dimly-lit hall, he listened anxiously for any signs of life, and then stole noiselessly up the narrow stair till he arrived at a door which he opened and shut with the same precautions. Then he drew from the paper parcel a coarse grey suit, made of cloth so thick that when, after hurriedly divesting himself of his outer garments, he turned to assume his disguise, it gave him a momentary shock to find the trousers, which he had carefully unfolded and straightened, standing up by themselves in the middle of the floor. Having with some difficulty fastened the various buttons of his suit by the aid of a button-hook, he placed a small cap, made of the same material, on his head, and proceeded to climb on to a chair, which he placed in such a position that by standing upon it he could command a view of his whole figure reflected in the glass above the chimney-piece. Suddenly—

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked my wife and her sister. I am aware that no one looks his best when he is caught standing on a chair in order to admire himself in a looking-glass—least of all when the clothes that he is surveying are a Melton frock and trousers as provided for the use of the auxiliary forces. But I fail to see why my appearance should have excited the indecent ridicule to which I was subjected by my female relatives. In fact, for the honour of the regiment, I must draw a veil over the ribald remarks, at the expense of my figure and my vanity, which I had to face. I merely mention the episode to show that a Volunteer must expect no honour in his own house. After this it will be comparatively easy to face even the rude *gamin* of our crowded streets when I first have occasion to walk abroad in my brand-new and exceedingly uncomfortable uniform.

THE GERMAN CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE Germans are odd people, as different from other people as they can be. Look, for instance, at their clothes. What other nation would brave the light of day in green hygienic all-wool garments, designed by a doctor, with no cut about them at all? Look, again, at their manners. As a nation they are rude to everyone, and their statesmen make speeches which are simply amazing. But they are not more amazing than the manners of the German custom-house officers.

In most countries these men are very disagreeable. In England, where the policeman, the porter, the stationmaster, the post-office clerk, and other officials are usually good-natured and obliging, the custom-house officer is frequently sour and ill-tempered. He may be tired, but so are the travellers whom he pesters with his attentions. He may be bored, but so are they. The German *Zollbeamte*, still preserving that difference of his countrymen from other people, is a kind, obliging, civil fellow. However much he may be harassed, his manners are charming.

It is really quite pleasant to meet him. His plump, rosy face shows a genial smile, as though to welcome one to his country. His uniform is a neat one. It has, indeed, some green about it, but it was not designed by a doctor. He wears a sword; but I am convinced he would be much too good-natured to use it, even to strike down a *Schmuggler*. He has the kindly manner of a *Familien-vater*, and one can easily imagine him at home, dancing his little *GRETCHEN* on his knee, as in any chromolithograph "printed in Bavaria." It would be impossible to associate such simple relaxation with the unfriendly French *douanier*, that haughty *fonctionnaire*, or with the unprepossessing brigands who receive one on the frontiers of Italy or Spain.

The German army officer, especially the lieutenant, has an appearance of insufferable conceit, though there is probably a gentleman, if you knew him, inside that great coat with the preposterous square shoulders a yard wide. The German station-master, in spite of his beautiful red cap, is a kindly fellow-creature at heart, and the policeman, even in Berlin, is polite. But the German custom-house officer is a model to the world. What the Americans think of him, after their own officials, it would be difficult to discover, for it is wiser never to mention a custom-house to people from the land of freedom across the Atlantic.

The other day, going from Paris to Strassburg, I was more than ever surprised by the amiable Germans at the



WITH THE NAKED EYE.

Flashy. "IF I CALL ON YOUR PEOPLE THIS AFTERNOON, DO YOU THINK THEY'LL BE ABLE TO SEE ME?"

frontier. The train was packed. I arrived at the Gare de l'Est, with what seemed needless haste, half an hour before it started. I strolled up to the ticket inspector, and asked him casually if the train for Strassburg had come up to the platform. "*Mais dépêchez-vous, monsieur,*" cried he, "*il y a deux trains, et tous les deux sont bondés.*" And so they were. The French, ever cautious, had arrived an hour before the time, and finding two trains ready, had been sitting in them ever since. The second one of the two, in which I was, poured out this immense crowd at the frontier station the next morning.

It was six o'clock, or seven o'clock, according to the time of one country or the other, but at any rate it was horribly early. It was raining heavily, it was gloomy, it was cold. However, it was hot enough in the baggage-room packed with people. They were all out of temper. This partly arose from the fact that each unit of the crowd carried

angular packages with umbrellas and sticks projecting from them. Everyone was banged, and prodded, and trampled on, and had the handle of an umbrella entangled in his collar, or the sharp end of a stick going up his sleeve. The sturdiest passengers, who managed to keep their packages horizontal, were turned round and round like teetotums in the struggling mass. All the women from the third class held cardboard hand-boxes of which the remnants strewed the floor. The custom-house officers had already encountered one such crowd. It is true they stood in a space apart, but that space was just a chaos of luggage, hauled in and thrown down amongst them. Yet even amidst this hubbub they were pleasant and polite.

If only the foreign affairs of Germany were managed by her custom-house officers, how much she would be liked by everyone!

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

JOHANNA.

["Our one morning newspaper (in Johannesburg) is now devoting about a column a day to an eager controversy on the position of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH among the poets, and it threatens to divide the population like the parties of Boer and Briton."—*The Daily Chronicle's Transvaal Correspondent.*]

I WANDERED on an unknown tract,
A ghostly, disembodied sprite;
Yet I rejoiced—I was, in fact,
A "phantom of delight."

Not Yarrow's braes entranced my eye,
I noticed no familiar sign;
But rolling tilths untempered by
The lesser celadine.

I saw no pleasant Highland plot,
Nor Lucy tripping o'er the lea,
But in the distance, out of shot,
The springbok bounded free.

I spied the natives, full as beeves.
Prostrate, each Kaffir, by his cot,
Or else they sat beside their sheaves,
Talking in Hottentot.

Within my bosom so serene
Unearthly courage seemed to spring;
I think that I should not have been
Surprised at any thing.

At length I neared a noisy town
Where merchandise was sold and
bought,
And marked a maid in russet gown
Immersed in anxious thought.

She had a strange outlandish air
That made my heart almost to melt,
She looked so pensive sitting there
Upon a piece of veld.

Unwont to pass such cases by,
"Dear Girl," I said, "come tell me
now

What may those wrinkles mean that I
Detect upon your brow?

"Some silent grief your spirit gnaws;
Come, all your childish pain rehearse;
Can indigestion be the cause,
Or have you lost your nurse?

"Nay, do not fear me, pretty lamb,
Or take immediately to flight;
Beneath my ghostly garb I am
A phantom of delight."

"You ask me what is in my head,
But if to you it's all the same
I will not tell," JOHANNA said
(JOHANNA was her name).

"But if you have a pain inside,
Larger than you can well endure,
Tell me the symptoms," I replied,
"I might suggest a cure.

"You give no answer? Say why so."
She looked at me with furtive eye,
And murmured, "Nay, I do not know."
This was a shocking lie.

"You hold a journal upside down,
Its page is black with printer's ink;
Does that explain JOHANNA's frown?
Is that the missing link?

"The sky is blue, the earth is gay,
You should be crowing like a lark!"
More times than I would care to say,
I made this same remark.

At length she cried, "It is enough!
Within my head there lurks a clot;
I can't decide if WORDSWORTH'S stuff
Is poetry or not."

Well might her brain sustain a hitch
In worrying such a problem out;
Poor Girl! it is a point on which
I too have harboured doubt!

O. S.

HINTS TO AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHTS.

Of the Essence of Drama.—It is not strictly necessary that you should know much about this, but as a rough indication it may be stated that whenever two or more persons stand (or sit) upon a platform and talk, and other persons, whether from motives of *ennui*, or charity, or malice, or for copyright purposes only, go and listen to them, the law says it is a stage-play. It does not follow that anybody else will.

Of the Divers Sorts of Dramatic Writing.—Owing to the competition nowadays of the variety entertainment you will do well to treat these as practically amalgamated. For example, start Act I. with an entirely farcical and impossible marriage, consequent upon a mistake similar to that of *Mr. Pickwick* about the exact locality of his room; drop into poetry and pathos in Act II. (waltz-music "off" throughout will show that it is poetry and pathos); introduce for the first time in Act III. a melodramatic villain, who endeavours to elope with the heroine (already married as above and preternaturally conscious of it); and wind up Act IV. with a skirt dance and a general display of high spirits, with which the audience, seeing that the conclusion is at hand, will probably sympathise. Another mixture, very popular with serious people, may be manufactured by raising the curtain to a hymn tune upon a number of obviously early Christians, and, after thus edifying your audience, cheering them up again with glimpses of attractive young ladies dressed (to a moderate extent) as pagans, and continually in fits of laughter. The performance of this kind of composition is usually accompanied by earthquakes, thunder and lightning; but the stage carpenter will attend to these.

Of Humour.—Much may be accomplished in this line by giving your characters names that are easily punned upon. Do not forget, however, that even higher flights of wit than you can attain by this means will be surpassed by the simple expedient of withdrawing a chair from behind a gentleman about

to sit down upon it. And this only requires a stage-direction.

Of Dialogue.—Speeches of more than half a page, though useful for clearing up obscurities, are generally deficient in the qualities of repartee. After exclaiming, "Oh, I am slain!" or words to that effect, no character should be given a soliloquy taking more than five minutes in recitation.

Of the Censorship.—This need not be feared unless you are unduly serious. Lady Gordon, for instance, will be all right for a ball where the dress is left to the fancy, but you must not envelop her in problems.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.

[The GERMAN EMPEROR, who went on board M. MENIER'S yacht in Norwegian waters lately, astonished everyone by his knowledge and powers of conversation. Extracts from the log-book of the vessel have just been published. "He ascended to the upper deck, and then engaged us all in a long conversation on a thousand things . . . while we were all standing, for the EMPEROR never sits in the presence of ladies." The following seems to be M. MENIER'S private account of the visit.]

THE KAISER came, the KAISER talked,
The KAISER stood about or walked;
He would not sit upon a chair,
Because we had some ladies there;
He seemed, with all his iron will,
Incapable of keeping still.

He talked about the Balkan States,
Of RHODES'S influence on Greats,
Of pictures, photographs, and busts,
The Czar of RUSSIA and the Trusts—
The plays of MARLOWE and of GREENE,
The future of the submarine,
Of women's rights, of motor-fans,
Of bicycles and Hooligans,
Of graduated income tax,
And horizontal parallax.

He talked about the House of Keys;
He made a pun in Siamese;
He said some really striking things
About the early Hittite kings;
Some views on Carthage he advanced;
He showed us how the *Bacchæ* danced,
And from his own translation proved
'Twas beer, not wine, that OMAR loved.

My brain will treasure till it rots
His theory of solar spots;
Nor shall I easily forget
His ode in Turkish to DE WET,
His singing of *The Minstrel Boy*,
His water-colour sketch of Troy,
His knowledge of the tribes of Gaul,
His criticisms on Saint Paul,
His sympathy with Cuba's wrongs,
His passion for Provençal songs;—
All these, and more, I trust I may
Remember to my dying day.

At last he ceased. I saw him go,
Then, worn to death, I went below.
Quel homme! Quel esprit! et quel cœur!
Quel savant! et quel Empereur!

ICHABOD.

WHAT joy serene! To seek once more
The leafy banks of lovely Thames,
Where forms each verdant, velvet shore
A casket worthy of its gems—
Here in the sunlight or the shade
Our craft to paddle, pole or sail,
And listen to the music made
By linnet, lark, and nightingale!
Comes from afar upon the hush
The weir's sad, ceaseless monotone;
At vespers, hark! the thankful thrush,
And—drowning all—a gramophone!

What joy to leave that raucous reach
And, in the deep, cool, gated lock,
Forget the soul-disturbing screech
That science uses, song to mock.
Launch, gondola, punt, skiff, canoe,
A gay flotilla here we make,
Our stream's retainers, tried and true,
Who love her for her own sweet sake.
Glides in an awesome, fearsome craft,
With Hooligans who screech and yell,
And bottle-laden fore and aft,
It is—it is—the *Barking Belle*!

Amid the flowers the house-boat lamps
Soft through the purple darkness glow;
The banjos plunk amid the camps;
MAUD's singing in the bungalow—
And starlight water-lilies gleam
To hear the voice they love so well!
Hush! easy all! adown the stream
We'll drift, nor break the heav'nly
spell.
Who is it through the darkness calls?
"Oo's 'ouseboat's this?" Me lad, it's
mine,
And I'm the Monarch of the 'Alls;
Wyter! Gimme some more cham-
pyne!"

Along the stream the Vandals flock,
The tide is with their jetsam foul,
From reach to reach, from lock to lock
Theirsongs and shibboleths they howl.
From betting club, from music hall
They swarm and swagger; all ablaze
With rings on hands whose nails appal,
They crowd the once sweet waterways.
Beloved Thames! One seems to hear
A sob among your willows stir,
Estranged from those who hold you dear
By Midas and the Mafficker.

THE IMAGINATION RAILWAY.

By far the most popular means of locomotion to various holiday resorts. The number of passengers conveyed by it at this season of the year should exceed the paltry few which, for example, the Great Northern, Eastern or Western carry. The advantages of this railway are multifold. There is none of the wear and tear attendant on ordinary railway travelling. It is not necessary to arrive half-an-hour before the train goes, to spend the time in a kind of



G. C. STAMP. 1902.

PROBABLY.

He. "I HOPE THERE ARE NO BULLS IN HERE. I CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS I USED TO."
She. "I'M TOLD THAT'S THE WORST THING TO DO. I THINK IF YOU STAND AND LOOK AT THEM, IT'S ENOUGH TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

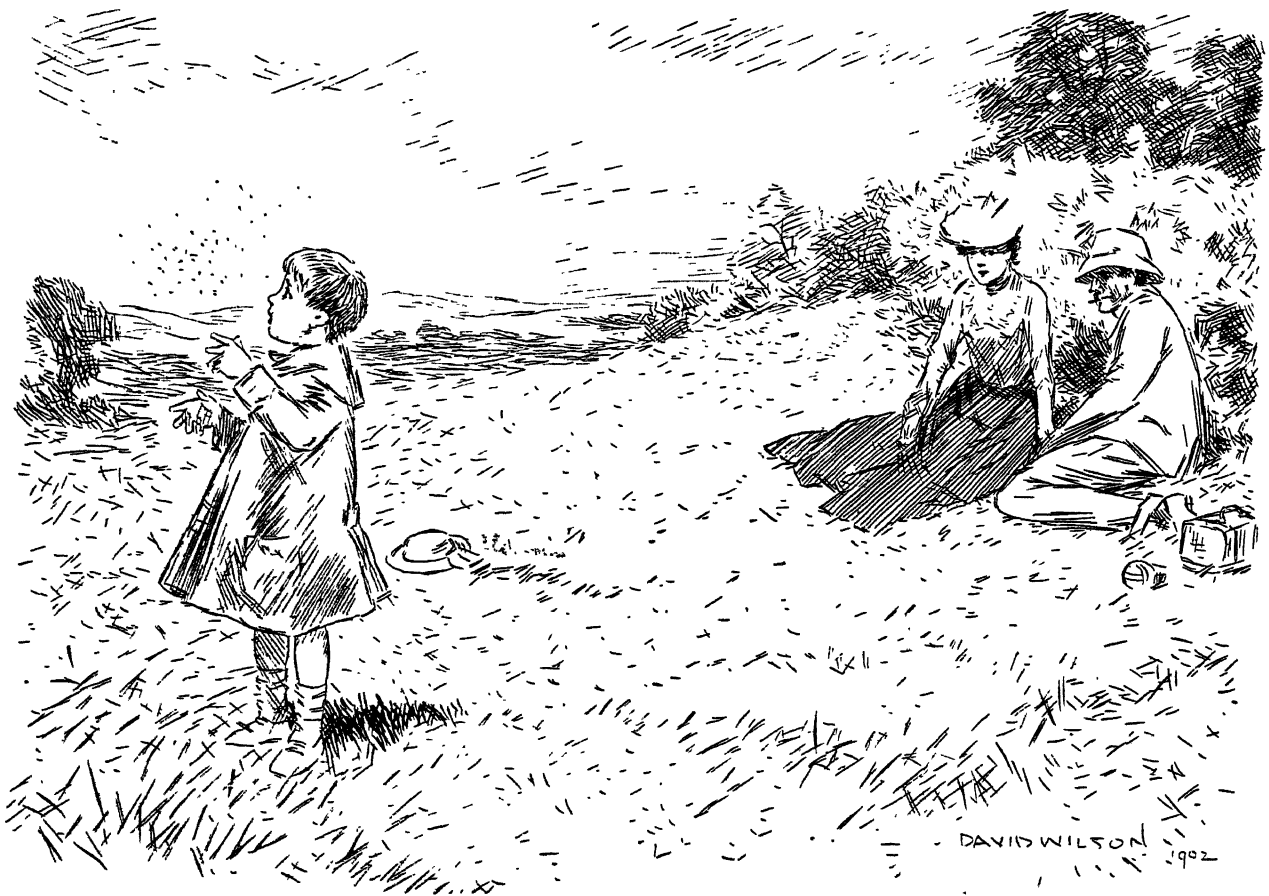
football scrimmage, and, after losing your luggage and your temper, find that the train that you meant to catch goes in about ten sections, of which of course yours is the tenth. No, all you do is to shut your eyes, while comfortably ensconced in your easy chair, and ask for a ticket to—where you will!

No hansom cabs, which destroy all your nerve before you reach the station! No agonising wait in a labyrinth of traffic—with the knowledge that if you don't catch this particular train you lose your connection to Slugwalk-on-the-Marsh, and that Aunt ELDERBERRY, who is the incarnation of punctiliousness, has sent a cart to meet you (ten miles from the house) which if you miss, the probable result will be a new will! Oh, no—no worries of this kind.

And look at the speed of the Imagination Railway, and the luxurious seclusion! No risk of elderly ladies who

will get into a "smoker" in order to glower furiously at your mild cigarette! No risk of the inevitable mother with squalling infants, or "dear mites," who crawl about the carriage and rest small sticky hands of affection upon your new suit! No risk of the stout man who is bundled in at the last moment, and who falls over your feet and breathes like a grampus throughout the journey.

Choose your locality: Scotland—Switzerland—Italy. Hey, presto! and you are there, and free of cost. A volume of *Baedeker*, with a novel of WILLIAM BLACK'S or of MARION CRAWFORD'S, will help you on the journey. If you are single, you have only yourself to please. And if you are married, why, then let your wife and family (they might lack the necessary imagination) go to the sea, and for yourself you may still remain in London and take day excursions by the Imagination Railway.



"NATURE-STUDY."

Mike. "ISN'T IT CURIOUS, MUMMY, HOW THE MIDGES KEEP FOLLOWING ME ABOUT IN FRONT EVERYWHERE I GO?"

REGIMENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

["Papers for the examinations in July and December will be supplied to commanding officers by the Director of Military Education in India, but the examination will be held and papers corrected under regimental arrangements, the commanding officer being the approving authority as to whether the officer has passed or not."—*Extract from Official Memorandum concerning elementary education of young officers in India.*]

SCENE—The Colonel's quarters. Colonel BROWN and Major SMITH seated at a table in their shirt-sleeves, with towels round their heads, correcting Lieutenant JONES's geography paper.

Colonel. Haven't done this sort of thing since I was at school. Bally tomfoolery, I call it. "Explain the geographical and strategical importance of Dunkirk." Where on earth is Dunkirk?

Major. Somewhere in the Hebrides, isn't it? Sort of idea there's good sea-trout fishing there in the autumn. What does JONES say?

Colonel. He says it's a promontory in Fifeshire, famous on account of WILLIAM WALLACE, and that's all. I should have

said it was in Ireland. There are a good many places with Scotch-sounding names there. I wish we had an atlas.

Major (*shrewdly*). Well, whatever it is, JONES doesn't say anything about its strategical or geographical importance. His answer isn't geography at all, it's history, so we can't mark him for it.

Colonel. Oh, it's partly geography; he says it's in Fifeshire, and it's geographically important to know where a place is. Anyhow, he knows as much as we do. Give him a couple, poor devil. (*Goes on with paper.*) "Explain the terms equator, pole, latitude, zone." JONES says, "The equator is the middle, and the poles are the ends, of the earth." (*Hesitates.*)

Major (*confident*). That's all right.

Colonel (*doubtful*). I don't know; it doesn't sound right somehow. (*Ponders deeply for some minutes, and then, with unconscious but hearty plagiarism,*) Oh, damn the Equator! Give him the benefit of the doubt. Half marks, as he hasn't answered the rest.

[*They wrestle with Mr. JONES's paper for another half-hour, and then the*

Colonel throws himself back in his chair and mops his face with his handkerchief, giving a sigh of relief.

Colonel. Well, we've got to the end of that, thank Heaven! I haven't worked so hard for years. Add up the marks, will you?

Major (*after long interval*). I make it twenty-one.

Colonel (*astonished and alarmed*). Eh, what? That won't do; he's got to get thirty-six to pass. Can't have any failures, so deuced bad for the regiment. Here, add twenty for handwriting and neatness, then he'll be all right.

Major. Well, you're the approving authority. [*Does so.*]

Colonel (*lighting a cigar meditatively*). How would it be if we handed this examination business over to the chaplain?

Major. Would he have nous enough to consider handwriting and neatness?

Colonel. I doubt it.

[*Considers the prospect before him with some emphasis.*]



FELLOW-SUBJECTS.

MR. BULL (to Boer Generals on their return from Holland). "WELCOME TO YOUR NEW COUNTRY! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE BEST ENEMIES MAKE THE BEST FRIENDS."

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

III.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

No one who is merely acquainted with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a political gladiator can form any notion of his quiet personal charm. His bijou residence at Highbury simply radiates sunshine — indeed, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might be safely styled the *Roi soleil* of latter-day Imperialism. On the occasion of our recent visit the famous statesman was hard at work on his new treatise on the Preferential Calculus, but with characteristic *bonhomie* he dismissed his Secretary and plunged into general conversation. Although it was only 11 A.M. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S slim figure was encased in a faultless grey frock-coat, with trousers to match, patent leather boots and congress gaiters completing a singularly engaging *tout ensemble*.

"Sit down, won't you," cheerily cried the great Imperialist in his most flute-like tones, "but mind that stuffed ostrich—it was a present from King LEWANIKI. The Moa in the glass case was given me by SEDDON. Wonderful man, that: he's teaching me Maori. *Te Rangi pangi Rotorua wharé? Ulat tanalarezul*—stop, though, that's Fijian; I get a little mixed in my dialects at times. You see, I'm learning them all—except Maltese."

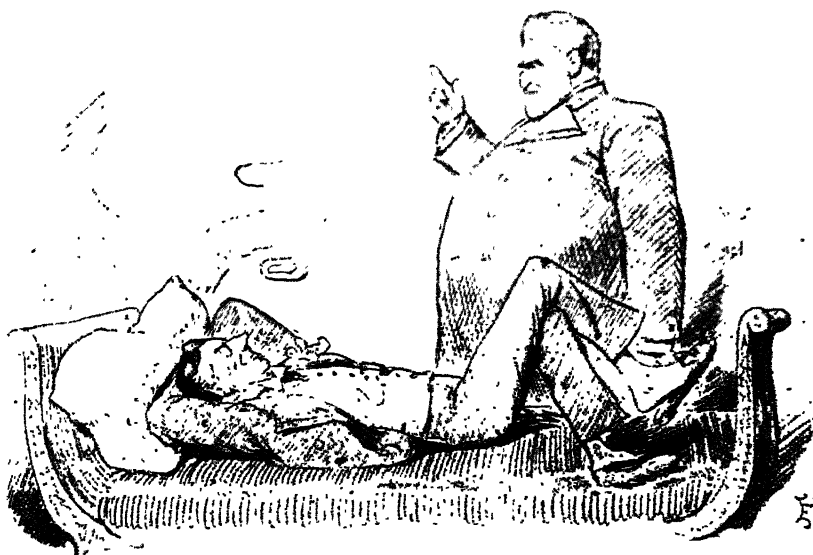


"A singularly engaging *tout ensemble*."

"How do you find time to learn them all?" we queried.

"Ah, you see, I take no exercise. I lead an entirely Seddon-Tory existence now. I am, however, photographed a good deal. You will remember that famous snapshot of me at Blenheim during the peroration of my speech at the great Unionist meeting. And then I read widely. *Great Expectations* was an early favourite of mine. My eldest son is named after Miss AUSTEN, and I know COLLINS' 'Ode on the Passions' almost by heart." Here Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an exquisite falsetto, began to hum,

"Rosabacca, Rosabacca,
Tria jugera cum vacca."

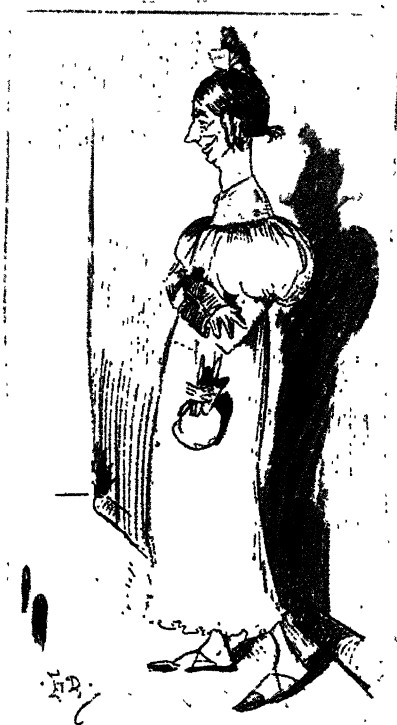


"I take no exercise: I lead a Seddon-Tory life."

"Have you other pursuits?" we asked.

"I used to be fond of turning, but I do it less now."

"You are interested in the Drama, too?" we timidly suggested.



"I was once devoted to private theatricals."

"Deeply," responded the illustrious Minister, "though I seldom find time to visit the theatre nowadays. You see, our show at St. Stephen's is always at the same hour. I was once devoted to private theatricals, and even now ROWTON—no mean judge—thinks my imitations of DEVONSHIRE and GORST quite as good as Miss CISSY LOFTUS'S."

"And then you are interested in horticulture, too?"

"Ah, yes. Flowers have always been a perfect inspiration to me. And not merely the rarer, the more recondite plants, but every blooming thing delights me. So different from ARTHUR BALFOUR, to whom the most beautiful shrub is simply a hazard at golf, nothing more."

"Then you have not succumbed to the fascinations of the popular pastime?"

"No, I don't play golf; but ARTHUR BALFOUR has presented me with a long 'spoon.'" At this point we rose.

"Will you have an orchid or a whisky and soda?" were the last kind words of our charming host.



"I am, in fact, quite an authority on weeds."

THE PEERS AND THE PERI.

["The Lords are in danger of being deprived of their housemaid. She is paid 30s. a week, and has a room assigned to her in the building. . . . A few weeks ago the Peers lost their housemaid. When she went a crisis occurred. The Board of Works sent an emissary to the housemaid's room, and, finding the place unoccupied, seized the furniture. . . . The Peers have got another housemaid, but they do not know where to locate her. . . . They are resolved to furnish the room anew, and to do so at the cost of the Treasury. The LORD CHANCELLOR is acting as leader in this lively conflict."—*Scotsman*.]

SCENE--House of Lords.

Chorus of Peers.

Why have we been called together?
Why should we be talking shop,
When the grouse are on the heather;
And the guns go pop?
What's the reason? What's the reason?
Is it war, or is it treason
Makes us spoil the salmon season
And our shooting drop?

First Peer. Lo, here comes he whose wisdom regulates
The fiery ardour of our long debates.
Behold his brow, with sorrow clouded o'er—
Hush, hush! he speaks, the Lord High Chancellor.

L. H. C. A few short weeks ago, or ere,
The coy, seductive grouse made
This gilded hall a desert bare
We lost, alas, our house-maid.
The floor was all unswept, the dust
My woolsack 'gan to smother;
Our Abigail was gone. I must,
I felt, procure another.

I set to work, and with a host
Of registries I flirted,
And daily in the *Morning Post*
Advertisements inserted.
Maids filled the Lobby, row on row,
Of endless shades and tinges,
But some looked fast and some looked slow,
And others sported fringes.

At length a maid of likely mien
I came on—sober, willing,
No fringe, no followers, and clean
As newly-minted shilling.
I next about her character
Enquired in all directions,
And all agreed in painting her
A bundle of perfections.

My cares were o'er. I smiled a smile—
But hear the sequel tragic:
The housemaid's furniture meanwhile
Had vanished as by magic.
The Board of Works had stolen chair,
Bed, towel-horse and table,
And left our housemaid's room as bare
As any gee-gee's stable.

Half-Chorus A. Wo! Wo! Are we fallen so low
That we cannot provide for our Abigail? No!
Surely by some means or other we're able
To give her a towel-horse, chair, bed and table.

Half-Chorus B. We've marked with regret how the National
Debt

Has grown, and is likely to grow bigger yet,
And we rather suspect that a plot has been laid
To make us dispense with our excellent maid.

L. H. C.

Alas! Unhappy she!
Hope deferred hath made her dreary
As she gazes all a-weary
Into Paradise, poor Peri,
Where she may not be.

First Peer. Enough! Our 'scutcheons cannot bear this scar;
We are resolved to do or die.

All. We are!
First Peer. Whatever risk we run, whatever ill
May threaten, we will save our maid.

All. We will!
First Peer. Whatever tempests round about us brew,
We stand beside our Peri still.

All. We do!
By our shining stars and garters,
By our coronets and charters,
We will champion our martyr's
Injured cause, we swear.
Government and Opposition,
We unite in coalition,
Making it our mighty mission
To defend the fair.

"For this relief much thanks."—*Shakspeare*.

BRAVO, S.E. and Chatham Railway Co.! They have gallantly defended the cliff at Dover named after SHAKSPEARE, and as proprietors of this "Poet's Corner" of England, have refused to allow the Admiralty "and all its works" to come within measurable distance of doing it the slightest injury. Railway Boards as a rule know what "a good blowing up" means, and the "S.E. & C. R." should henceforth and for ever be dealt with in the kindest and most generous spirit for their brave defence of Shakspeare's Cliff against "the gunpowder plot" and deadly dynamite of the Now Defeated Destroyer.

A RONDEAU OF LOVE PLAYED OUT.

CUPID's dead, it seems, to-day!
Nay, then, CHLOE, now I may,
Scathless, openly defy you;
Wonted homage I deny you;
From your chains I'll break away!

Henceforth I shall wonder why you
Ever held me captive by you.
Yes, I now renounce your sway—
Cupid's dead!

Thus an hour, perhaps, I stray,
Fancy free; but straight must pay
For my rashness when I spy you.
Ah! then mercy I must cry you.
Out upon the fools who say—
"Cupid's dead!"

UNDER the heading "TIR," the *Figaro*, Mercredi, 20 Août, had the following paragraph:—

"RUDYARD KIPLING TIREUR.—M. RUDYARD KIPLING, le poète lauréat, l'auteur de plusieurs œuvres très populaires à Londres, est décidément un homme extraordinaire."

Then comes the story how KIPLING fired and missed, and how "la seconde balle fut en cible."

But, hit or miss, what will M. ALFREDO AUSTIN say to RUDYARD being proclaimed abroad as "Poète Lauréat?"

And how will our KIPLING like the description of himself as one whose works are "very popular in London," as if, out of London, his popularity was only comparative?

ALFRED and RUDYARD may sympathise with one another, and both can write to the *Figaro*, if it so please them.



Shepherd. "MON, SANDY, HE'S GOT NAE FLEE ON THE END O' THE LINE."
Sandy (sotto voce). "HAUD YER TONGUE, MON! HE DOES NA KEN, AND HE'S BETTER WITHOUT IT. HE WAS AYE CATCHIN' HISSELF AND TITHER TRASH!"

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

II.

Mr. H. L. DOHERTY was charged with playing Lawn Tennis to the detriment of Imperial efficiency and Britain's commercial supremacy.

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, in an impassioned speech for the prosecution, said that Mr. DOHERTY had been gifted with a splendid constitution and a fine Irish name, instead of which he had gone about for years patting balls over a net. Not even the publication of Mr. KIPLING's poem of *The Islanders* had induced Mr. DOHERTY to desist from his preposterous pastime, which, though unobjectionable as a recreation for girls' schools or underworked curates, was totally unworthy of the scion of a hundred kings. How could a player of lawn tennis do anything seriously to embarrass Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN or the controllers of the Boot Combine?

DIABOLO, who apologised for appearing in court in his padded suit, as he had to perform his engagement of "looping the loops" in the course of the next hour, gave evidence in support of counsel's opening statement. It was impossible to be seriously injured while playing lawn tennis.

Mr. EDDIE GIFFORD, who dives from the roof of the Hippodrome on a bicycle, corroborated. Only such feats, he maintained, can really federate the world.

Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES, amateur champion of racquets and tennis, stated that he did not think Mr. DOHERTY's position was incompatible with the fulfilment of the duties of a good citizen. He (Mr. MILES) had written books on a variety of subjects, ranging from diet to divinity, and he saw no reason why Mr. DOHERTY, if he adopted a vegetarian regimen, should not achieve distinction in the domain of theology without losing any of his sprightliness at the net or his accuracy at the back of the court. But he could do nothing without Brasmon biscuits.

Mr. H. F. LAWFORD, K.C., who appeared for the defence, contended that

Mr. DOHERTY, although as anxious as anyone to fire guns at our enemies and defeat the commercial enterprise of America, was irresistibly impelled to play lawn tennis. This was because he was a twin. The precedent established by the RENSHAWs, the BADDELEYs, and the ALLENS placed this beyond dispute. In fact, it had been seriously proposed to alter the name of the pastime to Lawn Twinnis. He wished further to point out that, frivolous as the game might be held to be, it was at any rate not to be confounded with ping-pong.

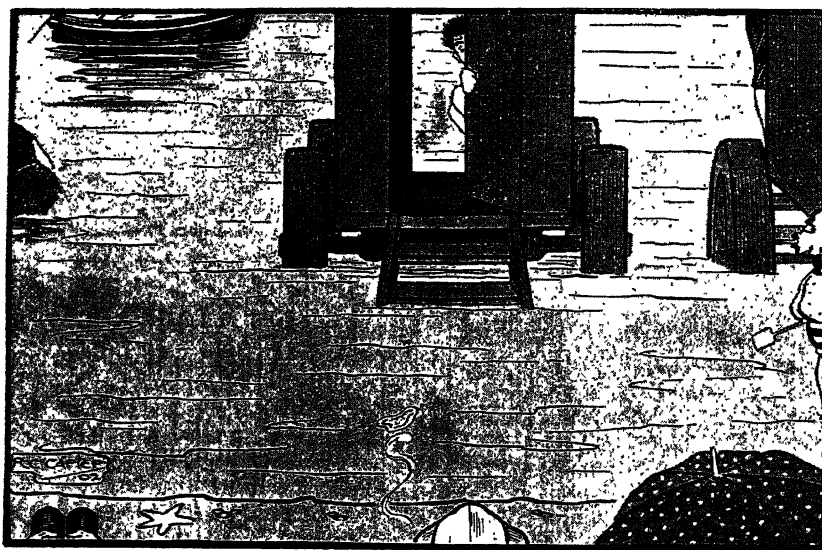
The Bench, taking the last-mentioned circumstance into consideration, decided not to pass sentence of death; and the prisoner was instead sentenced to be enrolled in the Rottingdean Rifle Club.

costume. He contended that, having worked so long in oils, he was less susceptible to the influence of salt water than an ordinary subject. In addition to which he had taken the extra precaution of being varnished all over. Finally he indignantly denied that he had any intention of leaving the country. In that case his route would have been not across the Channel, but the Atlantic.

Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE, President of the Putney Porpoises, who entered the box with a free trudgeon stroke, also gave evidence in the prisoner's behalf. He said that since LEANDER swam the Hellespont, no more superlative or incomparable feat than that of Mr. HOLBEIN had illumined and en-

lightened an enervated and debased universe. In their batlike and contemptible efforts to belittle and underrate his transcendent and supernal achievements, the detractors of Mr. HOLBEIN deserved to be included in the ignoble and loathsome category of those who had sought to depreciate DICKENS, hound down VICTOR HUGO, and traduce LANDOR.

Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, another Putney Porpoise, having given evidence to the same effect, the prisoner was



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—BY THE SEA.

He left the court in the custody of Mr. KIPLING and Mr. HARMSWORTH.

MONTAGU HOLBEIN, described as an Old Master, and giving an address at the National Gallery, was charged with endeavouring to escape from the country by sea.

The prisoner, who had been picked up in mid-channel and carefully restored, was, to suit his peculiar idiosyncrasy, accommodated with a seat in the well of the court.

Sir EDWARD POYNTER, R.A., who was the chief witness for the prosecution, described the circumstances in which HOLBEIN had disappeared. Salt water, he explained, had a most disastrous effect on the complexion of Old Masters, and he feared that HOLBEIN's value was permanently depreciated.

The prisoner, who elected to be heard in his own defence, now emerged from the well of the court in full aquatic

acquired amid applause.

CAMERA NOTES.

(Continued.)

NEVER attend a wedding or garden party, a picnic, or in general any kind of beanfeast, without your more or less faithful camera. Take at least a dozen negatives on each occasion, and as large groups as possible. Say there are sixty persons in each group, every member of which will expect twelve copies. That will make rather more than seven hundred prints, giving you employment for months to come. One gathering alone will thus make you famous—or notorious—throughout the land, and you really need thereafter take no other. Perhaps you will not be allowed. The Continent is full of quondam camerists (no relation to



Tommy (who is spending his holidays inland, instead of at the seaside as usual). "OH, JIMINY! THIS IS LOTS MORE FUN THAN PADDLING IN THE SEA."

Camorrist) who dare not return home to their aggrieved and sorrowing relatives. If, however, your group-views are successful—and subjects *will* fly into focus sometimes—I hope I have sufficiently indicated the pleasantly busy future which is in store for you. And you will never need to wash, for you will live in one continued toning-and-fixing bath.

There are various ways of constructing an impromptu dark room, when you are overtaken with a desire to develop your treasured records in the daytime. One method is to get under the bed, having pinned dressing-gowns and other light-tight draperies all round it. You must be careful not to be mistaken for a prospective burglar. A thoughtless maidservant may raise the hangings and the alarm together, and irretrievable damage will be done. Another way is to occupy your wife's wardrobe, having previously removed and inventoried the contents, that is, assuming that you have some wife, that she has a wardrobe, and that the latter has contents (though this is generally denied). Do not enter a strange lady's wardrobe. This is almost invariably resented, and

developments of an embarrassing kind ensue. A third solution of the difficulty is to take refuge in the coal-hole, where this is available. A word of caution must here be offered: be careful not to use pieces of Wallsend under the impression that they are "hypo."

Cameras can be made quite cheaply nowadays. A penny one will be shortly put on the market, but I do not think I am infringing any patent in divulging the secret of its manufacture. First obtain, by one of the three familiar processes, an old cigar-box. Black it over with Day-and-Martin, and bore a large hole in one side. Fit into this the bottom of a soda-water bottle, or the "kick" of any second-hand Veuve Clicquot that you may see lying about. This serves for the lens, and will give astonishing definition. For the cap and shutter combined you may use the stopper of a pickle-jar, as this has a quite effective spring. I leave it to your ingenuity to devise how it should be fixed. Do not complicate your machine with intricate contrivances for regulating speed and focus. Go in for broad artistic effects. A slit or two at

the back of the box will be required for the insertion of plates, and there you are. Excellent photos of a London fog or the inside of the Tuppenny Tube (when the lights go out) are guaranteed by this handy and inexpensive little instrument.

That ingenious military invention, the hyposcope, whereby the rifleman can aim over an obstacle and behind cover, has lately been adapted to photographic purposes. The snap-shotter may now disregard the largest *matinée* hat and secure successful views of any passing procession, or he may bag an elusive foreign potentate from behind a brick wall without fear of detection. In fact, with such facilities for unobtrusive and invisible camera-craft, it will soon be considered the height of rudeness and vulgarity to be seen carrying a Kodak. Every well-regulated sun-artist must provide himself with a telephotohyposcope and retire over the nearest skyline when he contemplates taking a picture, say, of a bathing-scene or a lovers' interview, or, in short, any personal incident whatever. The new appliance has quite revolutionised photographic etiquette.

THE NEW TERROR.

I AM the widow of a country squire, and have lived in peace and comfort with the whole neighbourhood for over forty years. But within the last twenty-four hours a frightful change has taken place, and I feel as though I were surrounded by raving lunatics, Gunpowder Plots, or a French Revolution.

It began yesterday morning when I was out driving in a quiet lane. My coachman suddenly reined the horses back on their haunches, leaped from his seat on to the road, and began waving his hat like a madman. I was speechless with horror, and was trying to nerve myself to jump from the carriage and totter home when JOHN climbed quietly back to his seat and gathered up the reins. But before starting the horses he turned to the footman and said with a gloating smile that sent a chill down my back, "It was the red Devil, with his long hairy yellow legs! I've got him now!"

In the evening I strolled in the park to refresh my nerves after the shock of the morning. On the muddy brink of the pond, splashing her hands in the weedy water, knelt my own maid in her cap and apron. It flashed into my mind that she and the coachman had gone mad with love of each other, and that the poor girl was about to drown herself before my eyes. I would have shrieked; but my maid at that moment rose to her feet, and, without noticing me, smiled the blood-curdling smile of JOHN the coachman and ran wildly away.

How I reached the house I never knew. As I sank into my chair I heard steps in the hall, and the voice of my maid, broken with a sort of dreadful glee, "Cook, they were black, and slimy,

CHANGE IS REST;

Or, Two Sides of Human Nature.



CHEAPSIDE.



SEASIDE.

and horrible; I believe they are wriggling in my hair!"

I retired that night more shaken than I have been since the loss of my dear husband. Next morning, after a night divided between hideous dreams of combats with maniacs and waking plans for the speedy dismissal of my unfortunate servants, I sat at my scarcely tasted breakfast by the open French window leading onto the terrace walk. The gardener's little son was coming towards the house, and had no sooner

reached my window than he dashed his cap on the gravel path, threw himself down beside it, and in a few moments (to my intense horror) jumped up with a ghastly childish edition of that appalling smile. Then he shouted with a fiendish gladness to his father at work on some distant border, "I've got it all right, father; but it's sticking its claws into my hand! Need I put it in my pocket?"

The Rector has just called. He tells me that this village is affiliated to the "Nature-Study League," and that that accounts for my terrific experiences. Heaven be praised!



A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

Bobby. "PAPA, LET US TWO GO AND HAVE A GAME, LIKE THOSE TWO BOYS!"

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—Mr. Punch cannot help feeling that a nicer restraint should be used by journalists in reporting upon the costume of celebrities. Thus, the *Scotsman* represents Mr. CALDWELL (who appeared at the Coronation ceremony in simple morning dress), as being "naked and not ashamed." And a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, recognising Lord KITCHENER's "unmistakable" appearance in mufti afar off at the Naval Review, describes him as being "independent of costume or uniform."



THE RETIRING LECKY.

OH, LECKY, WE SHALL MISS YOU !

[“Professor LECKY, M.P., is about to retire from Parliament.”—*Daily Paper*.]

AT ANCHOR.

(To G. D. R.)

We had cleft the salt sea bravely, but the wind went out
and died ;
And I heard the sails a-flapping as we drifted with the tide ;
With the swaying masts above us drawing curves across the
blue,
And the long smooth swell to swing us—and it's then I
thought of you !

For the wind it died at evening, and it left us rolling free,
Rolling free and loose and lazy in the hollows of the sea ;
And the sea-birds came to mock us :—“ Who are these that
lie at rest
In the ocean's easy cradle while we hurry on our quest ? ”

Then they gathered half a hundred, while we heard their
pass-word ring,
And without a splash or flutter they were off upon the wing ;
Fifty cormorants a-scutting in a swift and level flight
Scarce a foot above the surface, till they settled out of sight.

But the wise old gull kept with us, and his flight was never
fast,
But sedate and poised and sober, as he circled round the mast,

As he circled close and closer, and anon went soaring high
With a flash of snowy glory on the azure of the sky.

“ Look alive, my men, be ready ! ”—'twas the captain
singing clear—

“ We might drift and get no further if we tried for half a year ;
Though the harbour's close and handy, it might just as well
be far,
For we draw twelve feet of water, and it's ten above the
bar.”

Then we folded in our pinions, and the masts were stark
and plain,
And away we swung our anchor with a rattle of the chain ;
And the night spread out her kirtle, and the stars came
peeping through,
And the shoreward lights were gleaming—and it's then I
thought of you !

For I saw you by the river—it was just a waking dream—
On the grassy banks that fledge it, and we walked beside
the stream ;
Oh, it's then I thought and wondered if you spared a
thought for me,
You on land for me at anchor in the hollows of the sea.

R. C. L.

SWEETNESS AND STRENGTH.

[Among the more clamorous topics of the holiday season must be reckoned the important questions which have been lately exercising our contemporaries, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, namely, "Should Women Work?" and "Should Kissing be Abolished?" The inter-relation of these two problems has not yet been adequately recognised.]

GONE is the giant gooseberry's girth,
And gone the brave sea-serpent's gambols;
Themes that command a rarer mirth
Pursue us on our summer rambles;
To-day we drink new problems in
With apprehensions nicely polished,
And ask *Should Women toil and spin?*
Or else, *Should Kissing be abolished?*

Myself, untaught in chemic terms,
I shrink, from lack of education,
To probe the peril, due to germs,
That lies in casual osculation;
With equal reason I refuse
To treat of economic questions—
But when it comes to moral views,
I teem with luminous suggestions.

Go back in thought to Eden's bowers,
And with Mosaic history grapple;—
You'll find no talk of working-hours
Till after EVE had plucked the apple;
For so the tale, that tells us how
Her form she first began to drape, runs;
And surely kisses sealed her vow
Before she took to stitching aprons.

O yes, we learned it long ago,
(Prior, indeed, to Girton College),
How half our sweets and bitters flow
From tampering with the Tree of Knowledge;
The need to work, the right to kiss—
We've caught them from our common mother,
That as the penalty for this,
And one the medicine of the other.

Divorce the two, and take from toil
Its only satisfying guerdon;
Or filch from love its proper foil—
And life, each way, becomes a burden.
Excess in either art alone
(Consult the Lunacy Commission)
Greatly impairs the mental tone,
And ultimately means perdition.

To illustrate the perfect type:—
Her kiss should be as soft as vellum,
While avid readers pluck the ripe
Fruit of her busy cerebellum;
O supple lips! O seething brain!
Yet if, perforce—no laughing matter—
I had to choose between the twain,
I'd cheerfully resign the latter.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron, *en vacance*, per rail, river and road (motor-car and bike not included in means of transit), loves to have with him just a few old friends and two or three new ones, in the shape of books, in whose society he can pass many pleasant hours. Not that he is taking a "reading tour," tutorially; no, he is always the student who only lives to learn, and who, day by day, learns to live; at least such is his desire. Thus it falls out, without hurt to anyone, and with profit to more than one person, that he hath

with him an amusing book, of what may be fairly described as 'The Eccentric Series,' by H. G. WELLS, entitled *The Sea Lady*; also *A Bayard from Bengal*, by F. ANSTEE, which, since it first appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages, has ever been a source of intellectual amusement both to the Baron and an appreciative public. This most entertaining story is now admirably illustrated by J. B. PARTRIDGE, whose artistic work intensifies the humour of the original idea, adding greatly to the reader's enjoyment. Not only does the story of *A Bayard from Bengal* come to us as fresh as ever, but the author has supplemented it with *The Parables of Piljosh*, by H. B. Jabberjee, B.A. Both these books bear the imprint of METHUEN, which, speaking from experience, the Baron considers may be generally taken as warranty for their literary excellence and readable form. When the undecided *voyageur* goes to a bookstall at any railway station, he, like "the anxious cit" distracted by invitations to various banquets,

"Ponders which to take and which refuse,"

and seeing some work whose title and author are alike new to him he looks for the name of the publisher and *that* decides him. Eight times out of ten he will not be disappointed in his selection, that is, if he be on the sure ground of knowing his own mind in the first instance, and of the publishing "house of call" where he may be pretty sure to find the precise entertainment that his heart desireth. The Baron, having thus delivered himself of these words of wisdom, contents himself with recommending, as *à propos*, the two books already mentioned. Of *The Sea Lady* the Baron may say that it is quite up to the mark of *The Time Machine* and *The Wonderful Visit* by the same author, and he may add that it is not a work which "a Skipper" will care about, as the gems of Mr. WELLS's humour are, in this instance, to be found mainly in the descriptive parts of the story. On another occasion the Baron hopes, by carefully developing his holiday list, to add thereto the names of not a few "readables" whereby he may earn the gratitude of his fellow-travellers, globe-trotters, and holiday-makers by sea and land, to whom one and all he wishes a good time, with a continuance of it, and is theirs sincerely, the careful, cautious and pleasurably responsible

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Impropriety on the French Stage.

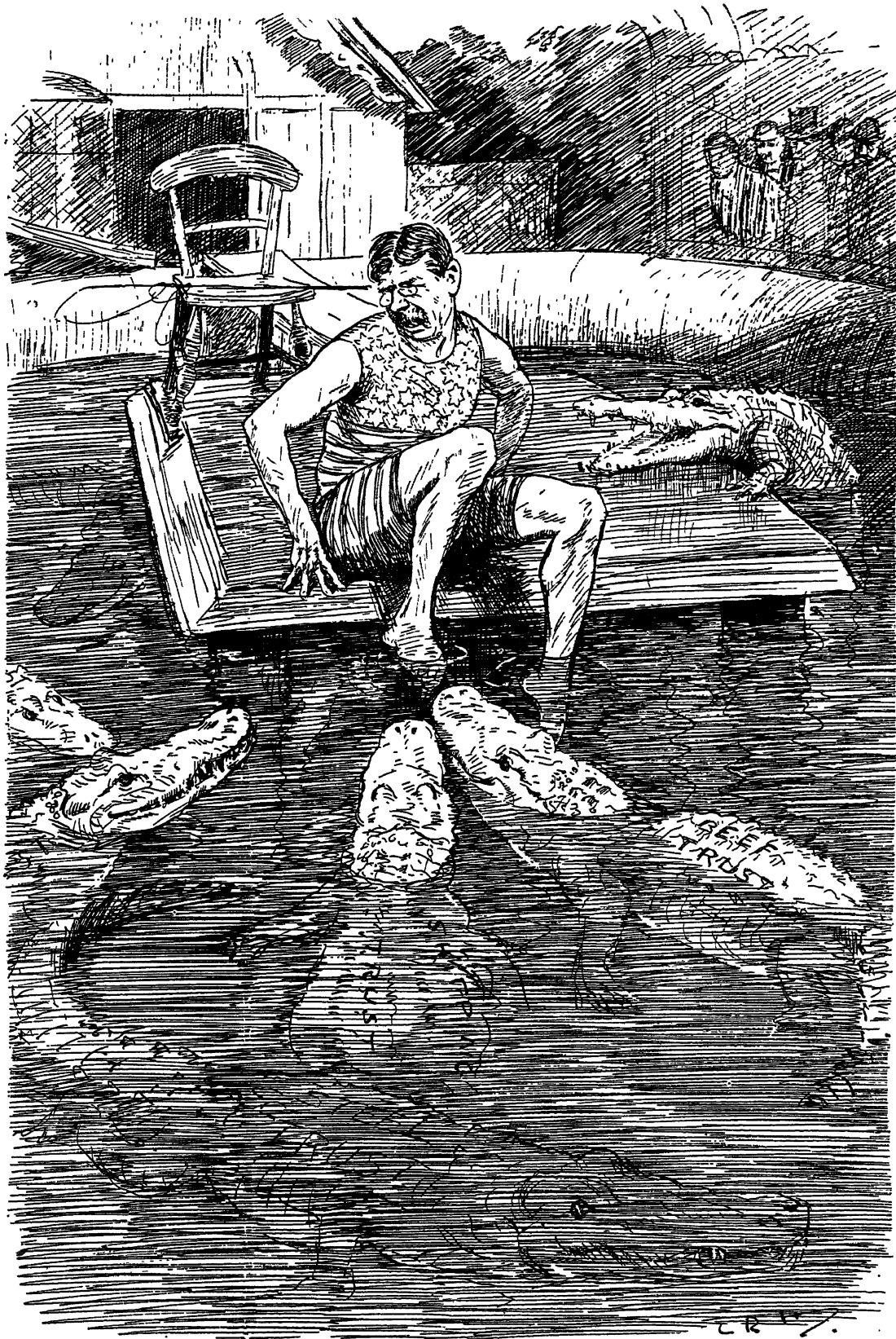
Old English Lady (not much of a scholar, reading aloud from programme of French play). "*La princesse Némée fut sauvée des flots par le pêcheur Zéphoris, qui modestement se déroba après son acte de courage.*" This is no place for us, my dear. He's going to undress on the stage!

[Rises indignantly, and exit.]

BIRDS OF PARADISE.—The P. M. G. informs us that the SHAH's first menu in Paris included "*Anges farcis à la Parisienne.*" It does not say how much nectar was consumed with this heavenly dish, but knowing the temperate character of the Persian monarch, we are sure that it was not enough to justify the French proverb, "*Le soir, tous les chats sont gris.*"

THE gallantry of Police-Sergeant STEPHENS, who dived from the parapet of Vauxhall Bridge to save a boy, has been suitably rewarded. In more tropical climates it is the boys who dive for the coppers.

IN England, says a French writer, motoring is not considered a sport because it does not involve killing anything. This is but one more example of Continental aspersion.



A "STRENUOUS" PERFORMANCE.

Professor Roosevelt (in his great Trust Act). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN ORDER TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITY OF CONTROLLING THESE POWERFUL CREATURES, NOT ALL OF THEM EQUALLY TRACTABLE, I WILL NOW DESCEND INTO THEIR MIDST."

[Proceeds to get out of his depth.]

TITLED DEMOCRACY.

[From the report issued by the Board of Education on "Education in the United States," it appears that in the last Academic year no fewer than 10,794 men and 4,293 women were admitted as graduates of the different Universities]

WHEN every JANE's an LL.D.,
When every KATE's a proctor,
When every MAY's a B.Sc.,
And every ANNE's a doctor,
When each M.A. can rattle free
Her ôde, fêde, rôde—
When everybody's somebody,
Then who is anybody?

When titles grow in every spot,
And when you're safe to wager
That every DICK and TOM who's not
A colonel is a major;
When plain "esquire" is rare to see,
And "general" sounds like shoddy—
When everybody's somebody,
Then who is anybody?

O thrice and four times wise who sees
His brother or his sister
Still clutch at titles vain, while he's
Content with simple "Mr."
This way distinction lies: if he
Will tread the path untrod, he
Will certainly be somebody,
Not being anybody.

RAILWAY REFORM.

To MR. PUNCH,—SIR: The wisdom of a recent illustrious visitor to our shores in restricting the speed of the trains in which he travelled has emboldened me to suggest a few regulations, which, if enforced, would render a railway journey much less trying than it is at present to those who, like myself, do not care to take unnecessary risks.

1. Every signal should be kept at danger until a train is within five yards of the post. Upon the arm falling, the train should immediately stop, in order that the driver may ascertain whether the signal was lowered by design or fell by accident.

2. The driver should not leave his engine for the purpose of making enquiries of the signalman, in accordance with Regulation 1, without first detaching the engine from the train, so that in case of the inability of the stoker to restrain the former in the driver's absence, the passengers will not be endangered.

3. In every case where the verification of a signal to proceed (as required by Regulations 1 and 2) occupies more than one minute, the engine should be shunted and placed at a safe distance in the rear of the train as a protection against the impact of any following train.

4. When a train is running on the level, all brakes should be put hard on once a mile, in order to ascertain that

the same are in working order. In running up-hill, they should be applied still more frequently, so that the passengers may be assured that if the engine breaks down the train will not run backwards.

5. All down gradients of greater steepness than 1 in 10,000 should be marked dangerous, and the passengers should be given the option of walking to the bottom. The driver should have strict orders to keep in sight any who prudently avail themselves of the oppor-

tunity, and thus the safety of those who have the hardihood to remain in the train will be to some extent guaranteed.

It has also occurred to me that a lever in each compartment enabling any passenger to shut off steam would be a great comfort, but as this would involve considerable alteration of rolling stock, I should be content for the present with the adoption of the foregoing, which could all easily be put into operation with existing plant. I am, Sir,

AN OCCASIONAL TOURIST.



LA VIE DE BOHÈME.

First Bohemian (to second ditto). "I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHY YOU WASTED ALL THAT TIME HAGGLING WITH THAT TAILOR CHAP, AND BEATING HIM DOWN, WHEN YOU KNOW, OLD CHAP, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY HIM AT ALL."

Second Bohemian. "AH, THAT'S IT! I HAVE A CONSCIENCE. I WANT THE POOR CHAP TO LOSE AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE!"

MY GLASSES.

(By a Holiday Tourist.)

DELIGHTFUL to possess a first-rate pair of glasses—"binocles," I mean; at least I believe that "binocles" or "binocle" is the popular and scientific definition of the article in question, which is neither an opera-glass nor a telescope, but a compound of the two, the "lenses" (I think "lenses" is correct, unless I am under some "optical delusion" on the subject) being as powerful as those of a lengthy and cumbersome telescope, while its form is that of a light portable opera-glass such as may be easily carried in a case attached to a strap over the shoulder (this sounds painful, at least it did years ago when I was a boy, and it *was* painful too), and when slung round you gives the bearer of them—no matter who he is—the business-like look, discounted by the rather rakish air, of a turfite belonging to the "Bookie" division.

Of such glasses in a case I am the proud and happy possessor. A present—you may be quite sure of *that*—as personally, being, like JOHN GILPIN, of a frugal mind, I should never have indulged myself in such a luxury. Therefore for them, as "glasses," I have nothing but praise, as of course one is bound to deal with a gift glass as with a "gift horse," and "not look a gift binocle in the lens." There are spots on the sun, so I am told, but I've never seen them, and don't want to. There is a spot on one of these glasses, but I look over it, under it, and, putting it aside, ignore it.

Since I have had these glasses the world has assumed for me a different aspect—several different aspects—and now I have come to wonder how it could possibly happen that I should have been, during so many years, travelling about to so many places—quite a ULYSSES in a small way (including PENELOPE, *minus* the suitors)—without these glasses, which are now absolutely indispensable to my perfect equipment, not only when *en voyage* but when promenading on cliffs, highways and by-the-sea-ways of the Kent coast, where the coal ought to be. I have a vague recollection of an early nursery story entitled *Eyes and No Eyes*, wherein was shown how *Master No Eyes* went about seeing nothing (which would have been quite pardonable if he had *not* possessed the proper visual organs; but he did not keep them open, that was the author's clever point), while *Master Eyes*, going over the same ground, in the company of the aforesaid *Master No Eyes*, not only saw everything that was to be seen, but was perpetually plying his tutor or father (I forget which) with such a number of puzzling questions as only the learned editor of *Notes and Queries*, assisted by his brilliant staff, could possibly have answered on the spot truthfully and satisfactorily. "The moral o' this 'ere lies in the application of it."

Before this binocle came into my possession, it was not often that I paused in my progress to examine the country round about; and, as to the sea, rarely had I done more than cursorily glance at passing ships. I saw a ship, and simply said to myself, "Let that pass." And it did. But now I am constantly sweeping the horizon: in fact, so frequently and so carefully do I perform this operation, that I wonder there is even a speck left on the horizon to be seen.

Averaging every possible occasion, I reckon that I take my binocle out of its case once in every three minutes; but I will reconsider this sum in mental arithmetic later on, not being quite sure of my calculation.

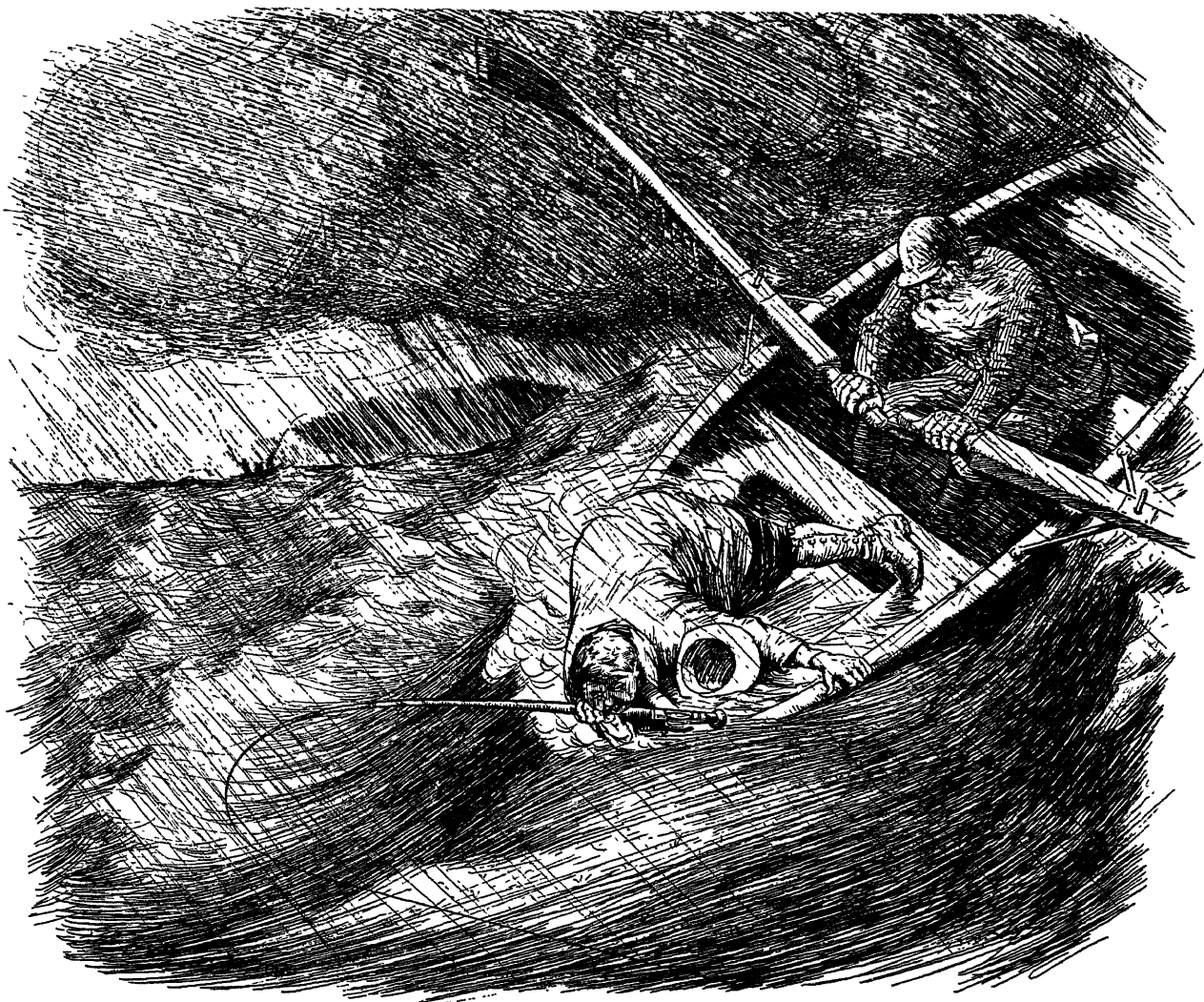
The mechanism of my binocle may be described as "wheels within wheels" and screws within screws: mysterious in operation and in effect, but of course constructed on the latest scientific principles, which are to me (and *by* me to anybody else who desires the information) quite inexplicable. There is a wheel that goes one

way up to a certain point and no farther; there is another and a lesser wheel that works in an opposite direction. There are some screws whose use I have never as yet been able to ascertain; just as surgeons and doctors have gone on for years and years without being a bit the wiser as to the uses for which certain details of the human body were originally intended; and then there are two "peep-show holes," as I may fairly term them, at the looking-in end which are of the form of that peculiar miniature cup (a thing like an ordinary liqueur-glass in mourning) that a watch-maker sticks into one eye, shutting the other, when bent on critically examining something that has gone wrong with some minute portion of the works of a watch. These two ends, through which you look, move up and down, at least I think they do; but having once rashly attempted to unscrew one of them, and having unfortunately succeeded, I was only too glad to replace it in its position as soon, and as firmly, as, with trembling hands and beating heart, I possibly could. After that I left it, imperfectly replaced, I fear, as the left "peeper" is not quite even with the right; but when a friend remarked upon this to me I thought it as well to assume a superior scientific air while informing him that "this is the way they are made." My friend happening to be rather an expert in these matters, of which fact I was unaware, did not express himself as entirely satisfied with my explanation.

I have said above that I take my glasses out of the case every three minutes. This, I find, must be an incorrect computation.

To begin with, I can never, emphatically never, hit off at the first, nor even at the sixth attempt the precise method of replacing them (after use) so that the wrong ends shall not be in the right place and *vice versa*; as if they don't fit in just exactly the lid won't close, the case bulges, and the glasses will tumble out, or, at all events, can be taken out by any dishonest person, without my being in the slightest degree aware of the theft. So I may put it that to take glasses out of the case occupies about thirty seconds: *sed revocare gradus*, I mean to replace them properly, may occupy me, in a most exasperating manner too, from one minute and a half to five.

After taking them out, in order to see, let us say, some distant object of remarkable appearance, which may be either the latest specimen of the Destroyer type, or that "*monstrum horrendum*," the Sea-serpent (which is due near this coast about the beginning of September) I have, first of all, to adjust the sight. To commence with, everything is a blur; if I may, without irreverence, apply the scriptural description of what our planet was before it became as it is now, I should say every thing, sea and land, as first seen through my glasses, is "without form and void." Gradually, after hazarding a few turns at the wheels or the screws, I observe all sorts of shapes coming into sight: then I become aware of a curious division of black rims framing, as it were, indistinct pictures; then, after another revolution of the mechanism, these segments of circles cut one another, and I feel that my eyes are straining, and my hands shaking, and the sea goes up to the sky and the land disappears entirely; finally, I am about to give it up altogether as a bad job, when I bethink me of another wheel, as yet untried, that turns in an opposite direction to any I have as yet attempted. Eureka! this wheel does the trick—at least, up to a certain extent. Objects became clearer and nearer; another turn and the black frame has vanished, and now I begin to distinguish the distant cliffs from the pier, and I see distinctly the railings—Eh? *Are* there iron railings guarding the coast of France? No—the railings are right in front of me! I have taken a step back, and I am looking at things within six feet of my coign of vantage. Irritating.



Imperturbable Boatman. "HAUD UP YER ROD, MAN! YE HAVE 'M! YE HAVE 'M!"

Patience, and more turns at both wheels; then at last—ah!—as clearly as possible I *do* see the distant coast of France, which is of course very satisfactory to anyone who didn't know or didn't believe it was there. But what I wanted, when I began, was to see whether the object, which, at that particular moment, was almost on the horizon, was a torpedo-destroyer or a sea-serpent; and now, though at last I've got the right sight and can see things ten or more miles off as clearly as if they were arranged, like a box of child's toys in front of me—for the life of me I can't see what I had originally wished to look at. It has vanished. If a whale or sea-serpent it has taken advantage of my delay in arranging the glasses, and perhaps thinking I was an impertinent amateur photographer taking snap shots has dived down again to its submarine home.

So, on consideration, and at a moderately fair computation, it takes me quite twenty minutes to arrange the glasses for use. If the object has remained stationary, good; if not, 'tis lost to sight though to memory dear. So, taking one thing with another, from the extraction of glasses from case to their return after using them [and seeing something, though not according to the original intention], the performance occupies me just upon thirty minutes.

And now, *Mem. to those whom Providence has blessed with the gift of glasses or with the means of purchasing the same.* When once you've suited your sight and adapted the

glasses to your own "private view," *don't lend them*; no, not to your nearest and dearest relative, and *certainly not to your neighbour*. Do to your neighbour as you would advise your neighbour to do to you, supposing the glasses in his possession and you requested the loan of them; and *refuse him politely but firmly*. If he owns glasses himself he will understand and appreciate. If he is not a binocle-proprietor, and if he be only a vapid, do-nothing, irresponsible gazer, then if you lend such an one your glasses, he will at once say, "Ah, this doesn't suit my sight," and will, without another word, proceed to alter it, and adjust it to his own peculiarities of vision. After seeing nothing, he will return them to you with the remark, "Yes, they're not bad, but you ought to get your glasses at OBENZWEILER'S" (or somebody's abroad, generally "made in Germany"). "Ah!—they are glasses." And you will find that this last state of your binocle, after leaving his hands, is worse than the first, as you will occupy quite another half-hour in re-adjusting them to the use of the person for whom they were intended, namely, yourself.

These notes I make after two or three short voyages of experience on board the gallant "*William Edward*," of the S.E. & C. D. fleet, along the Kentish coast, one of the best trial trips for uncertain sailors (it might be so advertised) I have ever come across. Three hours to Folkestone, land for lunch (take my advice and go straight to the *table d'hôte*

at the Imperial Hotel, which is "near" but not "dear"), two hours there, and then three hours more back; or, for those who find they are not "born sailors," back they can go to Ramsgate without any extra charge at all "on the same ticket" per rail. Courteous Captain, civil crew. And it was under these happy conditions that I tried my new glasses (for which I bless the donor), and 'twas here that I determined to benefit all glass-possessors by my experience.

THE GOLF WIDOWS.

(After E. B. Browning.)

Do you hear the widows weeping, O my brothers,
Wedded but a few brief years?
They are writing home complaining to their mothers,
And their ink's suffused with tears.
The young lads are playing in the meadows,
The young babes are sleeping in the nest;
The young men are flirting in the shadows,
The young maids are helping them, with zest.
But the young golf widows, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly,
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
While you're swiping from the tee.

Do you ask your grazing widows in their sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
"Oh—yesterday—to-day again—to-morrow—
To the links you ALWAYS go!
Your golf 'shop,'" they say, "is very dreary,
You speak of nothing else from week to week;
A really patient wife will grow a-weary
Of talk about a concentrated cleek."
Yes, the young golf-widows, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they weep?
They are longing to be back beside their mothers,
While you're playing in a sweep.

And well may the widows weep before you
When your nightly round is done;
They care nothing for a stymie, or the glory
Gained by holing out in one.
"How long," they say, "how long in careless fashion,
Will you stand, to drive the Dyke, upon our hearts,
Trample down with nailed heel our early passion,
Turning homeward only when the light departs?
You can hear our lamentations many a mile hence,
Can you hearken without shame,
When our mourning curseth deeper in the silence
Than a strong man off his game"?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Mr. *Punch* feels that he must applaud the enterprise of the Moody-Manners Opera Company in providing entertainment in the vernacular at reasonable prices during the dull days. Their season was pleasantly inaugurated on Monday the 25th, when *Carmen*—best of popular operas—was played before an enthusiastic house, in which the suburban and provincial elements predominated. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN's heroine of the strutting gait and swinging hips—perhaps a shade too accentuated in her motions—had lost little of the old charm and nothing of the old audacity. Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, once freed from the paralysing influence of his dragoon uniform, showed intelligence and a very effective energy in the part of José. The *Escamillo* of Mr. GEORGE FOX did not justify his profession of bull-fighter by any adequately taurine quality of voice, though, like most *Escamillos*, he was picturesque. The Captain of Dragoons

would have worn a more martial air if he had not held his sword-sheath like a silver pencil in his right hand—here the wrong one. Miss HICKISCH sang the part of *Michaela* gracefully, though her sense of dramatic sympathy is still immature. The chorus showed signs of good drilling, and were more often in time with the orchestra than might have been expected on what was, as rumour goes, a positively first acquaintance with that body. The phrases that one caught now and then from the English libretto served to increase one's respect for the common practice of performing opera in a foreign tongue.

Mr. *Punch* begs to acknowledge the receipt of a statement from a Press Agent in which Mr. BROZEL is said to have "made a most successful reappearance at Covent Garden last Monday," and Miss HICKISCH to have "made a most successful first appearance at Covent Garden." As the envelope containing these opinions bears a post-mark giving the hour of despatch as 4.15 P.M. on August 25, and was, therefore, sent off at least 3¼ hours before the commencement of the performance in question, Mr. *Punch* takes this opportunity of congratulating the Press Agent on his almost oracular insight into the paulo-post-future.

The performance of *Maritana* on Thursday, when Miss FANNY MOODY, Mr. MANNERS, and Mr. COATES gave excellent renderings of various desultory solos, quite missed distinction, though the audience was too happy to note this defect. Their reception of this good old medley recalled vividly a famous passage in one of Mr. QUILLER-ROUCH's parodies, in which he speaks of

"The crowd that cheers but not discriminates."

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

[“Satisfaction has been given by the Porte in the matter of another item of the American claims. A rifle, which had been confiscated by the authorities, has been restored to its owner.”—*Daily Paper*.]

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I have to tell
The tidings of a triumph for our nation,
A diplomatic feat that must compel
Our envious rivals' grudging admiration.
It gratifies me that you should receive
From me the first congratulations tendered
On what I dared not hope we should achieve.
Prepare your ears:—The rifle is surrendered!

No Turk shall wield it in a godless fight
To make the Sultan's slavish Empire bigger;
Emancipated eyes shall seek the sight,
And free forefingers tighten on the trigger.
The weapon that was forged on Freedom's soil
Shall ne'er uphold a Tyrant in his station;
The clutch of ABDUL slackens on his spoil;
The Yildiz Kiosk rocks to its foundation.

The Porte, indeed (I know their Eastern ways),
May possibly regard it as a trifle;
I have a notion that they think it pays
To yield on such a matter as a rifle,
If so to graver matters they may bring
The credit of an excellent intention;—
That is, of course, an aspect of the thing
It is not necessary we should mention.

Think how, when this announcement circulates,
The foes of freedom will be cowed and frightened!
The dignity of our United States
Will be, if possible, increased and heightened.
Let not our counsels be, as others' are,
Secretive, pusillanimous, and murky,
So advertise the statement, near and far,
That we have got that rifle out of Turkey.

NATIONAL TREASURES.

["Hero-worship is not extinct. Mr. TRUMPER is reported to have received an offer of £10 for one of his disused bats."—*Daily Paper*.]

I SLEPT awhile, and as I dreamed
A huge Museum met my eye,
Vaster than that so much esteemed
By residents in Bloomsbury.

As I approached the door, a voice
From some dim alcove thundered
down:

"If you would worthily rejoice,
Enter! The fee is half-a-crown."

I paid the trifle specified,
And, noting my bewildered glance,
A singularly courteous guide
Took pity on my ignorance.

"Here you will witness," he began,
"None of the customary shows;
The choicest treasures known to man
Within this worthy shrine repose.

"For instance, in that gilded case
Which I perceive you gazing at"—
"Yes," I remarked, "a common-place
And ordinary cricket-bat!"

"Not so!" in solemn tones he said,
"Nay, there you have the actual blade
With which J. SMITH" (he bared his
head)
"In thirteen county matches played.

"That piece of chalk, which you discern,
Looks unremarkable, 'tis true,
And yet, irreverent stranger, learn
That it has touched a Dawson's cue!

"This clod of grass is quite unique,
I dare not estimate its worth,
The champion golfer's driving cleek
Removed it from its native earth!

"That football-boot"—with even more
Of deep humility he spoke,—

"Once graced..." Unhappily, before
He spoke another word—I woke!

CHARIVARIA.

THE extraordinary rise in Rates in many districts of London is beginning to arouse indignation, and an Irate-payers' Association is to be formed.

The Americans have snapped up some more valuable contracts in South Africa, but England has won the American National Lawn Tennis Doubles Championship.

One of our Great Halfpenny Papers last week published an article pointing out that a portion of St. Paul's Cathedral was in danger of collapsing. Thank heaven! we were reassured the next day, the rival Great Halfpenny



CAUSE AND EFFECT; OR, THE POWER OF POETRY.

Austen Dante Smith (soliloquising). "AH, HOW SWEET THE SCENT OF THE SEA! TO LIE AND BREATHE THE FRAGRANCE OF THE MIGHTY DEEP!"

declaring the report to be a sensational one, and the scare ridiculous.

It is fast approaching a scandal that so little care is taken in the conveyance of State missives. During the KING's recent cruise important documents, which had to be carried to and from Scilly, Falmouth, and Penzance, were entrusted to Torpedo-Boat Destroyers.

A man who was charged with being drunk and disorderly last week, and was asked by the Magistrate whether he had any evidence as to character, promptly produced a daily paper containing an interview with RAS MAKONEN, in which the RAS, on being asked what he thought of the English people, answered, "The people, from the highest to the lowest, all are good."

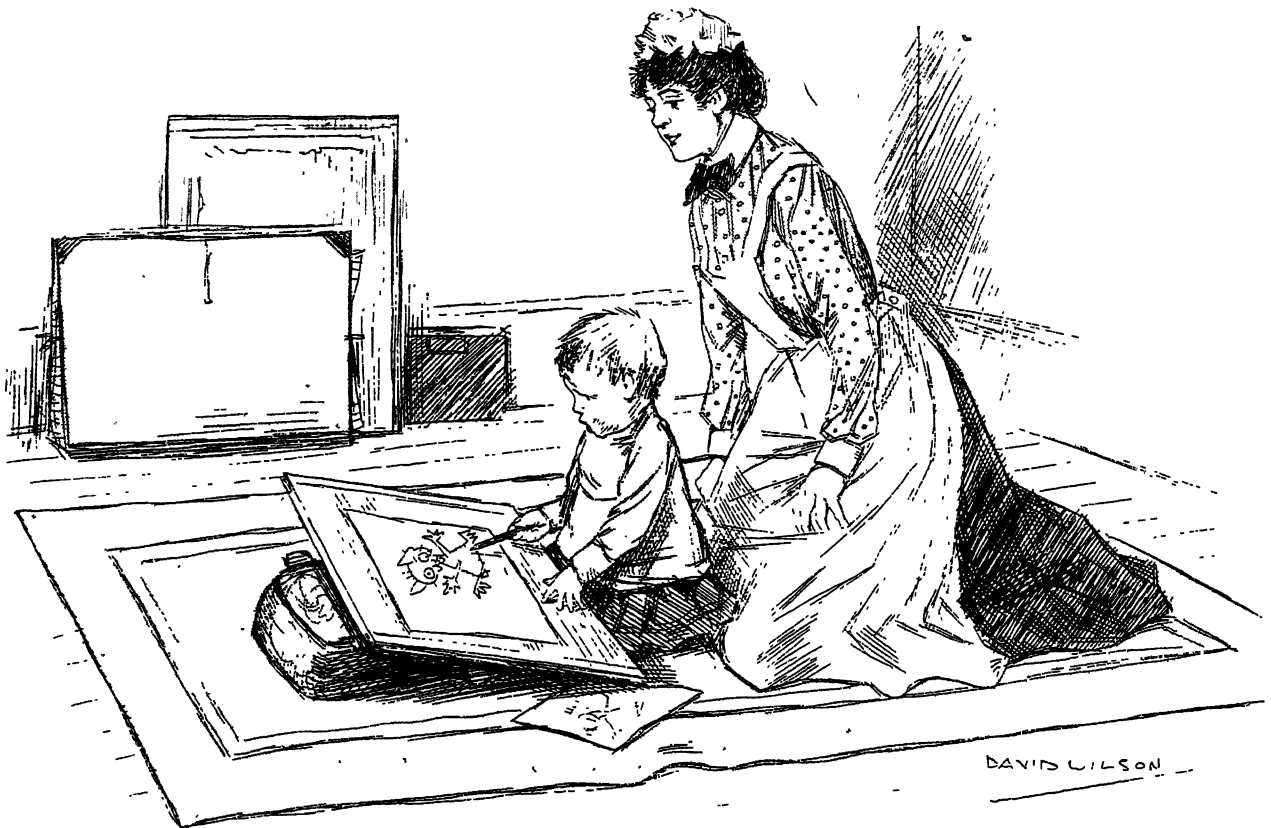
King LEWANIKA, I hear, is much

annoyed at a misprint which stated that he "and his suit" had returned to Africa.

It is always difficult for a newspaper to vouch for the accuracy of its news, and I admire the frankness of one which publishes a column every day headed "To-day's Story."

Turkey is endeavouring to borrow £45,000 in order to pay a month's salary to State officials on the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Sultan's accession, His MAJESTY having expressed a wish that something extraordinary should be done on that occasion.

Last week there was no sensational murder in Paris, and it has been intimated to the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* that his reason for existence is becoming dubious.



DAVID WILSON

"WHAT EVER IS THAT YOU HAVE DRAWN, MASTER JIMMY?"

"DAT'S A DRAGON AND A PRETTY LADY."

"BUT I DON'T SEE ANY LADY "

"'Cos THE DRAGON HAS EATEN THE PRETTY LADY UP!"

NATURE NOTES.

I HAVE observed, Mr. *Punch*, that almost all the daily papers have taken lately to publishing a column about birds, beasts, and flowers, which figures pleasantly, not to say unexpectedly, among political speeches and Stock Exchange reports. Why should not you add this delightful feature to your pages? I am quite willing (for a consideration) to supply it; and the fact that I know nothing of botany or natural history is, to judge from your contemporaries, not the slightest drawback. The one requisite for the writing of such a column seems to be the possession of a poetic and flowery style. The specimen notes which I append will convince you that I am fully equipped in this respect.

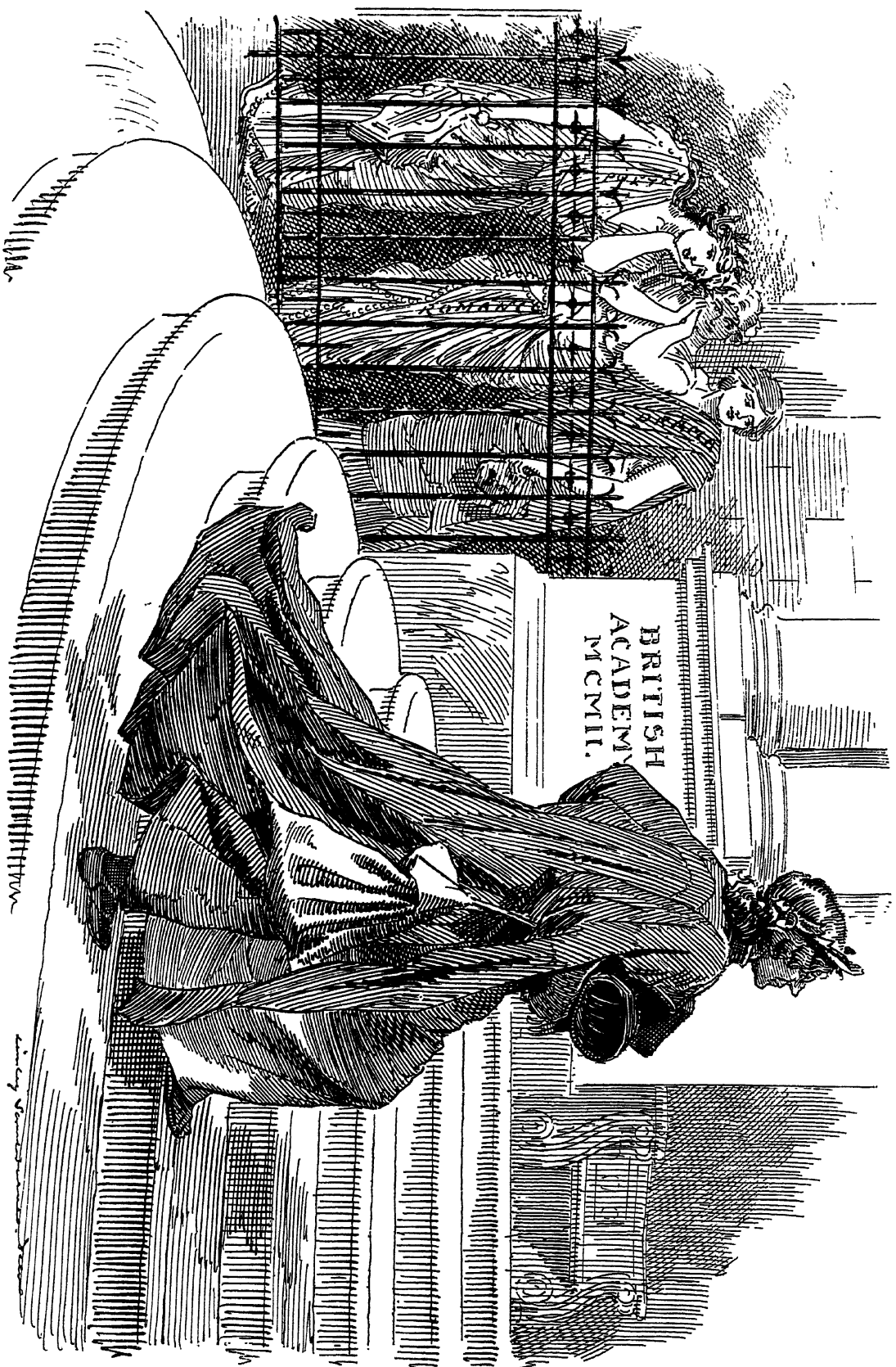
Harvest time! How rich in sweet associations is that dear old phrase! And it is with us once more; even as I write the swish of the scythe among the wheat falls pleasantly upon my ear. And to-morrow, they tell me, if the weather be fair, the wild oats—apt symbol these of the days that are no more!—will be garnered, pressed, and heaped within the oast-house ere the

winter storms begin. And then the farmer with his sturdy toilers will gather in the gabled farm and keep their harvest-home, with draughts of foaming cider to gladden their hearts;—right honest cider this, none of your foreign stuff, but distilled from gooseberries raised on the farm.

How often the trained eye of the bird-lover catches sight of rare songsters which are quite unfamiliar to the average man and woman! Thus no later than yesterday I saw in a walnut-copse a pair of blue-tailed bobfinches. Now the blue-tailed bobfinch is quite uncommon in this country, so the reader may imagine the care with which I watched these creatures. Their habits are most remarkable. Taking a short run, they move their wings rapidly, and by this means rise high in the air. On the same morning I saw, quite close to the farm, an almost rarer bird, the golden dabchick (*dabchickia aureata*). This, I found subsequently, had been kept in confinement for some time by the farmer's wife, and had just escaped. The rustic folk hereabouts speak of it as "Missuses caneery," a quaint local term, for the derivation of which I cannot account.

This is a busy time of year for the entomologist, and I hasten to assist the beginner in this fascinating science by some useful hints. Many waste money on quite unnecessary nets and other paraphernalia. The only requisites for forming a good collection are a loaf of bread, a pot of jam (strawberry is said to give the best results), and a bicycle. The *modus operandi* is as follows. You invite some friends to tea in a wood and present each of them with a slice of bread and jam. Then you leave them and go for a short ride on the bicycle. In a few minutes you will have a choice collection of small flies in your eyes, which you can remove at leisure. On your return you will find a swarm of wasps, bluebottles, and other of the larger insects around the heads of your friends and in the jam-pot.

And now I must pause. The imperious hush of night, and the fact that I have done my 500 words, alike bid me lay aside my pen. The honey-laden bee has retired to his nest, the sweet cooing of the swallows is heard, and a faint fragrance from the cabbage-bed haunts the twilight air. 'Tis night. And in twelve hours it will be morning. Ah, wondrous mystery of Nature!



THE UNINVITED GRACES.

[The new British Academy, which has lately received a Royal Charter, is restricted to the representatives of Scientific Literature, and takes no cognizance of Poetry, Drama, and Romance.]

LA PERFIDE ALBION ET LES
PYRAMIDES.

[The *Matin* last week expressed great solicitude for the Pyramids and the Sphinx, disappearing under English vandalism.]

SCENE—Giseh. Moonlight. Discovered, the Sphinx, in an attitude of repose. To her enter hastily a Reporter of the "*Matin*."

Reporter (excitedly, aside). Enfin! La voilà! Parbleu, elle existe encore! (Aloud) Madame, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Permettez que je me présente. ALPHONSE DURAND, rédacteur du *Matin*. Je dépose ma carte, et en même temps mes hommages respectueux, à vos pieds. Je vous baise la main—ah pardon!—c'est à dire, la patte.

Sphinx. Ank, ouza, senb!

Reporter. Pardon, madame, si par hasard vous parlez égyptien, je dois vous avouer que je ne le comprends pas. Je le regrette infiniment.

Sphinx. Very well, then, I must ask you to speak English. I only said "How d'ye do," in old Egyptian, but I've learnt so many languages since then that I'm really getting quite rusty and losing the best pronunciation. There's nobody talks it now, worse luck!

Reporter (aside). Ah, ciel! Elle parle anglais. (Aloud) Madame, vous avez vu NAPOLÉON à vos pieds, et vous parlez la langue des infâmes usurpateurs, qui désirent la domination universelle?

Sphinx. Oh, all right, if you insist upon it, here goes. Bong joah, mounsiah, commong voo pawtay voo?

Reporter (with his hands over his ears). De grâce, madame! Je vous en prie! I spik a little ze English. I go to essay. Say me, Missis, why disappear you?

Sphinx. I'm not disappearing. I'm as fit as possible. Never better in my life. You don't hear me grumble. I never want a change of air. No week-ends, or that sort of thing, for me. Ripping climate here.

Reporter. Vraiment? And ze Pyramids? Zey disappear?

Sphinx. Not they! Look at 'em. There they are. All serene. Nothing the matter with them. Of course we're none of us as young as we were, but then, who is? I used to be rather fond of riddles, when I was younger. I've learnt some ripping new ones since my English friends came here. When is a door not a door?

Reporter. Adore! Ah, madame, les Français adorent les antiqui—, ah non! les jeunes—, je veux dire, les jolies femmes, toujours des énigmes. But I go to spik English. You are not appy ere?



G. L. S. TAPPA.

He. "REALLY, IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TALK SUCH—ER—SUCH UTTER NONSENSE!"
She. "IF YOU WERE ME? NO, OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T!"

Sphinx. For goodness' sake don't drop your H's. Awfully bad form. I'm all right, since I got to speak English properly. Awful grind, though. But the people who come to Cairo are quite the smart lot, so I really picked up the best English, quite swagger English, from them, don't you know.

Reporter. I comprehend at pain. But in fine, Missis, I demand if the brutal English you leave to perish.

Sphinx. Well, if any of us perish it's not their fault, for they've got a Frenchman, called Mossou MASPERO, to look after us more or less, with the mummies and all the lot. A Frenchman, think of that! There's a jolly good stumper for

you. So be off, you duffer, or I'll ask you another riddle. Where was MOSES—I remember him when he lived near here some time ago—when the candle went out? Can't you guess? Where you are generally. What? Give it up?

[Exit Reporter, hastily.]

Juvenile Geography.

Governess. The Earth moves round the Sun . . . it takes a whole year to complete the round . . . and this accounts for the four seasons. What are the four seasons of the year, PHYLLIS?

Phyllis (aged 5). This year, next year, sometime, never.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

III.

CHARLES BURGESS FRY, 30, journalist, was charged by the Institute of Journalists with neglecting his profession by playing cricket.

Sir WENYSS REID, called for the prosecution, stated that the prisoner's success with the pen was very striking. He wrote everything except leaders, but was expected to begin those directly in view of recent dux. He had been grieved to see the prisoner's name in the cricket reports.

Mr. BENNET BURLEIGH, special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, said that he had written articles under trying enough circumstances, but he had never succeeded, as the prisoner did, in playing cricket and writing at the same moment. The witness did not consider that an article written while running a cut for three could be as good as one written in the security of one's study.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, who said that he was the Editor of the *Daily Express*, gave evidence proving the prisoner's ability with the pen. He added, however, that it was necessary that he played cricket too.

Sir GEORGE NEWNES corroborated.

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI, who on entering the witness-box gave the prisoner a leg glance of recognition, said that the prisoner was not to blame. Authors must play sometimes; he himself did, although he had written the *Jubilee Book of Cricket* and edited a boys' paper. It was not true that he was known as the Indian Inker.

Other authors, including Mr. P. F. WARNER, Mr. D. L. A. JEPHSON, and Mr. F. A. IREDALE (by special wire), corroborated.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the present talk about exercise was absurd. No one needed exercise. He never took exercise himself, beyond cleaning his eye-glass. He had never previously heard of Mr. FRY, nor did he understand the game of cricket; but he would undertake to get a bigger price per 1,000 words for an article on the game, without exercise, than Mr. FRY could, with all his capering about on what he had been led to believe was called the pitch. What he had said he had said.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE gave evidence in support. He said that he had written many hundreds of thousands of words on no exercise at all. All that he needed was

a little BACON. If Mr. FRY was so fanciful that he could not write without playing cricket, he would never get into the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The Bench sentenced the prisoner to several long innings unaccompanied by his note-book.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES, amateur champion at Racquets and Tennis, who recently appeared as a witness in the trial of Mr. H. L. DOMERTY, was charged with fasting for three days without any provocation.

Mr. DANCKWERTZ, K.C., who prosecuted on behalf of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, contended that the

punishment could be too severe for a man who advocated abstention from a carnivorous diet.

PETER LATHAM, the professional Racquets and Tennis champion, said that if Mr. MILES only could put more beef into his stroke there would be no holding him.

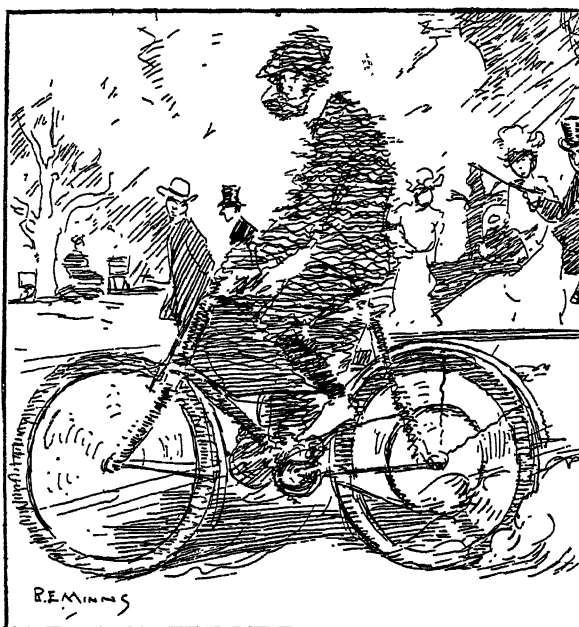
Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, who appeared for the defence, asserted that his client had been grossly misrepresented. Mr. MILES expressly stated that he "ate a lot too much" after his fast, and that he "did not think he would ever do a complete fast again." He was merely anxious to test his ability of endurance, and here Mr. SHAW read the following touching passage from Mr. MILES's own account of the results of his experiment:—

"I feel additional confidence in my power of self-control, though I grant that my sister was kind enough to take out of my room the fruits and other foods that generally stand there, particularly some clear-veined thin-skinned gooseberries. I did not expose myself to the full temptation."

This conclusively proved that, as a rule, Mr. MILES did not despise food. As for the gooseberries, he believed that they were positively gigantic.

After a consultation the Bench decided that a man who would eat gooseberries at the end of August was capable of anything, and sentenced Mr. MILES to join the Beefsteak Club without a moment's delay.

As the Court was rising a well-dressed lady of middle-age, who seemed to be in acute distress, applied to the Bench for advice in the following painful circumstances. According to her statement, her husband, a retired officer of moderate means, aged 53 and a grandfather, had been so much impressed by the success of Mr. CHARLES HUTCHINGS that he was now devoting his entire energies to emulating the achievements of his contemporary. This, in itself, was an innocent ambition enough, but the methods adopted were most undesirable. Thus he had purchased at immense cost a wry-necked platinum putter, and had invented a golfing boot with aluminium toe-caps and a rubber-cored heel which he declared had added thirty yards to his drive. In spite of all this equipment and outlay, his handicap was still 24, and she was informed by his friends that at his present rate of progress he was not



HOW JONES FELT ON A SECOND-HAND MOTOR BICYCLE OF THE VIBRATING KIND WHICH HE HAD BOUGHT FOR A "MERE SONG."

doctrines enunciated by Mr. MILES in the record of his experiment published in the *Daily Mail* of the 28th ult. were of a most pernicious and unpatriotic character. Mr. MILES was an accomplished athlete, and his example could not fail to exert a most dangerous influence on those who sought to rival his record. England's empire was built up on the consumption of prime ox-beef—here Mr. DANCKWERTZ quoted CALVERLEY with thrilling effect—and not on tabloids, lozenges or biscuits. The feeling in Leadenhall Market against Mr. MILES was very strong; indeed he would not like to answer for the consequences if the prisoner were not restrained from further experiments of this deplorable character.

Mr. HANBURY, the President of the Board of Agriculture, gave evidence for the prosecution. He considered that no



Cheerful Beginner (who has just smashed the Colonel's faro-ride driver). "OH, NOW I SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO CARRY SO MANY CLUBS!"

likely to get down to scratch before he was a septuagenarian. Although a most humane and chivalrous man naturally, she had learnt that he recently took eighteen strokes, mostly with the niblick, at the "Maiden" at Sandwich, while his bill for baffies alone in the last year had amounted to £48.

After a brief consultation with his colleagues, Mr. THOMAS MORRIS, the senior magistrate on the Bench, expressed his regret that they could not deal summarily with such cases. He understood, however, that the St. Andrews' Committee had passed a rule forbidding great-grandfathers to compete for the championship, and meantime he was glad to be able to announce that his colleague, Mr. ANDREW LANG, had kindly undertaken to remonstrate with the offender in a *Chant Royal et Ancien*.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE.

[Mr. Punch has pleasure in publishing some correspondence, &c., dealing with the subject discussed in "The Peers and the Peri" in his last issue. He hopes to investigate its authenticity later on.]

I.

H.M. Treasury.

MY LORD,—I am directed by the Lords of the Treasury to inform you that in consequence of the cost of the late War, Their Lordships have determined to pursue a policy of economy and retrenchment.

In this connection They have had under consideration the emoluments and perquisites of the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords. It appears that the salary of the position is thirty shillings a week, and that apartments, furniture, coals and gas are provided, but so far as Their Lordships are aware beer-money is not allowed.

In the circumstances it seems desirable that the Public Funds should be relieved of the expense of furnishing the Principal Housemaid's apartments; and I am accordingly to instruct you that Their Lordships will be unable to consent to any further expenditure under this head.

I have, &c.,

Viscount ESH-R, FR-NC-S M-W-TT.

H.M. Office of Works.

II.

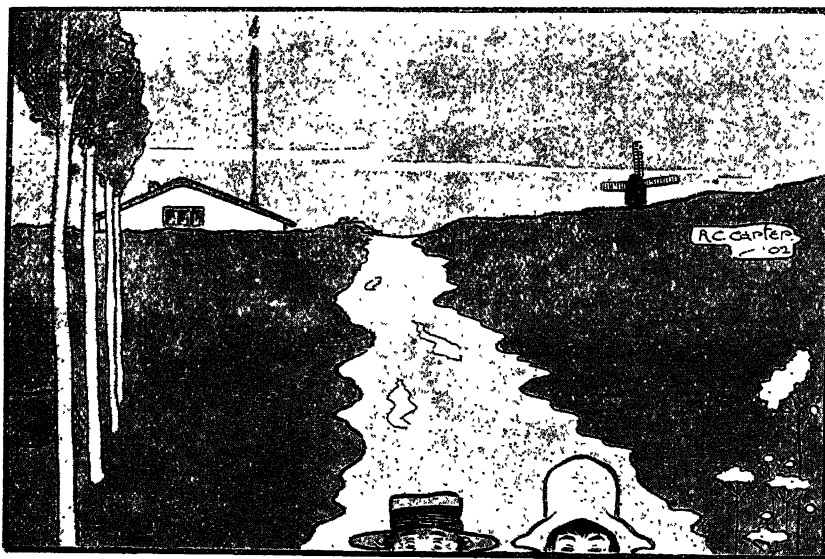
H.M. Office of Works.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I have noted the instruction of

the Lords of the Treasury that the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords shall not, in future, be provided with furniture.

In the interests of the overburdened taxpayer I have ventured to make Their Lordships' decision retrospective, and have visited the Principal Housemaid's apartments, and taken away the furniture therein. I found it absolutely necessary to hire a pantechicon (the cost of which I suggest should be deducted from the Principal Housemaid's salary); but, by taking three of my Senior Clerks with me, I managed to avoid the expense of employing any outside labour.

The removal was carried out without difficulty, after three policemen had



'MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—A DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

done the same with the Principal Housemaid.

I shall be glad to have Their Lordships' sanction to the expenditure of £16 16s., being twelve guineas for two frock-coats ruined during operations, and four guineas for four silk hats which unfortunately rolled off our heads into the mud whilst we were placing the piano in the van. I have, &c.,

Sir FR-NC-S M-W-TT, K.C.B.

ESH-R.

H.M. Treasury.

III.

House of Lords.

YOUR LORDSHIP,—Four men have been and took away my things which is an awful shame and I shall be very grateful if your lordship sir can do something for me as I haven't got no bed to lay my head on and nothing to scrub your Chamber with and shall have to go round to Sleep at my sister Sues.

Your Lordships Obedient Servant,
THE PRINCIPAL HOUSEMAID.

IV.

Extract from the Minutes of the Select Committee on the House of Lords Offices.

"... The LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN said he had received a most pathetic letter from their Principal Housemaid, complaining that the Office of Works had forcibly removed her furniture. He was sure Their Lordships would agree with him that this was not fair to the Housemaid. He would remind them of a saying they had no doubt heard in their youth: 'Give a thing; take a thing; black man's plaything.' He did not quite know what it meant, but he fancied it expressed adequately their disgust of such unchivalrous conduct. He hoped Their Lordships would consent to a 'whip round' to provide their Housemaid with a pail and scrubbing-brush, and a broom, as everything had been taken from her, and she was unable to keep their Chamber clean.

"The LORD CHANCELLOR interposed, and said he thought an action might lie against the Office of Works. He had a sort of a kind of an impression that it was illegal to distrain on a workman's tools; and he thought it might be contended that a housemaid was a workman, and a

pail and a scrubbing-brush were her tools, and that this was a sort of a kind of a distraint. He apologised for saying 'sort of a kind of a' twice."

Mr. Punch hopes to be in a position to publish a further instalment of this Correspondence in 1905, and news of the re-furnishing of the poor housemaid's rooms some time in the following year.

A Complication.

Caller (at house of injured motorist).
How is your master after the accident?

Housemaid (with some embarrassment). W'ich they think he 'as broken the—(blushes)—the kilometre record, but 'e's better to-day.

SPLendid SPORT.—The sportsman who, for the last three weeks, had grouse on the brain, complained one morning of shooting pains in his head. What the bag was has not been stated.

"NINE BRAVE MEN."

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Caister, Monday.

To-day the rare August sunlight falls on the chancel of the old parish church through windows softly dight. It lights up the simple inscription, "To the glory of God, and in memory of nine brave men." These are they who, on a wild November night in last year, put out in their trusted lifeboat in answer to the signal for help flaring on the Berber Sand. For two hours they fought with sea and storm before they could launch their boat. For some of us that would have been sufficient excuse to stay at home. They had striven hard. If the sea would only let them they would brave its dangers and go to the rescue of the helpless crew on the stranded ship. What would you? They had done their best. Let them get back to bed.

But, as old HAYLETT said when, at the inquest that followed, the Coroner asked whether at a perilous moment they did not think of making for the shore, "Caister men never turn back."

At the end of two hours the lifeboat crew were still tugging at the oars, hoping to get out of the surf and make for the stranded ship. Five minutes more and they had passed the furious barrier and were tossing on the sea. They reached the vessel only to find that help had come from another quarter, and that the crew were saved. They put back to the shore, but almost as they reached it a gigantic wave lifted the boat in its arms and turned it upside down, with its crew of a dozen imprisoned in this strange vault. Three managed to crawl out. Nine found a watery grave, with their own familiar boat overtopping them as a tombstone.

This gallant deed, with its tragic ending, stirred the nation to profoundest depths. The "nine brave men" were past help or redemption. The wives and little ones left behind became the people's care. A sum exceeding £12,000 was promptly subscribed, and the widows and orphans are liberally provided for. The memorial window in the parish church is the drowned sailors' share of the tribute. In the simple hearty words spoken by the Bishop after the dedication of the window, he mentioned that there remained on it a debt of £150. "This congregation can," he said, "if they like, wipe off the debt before they leave the church."

And they did. The collection having been made, a visitor from London sent a message to the Rector undertaking to make up whatever sum was necessary in supplement.



THE INTERPRETATION OF SIGNS.

Custodian. "THIS 'ERE'S A PRIVATE ROAD, MISS! DIDN'T YER SEE THE NOTICE-BOARD AT THE GATE, SAYIN' 'NO THOROUGHFARE'?"

Placida. "OH YES, OF COURSE. WHY, THAT'S HOW I KNEW THERE WAS A WAY THROUGH!"

Fine weather on Caister beach this morning. German Ocean laps the shore as gently as if it had never broken up a ship or drowned a sailor. Yet a little way out its white teeth flash ominously over a shoal. On the beach is a curious wooden structure approached by a long range of ladder-like steps. It is the crow's nest from which, night and day, watch is kept over the far-reaching ocean. Close by is a bell, the sound of which is only too familiar in Caister. It was rung on November 14, 1901, summoning the lifeboat crew from their comfortable beds, to which nine out of twelve never returned. On the beach we came across old HAYLETT, still hale in spite of his more than seventy years, hearty

even under the crushing memory of two sons and a grandson entombed under the lifeboat.

"How many times have you been out in the lifeboat?" the MEMBER FOR SARK asked.

The old man turned with a surprised look. Only a landsman, a lubber from some distant town, would ask such a question.

"Lor' bless yer!" said HAYLETT, "hundreds o' times. I never kep count."

We might, if we were so disposed, reckon up how many times we have crossed the Channel on holiday bent. A Caister fisherman doesn't count up how often he does such a natural ordinary thing as put out on a stormy



SNUB FOR A SNOB.

English Tourist. "AW—THAT BUTTERMILK WAS VERY NICE, MY DEAR. WHAT PAYMENT DO YOU EXPECT FOR IT?"
Cottage Girl. "WE WOULDN'T BE AFTER ASKING ANY PAYMENT. SURE WE GIVE IT TO THE PIGS!"

night to save the lives of unknown mates in peril on the sea.

The KING, ever ready to do a gracious act, sent for HAYLETT to present him with the medal decreed to him for saving life.

"The fust pusson I come across, in the Palace," said HAYLETT, gazing reflectively on the breakers on the shoal, "was the Prince of WALES. Him and me got on all right together, for you see he's been afloat. 'HAYLETT,' says he, 'you wait here a bit till the KING heaves insight.' 'Right you are, Sir,' says I. When the KING come alongside he was quite affable. Shook me by the hand and passed the time of day real ornerally like. 'I'm an onlarn'd man, O KING,' ses I. 'I can't neither read nor

write. But this I *do* say. O KING, I hope you'll live to be a hundred, and may you and all your family go to Heaven arterwards.' He looked quite pleased."

SARK discerned in this quaint method of address to Royalty reminiscence of the morning lesson heard in church from boyhood's days. It was the old fisherman's paraphrase of the familiar address, "O King, live for ever."

Under the shelter of the grey church tower sleep together—their last watch below—the "nine brave men" of whom this old salt, with his recollections of affable Majesty, fathered three. Their bodies are under hatches. Their souls have gone aloft. But as long as there are fisherfolk in the village,

Caister may be counted upon to find nine others, if need be ninety more, to take their places. "Caister men never turn back." When the new lifeboat is finished, this legend should be inscribed by the tiller. No walled city, from the time of Troy, boasts a prouder motto.

"LAUDABUNT ALII."

Oh! Aix is the place for the waters,
 And Nice for consumptives, no doubt;
 The Indies for mothers with daughters,
 And Carlsbad for fathers with gout;
 Some seek Monte Carlo to gamble,
 While some in the Tyrol will rove,
 And Norway's correct for a ramble,
 But I go to Trouville for love.

What sweet recollections nine letters
 Embody in spelling that name!
 What links in a chain of soft fetters,
 All silken and never the same!
 What dreams of blue seas and gay
 seasons,
 Blue eyes, and blue heavens above—
 Globe-trotters have various reasons,
 But I go to Trouville for love.

I think the first year it was GERTIE,
 Bewitching American maid,
 With just enough go to be firty,
 And just enough sense to be staid.
 To think of her wit, and her dancing,
 Those rides, and the seat in the grove;
 What wonder I found her entrancing—
 Of course I left Trouville in love.

How empty I felt and how sorry
 To meet her next season no more;
 How sweetly adorable FLORRY
 My tempers in consequence bore.
 My FLORRY—I soon had no pleasure
 Except in her smile: that's her
 glove,
 Which I solemnly vowed I would trea-
 sure
 The night I left Trouville in love.

Then NELLIE, the player of tennis,
 Whose "left" was as good as her
 "right,"
 To tell of whose prowess my pen is
 Inadequate, impotent quite.
 And LAURA, the haughty new-comer,
 Who dowagers doubted was fast,
 Who scorched me the whole of one
 summer,
 And left me a cinder at last.

And ANNIE—But why should I linger
 My various follies to name,
 To tell off each one on a finger?—
 The place, 'tis the place that's to
 blame.
 There's a spell in the air, I maintain it,
 A spell from the planets above—
 Astrologers, ye may explain it,
 While I go to Trouville for love.

THE FOWL AND THE JEWEL.

(Latest Edition.)

[“A lady lost a diamond in a Paris cab. The cabman keeps fowls. One of the fowls was killed, and the diamond was found in its gizzard.”—*Evening Paper*.]

ONCE a Parisian pullet saw—
While scratching in her owner's straw
In hopes, perhaps, of dainty fare—
A handsome diamond lying there.
Well-versed in LA FONTAINE, she knew
What fowls of culture ought to do;
So, to display superior wit,
With a wry face she swallowed it.
Alas! when diamonds are lost,
A hen's life is a trifling cost;
So with a twisted neck she dies—
Her ransacked gizzard yields the prize.

MORAL.

Her Æsop though a hen may know,
Over the cock she need not crow.

THE NOVELTY SYNDICATE.

(By Mr. Punch's Imaginative Reporter.)

II.—THE MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT.

No expense will be spared (said the representative millionaire of the New Magazine scheme) to run the monthly magazines—which are being bought up rapidly—on entirely fresh lines. To ensure this, a list of regulations and hints to contributors has been prepared. Their severity is obvious—though not so obvious as magazine articles themselves have been up to now. The more important regulations are as follows:—

As regards fiction—

(1) That it is *possible* for a young man and girl to exchange remarks in a train or at a house party or at an hotel abroad without necessarily finding out that they are “all in all to one another, dearest love,” and that life had “hitherto been a blank.”

(2) That a girl may *sometimes* travel by herself without a maniac getting in at the first stopping place.

(3) That every girl who takes up type-writing is not “divinely tall and most divinely fair,” nor does she *inevitably* capture the heart of the first editor or author for whom she may do some work, and who has hitherto been adamant to feminine charms.

(4) That every villain need not own a run-away motor; nor every hero drive a motor with iron nerve and at record speed the first time he essays one.

(5) That married people do occasionally tolerate each other, and that even misunderstandings do not *always* end in the wife leaving London by the boat-train with a comparative stranger.



Horriſied Little Girl (seeing her Mamma in evening dress for the first time). “OH, MUMMY, YOU'RE NEVER GOING DOWN LIKE THAT! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON YOUR TOP PART!”

As regards other articles—

(6) That it is *not* of vital importance to learn that the quantity of soup drunk annually by a City alderman would float a new penny daily, or that the amount of saccharine substance consumed by a schoolboy in three years would keep a popular interviewer alive for three weeks.

(7) That every lady who is photographed is not necessarily a type of English beauty.

As regards matters in general—

(8) That, since big circulations are so distressingly common, the object of the “Novelty” Magazine should be to have as few readers as possible.

(9) That, in view of the select audience to which appeal would be made, contributors be required to pay heavily for the privilege of having articles inserted.

“And,” concluded the Representative, with a far-away expression, “as everybody now writes for magazines, we fancy that the ‘Novelty’ Magazine will be a big success.”

THE PIPER OF POSEN

AND THE PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T DANCE TO HIM.

AIR (*vaguely*): "*Hamelin Town's in Brunswick.*"

I.

POSEN town 's in Posen,
And that 's a province of Prussia;
And round this way, as you should know,
A matter of ninety years ago,
The Great Man brought his travelling show
Prior to leaving it badly frozen
Out on the ruthless plains of Russia.
Forts and bastioned towers determine
The range of the city every side,
And through it rolls the Warthe's tide
Washing the place, yet not so well
But the delicate German sense can tell
The taint that comes, when the winds are low,
From Slavs and such like vermin.

II.

Poles!
They breed so fast by swarms and shoals,
And can't be kept in their proper station,
But want a voice—poor ignorant drolls—
In the matter of popular education!
Pay, it 's true, their taxes and tolls,
But won't remain like primitive moles
In suitable subterranean holes,
Nor adopt a decently servile air
To German officials planted there
With full permission to ply their staves
On the knuckles of contumacious knaves;
Forget, in fact, their Helot rôles,
And claim to preach
Freedom of speech
And the general use of their private souls!

III.

So it happened that one fine dusty day,
When matters had grown a shade too warm,
WILLIAM the War-Lord rode that way
In a terrible Prussian uniform.
And first he called for his mailed fist,
And gave his moustaches an upward twist,
And cried, as he buckled his burnished glaive,
"I'll teach My Poseners how to behave!
Let not a Slav attempt to show
(If he wants, that is, to remain alive) a
Nose or an eye as past I go
Full-rigged, but otherwise like GODIVA!"
And then he rehearsed a speech, "What ho!
Hark! ye serfs, to the tramp of My retinue,
And the fear of Me and of God I'll beget in you!"

IV.

On second thoughts he smoothed his brow,
And sheathed his fist in a velvet glove,
And stuck in his helm an olive bough,
And said, "I will stoop to win their love!
I'll have My people to make them merry
And greet My pageantry, passing through,
From all available points of view."
And straight he summoned a fleet equerry,
And "Spur," cried he, "to yonder town,
And bid My army and brave police
Not to commit a breach of the peace,
Nor shoot, nor maim, nor trample down
More of My Poles than necessary."

V.

And so with suave salute, he
Led in his league of troops,
And German throats grew fluty
With *Hochs* and loyal whoops;
But scarce an alien seemed aware
Of the KAISER's condescending air;
Nothing impressed the passive Poles,
Not even his charger's caracoles;
Never a hip or a haunch went swaying,
So to speak, to the piper's playing;
And though they behaved with perfect tact
Only a sprinkling grasped the fact
That a War-Lord riding there in state
Was a lovable object to contemplate!

VI.

And then in a well-prepared oration
(Other than such as go with the wassail—
Pilsener, not your British crass ale),
Poured in the ear of the Burgomaster,
Whose gratified heart went faster and faster,
He made a regal proclamation,
Allowing the city by special grace
To be no longer a fenced place—
A scheme that I chance to know was not
Thrown off extempore, on the spot,
While the generous blood ran red and hot,
But one that his wisdom had long ago meant
To put in force when he found the moment
Psychologic and melodramatic
For making the favour more emphatic.
And when he touched on the extra space,
And ventured to hope it would meet the case
Of the housing problem, and quickly cure
The ills of Posen's deserving poor—
Why, then on the actual men, it seems,
For love of whom he had launched these schemes
At Heaven knows how much fiscal cost,
This strangely liberal move was lost,
And the thing was a most amazing frost.

VII.

You can take a Pole, as I understand,
And play on his nerves with a German band,
But you can't convert his natural temper or
Get him to jig for a German EMPEROR. O. S.

Notabilia Ficta.

[MR. SEDDON: "One can never tell where one will finally go, but at present I am perfectly satisfied with New Zealand." From *Notabilia Dicta* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

FOLLOWING the above excellent example, notwithstanding the painful ambiguity of its opening sentence, *Mr. Punch* proposes to pluck from time to time a few similar flowers of rhetoric or platitude. He begins with a single instance, suggested by the character of one of our greatest living Manxmen.

Mr. Hall Caine: Loyalty and patriotism are perfectly summed up in the noble saying—*ego et meus rex*.

Every Accommodation.

FROM the Hotel advertisements in *Bradshaw* we take the following (decently suppressing the name and place):—

"FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.—Hunters and Saddle Horses kept. Posting in all its branches. Open and Glass Hearse, and all equipments for First-class Funerals."

There is a catholicity about this which recalls the functions of St. Martin's-le-Grand, where "posting in all its branches" includes the conveyance of dead letters.



SARTORIAL TACTICS.

Lord Is-b-y-is and Mr. Br-dr-de (at German Manœuvres, to sendry). "PERMIT ME, MY GOOD FELLOW." "AFTER ALL, WE HAVEN'T COME HERE FOR NOTHING!"

AN EXPERT OPINION.

Smithereens, Co. Donegal.

DEAR SIR,—Nothing will impede progressive legislation in the Transvaal more than the proposed dynamite tax. An article of daily use—in fact a national industry—in my own country, dynamite reduces over-population, clears open spaces, but, above all, is an unsurpassed medium for putting pressure on a despotic Government. A timorous local officialdom is therefore naturally protectionist in policy. Placed in the hands of a corrupt oligarchy (with a time-fuse attached) the explosive will instantaneously secure the free speech and individual independence so dear to a young country. I enclose a specimen. Yours,

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

LITERÆ INSANIORES.

(Twenty-First Century.)

I. FROM A LETTER IN THE "TIMES."

... "amounting to a public scandal. Yesterday, for example, I had to travel from Dover to London. There was not a vestige of a thunder-cloud in the air, so that, on this occasion at least, the habitual excuse of the South Eastern Electric Railway—that of 'atmospheric electrical disturbances'—was unavailing. None the less, Sir, we were actually one-and-a-half minutes late in arriving at the terminus, and our rate of travelling worked out at 122·5 miles an hour! And this, if you please, was a so-called 'express' train! Long-suffering as the public is, the South-Eastern directors will find that there are limits to its patience. Possibly it may seem to them a fine piece of humour to describe as an 'express' a train which crawls painfully along at little over two miles a minute, but I ask the aid of your 'powerful journal to assure them," etc., etc.

II. FROM A LETTER IN THE "DAILY NEWS."

... "A regrettable chapter in the history of the Liberal party, now closed, we trust, for good. Our internal dissensions have wrought untold mischief. They have delayed the righteous administration of this country by more decades than we care to count. But we will not waste time over unavailing regrets. The gloomy night is ended, the tardy dawn is here at last. The period of disunion is over; with closed ranks and unanimous battle-cry the Liberal party begins to-day its march to victory.

"I had written this much when there came into my hands the speech delivered last night by the leader of the



Captain Smythe (a good soldier, but no Society man, to his hostess). "I HAVE TO THANK YOU, MRS. BROWN, FOR AN EVENING WHICH HAS BEEN—ER—AFTER TWO YEARS ON THE WELD, MOST ENJOYABLE."

Opposition in the Lords, in which he allowed himself to criticise somewhat sharply the policy of his *confrère* in the Commons. His description of it as 'crass idiocy' seems to me, at this juncture, not wholly wise. Just when we hoped that we had gained complete unity," etc., etc.

III. FROM A LETTER IN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

"... with honest indignation the correspondence headed 'Should Men Work?' Shame, Sir, shame, I say, upon my fellow-women who allow such a question even to be asked! Is chivalry, then, quite extinct? My dear husband cooks our little dinner, and prattles with darling baby—yes, Mr. 'Iconoclast,' sneer, if you like!—but, rather than ask that tender and fragile

creature to *work*, I would cheerfully be an aërial-bus-conductor. And I have yet to learn," etc., etc.

IV. FROM A LETTER IN THE "FIELD."

"... threatens, in my opinion, to spoil the game. I do not deny that the previous novelties introduced from the other side of the Atlantic have proved beneficial to golfers. But this new Smackwell ball, which the worst driver on the links can send a mile or more, even with a topped stroke, is by no means a blessing. I do not mind paying a fair price—say £5, or so—for a good ball, but nine guineas is really too much. I have no pretensions to speak as a first-class player, for I seldom complete an eighteen-hole course in less than twenty-five strokes, yet I venture to urge," etc., etc.

HAPPY SHADES IN COLLEGE.

(To the Master of Trinity.)

In from the narrow winding street
 We pass as we were wont to pass,
 Avoiding still with timorous feet
 The level lawns of sacred grass.
 And, even as happy shades might sport
 Through a bright space of storied tombs,
 We saunter through the grey old Court,
 And mark, each one his ancient rooms.

The gates are there on either hand,
 Their niches crowned with founder-kings;
 Still with a pensive murmur bland
 The ripple of the fountain sings.
 Yes! peopled by another race
 And alien to our hopes and fears,
 It is, it is, the dear old place,
 Unchanged through all the changing years.

Lo! shadows of our buried prime,
 Not as we were but as we are,
 With all our heavy load of time,
 Master, we come to you from far.
 A gathered troop of wandering ghosts
 Caught up and newly called from sleep,
 To you and your array of hosts
 Back from the vanished past we creep.

If, as we throng into the Hall,
 Our steps, that erst were light as air,
 With labouring gait sedately fall;
 And if you note our grizzling hair;
 And if the word we fain would speak
 Dies on our lips and we are dumb;
 And if the tear is on our cheek,
 Master, forgive, since we are come.

We, who were once imagined men
 Too gay to guard our fleeting joy,
 At your behest we come again,
 Our minds reversed, to play the boy.
 And while we still prolong the night
 Intent to make the hours creep slow,
 Jealous and in our own despite
 We feel the treasured moments go.

* * * * *
 But one who from a window leant,
 (May Heaven forgive the graceless youth:
 No harm that fresh-faced fellow meant,
 But, ah, he spoke a bitter truth.)
 He smiled, he opened wondering eyes
 And called a friend—"This sight is queer!
 What brings," he said with some surprise,
 "This crowd of fogey trooping here?"

He could not chill our glowing hearts:—
 When, each his boyhood's friends among,
 Our shades replayed their ancient parts,
 We felt, we knew that we were young.
 And, ere we pass, our meed of thanks
 Shall to our hosts be duly paid.
 We lived a day—the Stygian banks
 Reclaim their own, and we must fade.

R. C. L.

DURING the recent gales the s.s. *Scot* was not spoken till several days overdue. She was known in nautical circles as "the unspeakable *Scot*."

A HOLIDAY NOTE.

SIR,—For the benefit of many whose vacation is as limited as their means, may I be permitted to suggest an outing from my own personal experience? Thank you. When within hail of the big ship *La Marguerite*, anyone "*qui a le pied marin*," and no "impedimenta" or other incumbances, may *en garçon* make a pleasant holiday by crossing to Ostend and back (to Margate or Tilbury), which, if *Miss Marguerite* is half-an-hour or so unpunctual, gives a good eight (or twelve, according to your point of departure) hours, there and back, of sea breeze, with plenty of room on board to take your accustomed exercise. Of course you know Ostend by heart and you don't want to land, or if you do 'tis simply to enjoy a cup of coffee, such as can be made only on the Continent, and a light cigarette, and then once more aboard the gallant barque. Given a fine day and a calm sea, and though you may have about nine hundred or a thousand other souls and bodies on board besides yourself and friends yet they are of no account as far as you and your small party are concerned, since they are like the poor—not as being "always with us," but as described in the familiar verse:—

"Where'er I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see,
 And 'cos I never speaks to them
 They never speaks to me;"

and, "weather permitting" (*tout est là*), they are all enjoying themselves quietly enough, as Ostend does not offer to 'ARRY and 'ARRIET the irresistible attractions of the Boulogne *quai*, where, so to speak, it is all "beer and skittles." So the Ostend trip is not much of a favourite with 'ARRIET and 'ARRY.

I gather from some expressions which fell from the lips of an elderly lady that an infallible remedy against *mal de mer* was "once upon a time" invented by some Irish Pope of the name of ROACH. Hence probably the infallibility of the remedy. Perhaps this eminent Pope, of whom I never heard till now (but that fact is not absolutely against his historic existence), being sick of the See, determined to vacate it and take a simple cure. This is a byway of history which I must look into. But there are scraps of knowledge to be picked up *partout* even on a holiday trip at sea by

Your own TRUSTED TOURIST.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

IN *Mrs. Clyde* (METHUEN) JULIEN GORDON relates the story of a social career. The scene is laid partly in Boston, partly in New York, with the inevitable visit to Europe. My Baronite is not familiar with the name of the writer, but is inclined *chercher la femme*. Set a woman to describe a woman. Only a woman could enter into the zest of *Mrs. Clyde's* pursuit of a favourable position in the social firmament. Only a woman could fully picture the glory of her success, the pity and pathos of her declining years. Also, only a woman would write a paragraph like this:—

"The tea bell rang through the house. The table was set with cold ham, two mince pies as side dishes, preserves in saucers, at each plate dough-nuts and apples in plated baskets. *Mrs. Dunham* poured the tea; *Mr. Dunham* carved the ham. *Ellen* bore in the hot biscuits, which she dispensed."

That is not inviting, and, happening on an early page, is calculated to send the reader off to some other book. If he holds on he will come to a fine dramatic scene, swiftly, vividly described, where *Mrs. Clyde* calls upon the mother of the youth who has run off with her daughter, retreating after battle royal. *Pauline*, the stolen daughter, is an interesting study of a kind widely differing from the mother. The book is, indeed, full of character, which JULIEN GORDON handles with increased ease and skill as her task advances.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



AFTER THE PICNIC.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.—IV.

It is over. I, too, have played the Volunteer—not without glory—on the tented plain of Sarum. Six days have I manoeuvred and done many things which, at my time of life, I ought not to have done. I have lain for hours prone on my stomach in dripping grass. I have fed on tomatoes, and steak-pudding, and cheese and other forbidden fruit. I have made my couch for seven nights on Mother Earth, my aching head pillowed on a kit-bag whose principal surface-contents were boot-trees and dubbing-tins and similar hardware, vainly seeking to supplement my damp pyjamas with elusive army blankets. For if by good fortune they happened to belong to my nearest tent-companion, they were promptly jerked away, more in anger than in sorrow, from my shivering limbs, whereas, if they were my rightful property, they wriggled away of their own accord. Nevertheless, for three days I revelled in the primitive simplicity of the life: I even drank beer and cider. On the fourth, offended Nature asserted herself; rheumatism, sciatica and indigestion marked me for their own, and on the seventh I hobbled home, a decrepit invalid with blistered feet.

My numerous female friends are, I find, only too anxious to restore me to health. "Mind," says one of them, in the postscript to her last letter, "I insist on your trying Pine Pills. My bootboy's aunt has had exactly your symptoms for years, and she lives on nothing else." (The italics are my own.) Another recommends Liver Beans. She writes that her cook has cured her housemaid's knee with them, or her housemaid her cook's knee—I forget which—and that I positively must take to them. And I am afraid I shall have to, in spite of the fact that I am neither a cook nor a housemaid, and that as a rule one doesn't have indigestion in one's knee. Finally, I have another friend, who does not wish me to try any remedies, for the excellent reason that she says I have nothing wrong with me. Pain? Oh, dear no: there's no such thing. Good is all: therefore, obviously, all is good. Apple tart, for instance? Certainly. Why, then, does it produce this tired feeling of having swallowed a live lobster with red-hot claws? Isn't that indigestion? Not at all, that's imagination. So to please her, while she is "treating" me, I call it by that name. But it still hurts.

After this somewhat painful digression, let me say that for those who are still young I can imagine no healthier and more attractive life than that of camp. Nowhere is a young fellow likely to run across such a host of pleasant and kindly companions, or such a universal spirit of good-fellowship. The recruit will find the older members of the corps, especially those of his own tent, almost squabbling with one another as to which shall show him how to adjust the straps and buckles of the fearful and wonderful harness which the patient private has to wear; how to roll his coat, and clean his rifle, and put on his leggings, and shake his bedding, and brail up the tent, and all the thousand and one little tasks which fill up the time from parade to parade. Their chief weakness is to talk of the first duty of a soldier, and then neglect it. For instance, one man in my tent, having informed me that the first duty was to keep one's impediments on the right side of one's pallasie, invariably placed his own on the wrong, that is, the left side, and then looked reproachful when he discovered my well-dubbed boots sitting on his only clean shirt. Another—he was an Editor, fairly well informed and comparatively unassuming—was always so busy talking that he never made his bed, which consequently formed the nucleus of a general rubbish-heap for the rest of us. Yet he was quite the old soldier, and really thought himself rather smart till the Adjutant pulled his trousers down—over his leggings. From him I learnt the following tent-rules. If you wish to dispose of cigarette

ends, matches, bits of oily rag and so forth, throw them out at the back of your tent, so that they may seem to have come from the door of the tent behind. (We threw ours on the top of his blankets, but that is by the way.) If you must touch the tent when it is raining, do it over somebody else's bed. If you hear the word "fatigue" dropped by one in authority, run like a hare. Don't bring six boot-laces, or dubbing, or brown-polish, or scissors, or buttons, or a looking-glass, or razor-strops to camp with you. They only fill up your kit-bag, and someone else is sure to have them.

Camp-life makes one feel wonderfully like an ant. We were all so much alike, and we were so busy and so tiny, and we showed such remarkable instinct in finding our way to our own particular cranny in the ant-heap. At five in the morning, long before any sensible cocks were about, we were white ants (the punctilious few arrayed in shoes and towels), scurrying backwards and forwards to the bathing-pool which, to the huge surprise of the rest of the brigade, we had had constructed by the engineers. The red ants with the north-country accent were never tired of looking at us—we were such beggars to wash. Afterwards, till 6.30, followed a time of brushing, a brushing of chins, and hair, and teeth, and nails, and boots, and a cleaning of tents and bedding and rifles, which lasted without any interval for relaxation till the bugle went for Adjutant's parade. Then once more a scurrying, more orderly this time, and in a few minutes the ants are drawn up in regular grey rows, forming compact little companies, while the Adjutant rides about on a horse and calls us the most striking names he can think of. And, to do him justice, we deserve them, at the beginning of our training. At the end—well, we may not be finished soldiers, but, at least, we know (or think we do) as much about the new drill—well, as our officers.

The rest of the day—day after day for the whole week—is made up of meals and manoeuvres, during which last we look more than ever like ants as we crawl about the hill-side, scattered rows of little dots, firing at foes which are invisible with cartridges which are blank; and as we crawl and lie and double (though it's ill doubling with an aching stomach), I console myself with the thought that though each little individual ant seems rather ineffective, it takes a brave man to put his hand into a nest of them. And, having gone to the ants myself, I appeal with some confidence to the sluggards who still form the majority of the population, to follow my example, and consider their ways.

Told in Gath; Published in Ascalon.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had a funny little print put into my hands. It calls itself *The Protest, a Journal for Philistines*. Methinks it doth protest too much. It says that it starts this month with a "Growthful Idea," and its "Great Hope is to keep young, bright and protestful." Oh why did the *Westminster* invent that hideous word "pushful" for the contamination of the unfledged? You will be greatly shaken, *Mr. Punch*, to hear that *The Protest* considers that you lack the Sense of Humour. It says: "Don't read *The Protest* if you suffer from Insomnia: read *Punch*." Personally, I do not suffer from Insomnia, but I am nevertheless tempted to follow this advice.

I am always a little sorry (especially when they show, as here, a distinct promise) to see the very young journals start in this kind of key: because it is recognised, in the profession, as the sure sign of impending fiasco. Let us hope that our young friends will survive this early fault, and ponder the words of THACKERAY (although he belonged to your Round Table) where he reflects upon the young *Esmond's* affectation, and says, "*We grow simpler as we grow older.*"

Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*,

ONE OF THE ELECT.

THE OPEN "VELDT."

(A South African Story; as told in the sixpenny monthly magazines.)

By "Col. D. STREAMER."

It was nearly six o'clock on a warm evening in June when PIET GABRIEL VAN DER BEZEIDENHOUT, of Pifflekop, returned to the desirable family kraal which had been the home of his ancestors ever since the days of the Great Trek.

In the distance the chimes of the Dutch Reformed Church of Spoofburg were anxiously summoning worshippers to *Biltong*, as evensong is called in this country, the loud *disselboom* echoing pleasantly across the lofty snow-capped *spruits*, and losing itself in many a deep sheltered *krantz* where the *kop* (or native policeman) watered his flock of patient *dongas*, and the timid *bles-bok* hopped from twig to twig among the Cape-gooseberries.

Outside, upon the open veldt, PIET GABRIEL could hear the amorous merecat calling to his mate from the branches of some fragrant mimosa bush, while the occasional growl of an ant-bear gave evidence that one of these alluring little creatures was engaged upon its nightly avocation with as fond a hope of success as the obedient sluggard of the proverb.

Fortune had proved singularly favourable to PIET of late. His prickly-pear harvest promised to be a more than usually good one, and the tall mealie trees that cast their welcome shadows on his "lands" were already heavy with luscious fruit.

He flung down the armful of carbines of which he had that very afternoon relieved a too-confiding Yeomanry patrol, and sat down to his evening meal with a hungry smile.

After a frugal repast of home-made *Veldtschoen*, washed down by a tankard of the light *Karroo* of the country, PIET drew an empty packing-case to the grand piano (but lately left behind by a Flying Column of the enemy, and now the chief piece of furniture in the room), and began to sing that well-known ballad entitled:—"O, MARY, go and call the trek-ox home, across the sands of De-Aar!"

He was then about to attempt a simple ditty which he had picked up from an adjacent blockhouse, with the well-known refrain of "TOMMY, put the kettle on, and we'll all have condensed milk!" when a beautiful type of early Dutch maiden, weighing some seventeen stone in her hat, burst into the room.

Her face wore a look of wild alarm, and yet left sufficient space for the display (if necessary) of several other expressions.

"Volkslied!" she exclaimed, in the patois of the Colony.



ONE OF "LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

"Rooineks?" was PIET's not unnatural query, as he scratched his head with a puzzled air and an explosive bullet.

"Donkerhoek, aasvogel!" she retorted with quiet dignity; and not till then did PIET understand the full import of her warning.

Realising too late that his house was surrounded by the hated "Khakis," he hurriedly concealed the tell-tale carbines in the grand piano, which, in its turn, was hidden from view by a dozen wooden champagne cases labelled "Hospital Comforts," attached a white flag (of which he possessed a varied assortment) to his knob-kerry, and, thoroughly expecting every moment to be his next, seized a bottle of Imperial Boot Polish

(Advt.) from an adjacent cupboard, and divested himself of all his clothes but two.

To black his body all over was the work of an instant, and when a disgusted British Colonel of Militia entered the room a moment later, it was to find a trembling Kaffir sitting in the place of the notorious rebel whom he sought so anxiously.

"Dop!" exclaimed the Colonel, who was noted for his felicitous choice of expletives. Then, turning angrily upon the inmates of the room, "What on earth did they want to drag me into this business for?" he asked.

"Kopje!" replied PIET GABRIEL BEZEIDENHOUT, which really summed up the situation with remarkable lucidity.



GUILDERSTEIN IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. 2.

Mrs. G. "WE MUST LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, DEAR. THE KEEPER HAS JUST TOLD ME THERE IS DISEASE ON THE MOOR. GOOD GRACIOUS, THE BOYS MIGHT TAKE IT!"

A UNIVERSAL BOON.

ALTHOUGH the Great are fairly free
From carking care, their flesh is heir to
Some ills which small men never see,
And wouldn't think of if they were to.

None but the truly Great can feel ...
The chilling sense of desecration
Induced by strangers who reveal
No knowledge of their name and station.

But now there dawns a happier day,
For some deft bookman has collected
The traits by which our Great Ones may
Be instantaneously detected.

The Great Man's walk, his frown, his laugh,
His taste with tailor, hosier, hatter,
Will all be shown by photograph
And choicely worded reading matter.

Thus little men the Great may know,
The Great enjoy their salutations,
And both their various ways will go
With mutual self-congratulations.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. JAMESON has declared that his Raid was an abominable one, but the Poet Laureate is still silent as to his poem on the subject.

THE KAISER has made a triumphal march through Posen in charge of the police. Poles without flags were the principal feature of the decorations.

THE United States Naval Manœuvres were suddenly stopped to allow ladies to visit the flag-ship. This has aroused much indignation, which has only been allayed by the statement that this would not be permitted in actual warfare.

THE SHAH has beaten his MINISTER OF WORKS at billiards. There was once a SHAH who was beaten by his MINISTER OF WORKS (since deceased).

FROM Holy Russia there is little news this week except that a capital invention is now in use on all convict ships, con-

sisting of a hose attached to the ships' boilers for turning steam on unruly convicts and boiling them alive.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING having decided to move from Rottingdean to a house four miles from any railway station in order that he may enjoy rest and quiet, one of our enterprising newspapers has published the poet's new address, and a special service of motor cars for excursionists will soon be running from the nearest railway station.

FOR wheeling a truck carrying 3½ cwt. over a policeman's foot in Cheapside, a man has been fined 2s. 6d. at the City Summons' Court. This is cheap, and there is no reason why it should not become one of our most popular amusements.

AMONG recent donations to the Dublin Zoo was a horse "for the use of the carnivora." No such gift was made when re-mounts were in demand.



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

MISS CANADA (to her Guardian, SIR WILFRID LAURIER, on his return from visiting England and France). "SO YOU'VE SEEN MY TWO GRANDMOTHERS; HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM?"

SIR WILFRID. "WELL, MY DEAR, THEY ARE *BOTH* SO CHARMING, THAT I'M SURPRISED THEY DON'T KNOW ONE ANOTHER BETTER!"

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY
INTERVIEWS.

IV.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

We found Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL before the pier-glass in the midst of remarking, "Yes, men of Oldham." He turned as we entered, observing that he would not be long: he had only the peroration to deliver. This he discharged into the receiver of a phonograph for future reference.

He then removed the pebble from his mouth and with pardonable pride directed my attention to a stuffed vulture of singularly noble physiognomy.

"Is it *the* vulture?" we asked.

"None other," he said with a sigh.

"It never got over my escape, and died in great agony shortly afterwards. The



"It never got over my escape."

man's best friend is his Major. And yet I am bound to cross the Pond."

"What are your new subjects?"

"The House of Commons—and its reform. The British Army—and its reform. The British Navy—and its reform. The Universe—and its reform."

Noticing by his side a morocco-bound copy of *Savrola*, we asked Mr. CHURCHILL if it was true that his American namesake had actually asked him to change his name.

"The Americans," remarked Mr. CHURCHILL oracularly, "are a great nation."

Baffled at this point, we asked our Admirable CRICHTON if he were writing another romance.



"Yes, men of Oldham."

taxidermist, a man of great penetration, pronounced its heart broken, a unique event in vulture circles, though the *Spectator* does record an instance of a determined act of suicide on the part of a pelican. I am writing a little memoir for the Natural History Museum at RAY LANKESTER's request. The people of Durban presented me with the bird, stuffed. South Africa is indeed the land of gratitude."

We admired the bird, and contrasted its noble conduct with that of the vulture which preyed on the vitals of PROMETHEUS.

"Yes," said Mr. CHURCHILL, after musically chanting some lines from *Æschylus*, "it never told its love. Major POND wants me to send it to America as a sort of advance agent for my next lecture tour, but I can't spare it, and yet I hardly like to refuse. A



"The duties of confidential adviser to Lord Roberts are not light."

"Ah!" he said darkly. "But surely you would not stop at one?" we protested. "BEACONS-FIELD—"

"I have many projects," he broke in, "and time is short. The duties of confidential adviser to Lord ROBERTS are not light. ROOSEVELT is impetuous and has to be constantly held in check." Here Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL significantly drew on a pair of boxing-gloves. "Oldham's claims are neither few nor insignificant. There are the articles on Oratory, Strategy and Tactics, that I have undertaken to write for the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Polo must be played with some regularity, or where will England be when the Americans come again? The Harris Tweed industry must be maintained against the



"That's how I fetch Oldham."

calumnious onslaughts of prejudiced pedants. DE WET's forthcoming book will need an authoritative answer. Lord HUGH CECIL has to be watched."

He sighed, but was quickly his boyish self once more. Turning a complete back somersault he alighted with deft dexterity on his feet in a fighting attitude.

"That's how I fetch Oldham," he exclaimed with a ringing laugh. And we left him still equipped with the boxing-gloves in which he invariably writes his lectures.

The Approaching End of the Age.

A FINAL MAN . . . would like Engagement as Dispensing Help, &c. Can speak Welsh.—*Advt. in The Lancet.*

This last accomplishment, if persevered in, should ultimately qualify the gentleman to become *the* Final Man.

RONDEAU.

WHEN all is said, and thought, and done,
There's nothing new beneath the sun—
An observation, I confess,
That comes to us in Eastern dress,
The copyright of SOLOMON.

But why should I the sentence shun,
And struggle for a fresher one,
Since nothing new my toil can bless
When all is said?

And Israel's king, whose sands were run
Before my thread of life was spun,
By simple luck—no more or less—
He managed *my* ideas to guess!
Yet he has fame—while I have none
When all is said.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

IV.

M. SANTOS DUMONT, aéronaut, was charged in the interests of the atmosphere with the serious offence of not flying.

Mr. HENRY BIRD, who appeared for the prosecution, said that the case was a bad one. M. SANTOS DUMONT, although gifted with the extraordinary power of controlling an aerial machine, spent all his days in no longer using it. So far from flying at the present time, he had been found in a South-Eastern train. He announced a flight from the Crystal Palace round St. Paul's and back again, but it did not come off. He crossed to America to fly, and returned without having left the earth. It was an injustice to the atmosphere, and serious damages were claimed.

Mr. H. G. WELLS, called for the prosecution, said that certainly a man who could fly ought to fly. It ought to be made criminal for a man who could fly to take a cab. Personally he was not flighty, but he liked to think that his books had been the cause of flight in others.

Mr. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P., Editor of *The Car*, said that it would be well if the case was dropped. The need of the present time was the development of the automobile. M. SANTOS DUMONT, by his fantastic tricks in mid air, was dragging a red herring across the trail. The more the prisoner didn't fly, the happier he, the witness, would be.

The Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., said that he couldn't think why he had been called in this case. Nothing was further from his capacity than flying.

The prisoner in his defence said that circumstances had been against him. He was always ready to fly; he lived entirely on aerated bread and drank nothing but soda water; but accidents would happen. He went to the Crystal Palace to fly, and someone ruined his

balloon; he proposed to fly round the Campanile at Venice and it fell before he could get there; he crossed to America to fly, and found it a land of sky-scrapers; moreover everyone was "fly" there.

He further promised that if the Bench would let him off this time he really would give English people the chance of seeing him control his machine.

The Bench acquitted the prisoner.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"THE GUIDING OF THE GLOBE ENGENDERED THIRST."

Stephen Phillips's "*Ulysses*," Act I., Sc. 1.

regarding the charge as frivolous, on the understanding that he would read and report on Mr. HENRY JAMES's new novel, *The Wings of the Dove*.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, literary athlete and phonographer, was charged under the Factories Act with overworking thirteen typewriters.

Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM, Inspector of Typewriters for the Royal Humane Society, said that he had paid a surprise visit to the prisoner's house. He found him dictating serial stories into thirteen phonographs, and descending to a lower chamber found thirteen typists furiously at work. Their machines were groaning

with pain; indeed, the shrieks uttered by one of them, which, he afterwards ascertained, was reproducing a humorous yarn, were poignantly piercing. On calling upon the prisoner to desist from dictation, he was told that nothing could check the divine afflatus before dinner time. When that was reached the machines were prostrated with fatigue, and two or three of them were quite *hors de combat*.

The prisoner, who looked the picture of rude health, denied, in his defence, that the typewriters were overworked. He took his exercise that way, just as some men rode horses or bicycles, and others drove motors or played ping-pong. The typewriters were devoted to him. A young friend of his named MARY had a Baa-lock lent her by the prisoner, which followed her everywhere—even to school. Happier typewriters than his could not be found; the only sad moments in the house were when he had finished a novel and could not begin another. These intervals were, however, only of momentary duration.

Mr. A. P. WATT corroborated. He said he had never seen more cheerful machines than the prisoner's. The noises heard by the inspector must have been shrieks of delight.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON said that he also was a literary athlete. He did not employ so many machines as the prisoner, but he had six constantly at work, yet they never complained. The physique of a typewriter was far more robust than the inspector supposed. He had one quick-firing large-bore machine that had fought with Remington's Scouts, and was now delighted to assist the witness in giving a waiting world the story of the romantic adventures of the captain of a Swiss submarine at the bottom of one of the canals of Mars.

The Rev. CLAUDIUS CLEAR stated that no self-respecting man of letters could dispense with labour-saving appliances. Simultaneous sextuple reviewing was quite impossible without resort to such machinery. For his own part he preferred a Nicoll-plated free-wheel, driven by a Kentish fire-engine.

Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS said that if a *Quarterly* reviewer were fairly entitled to write four reviews of the same book he could not see why a novelist of so fecund an imagination as Mr. GUY BOOTHBY should not be allowed to employ thirteen, or even thirty, typewriters. He had himself tried the ambidextrous use of a stylograph, but found it no longer equal to the task of coping critically with the output of the minor poets.

The Bench acquitted Mr. BOOTHBY of cruelty, but ordered him to grant his typewriters an eight-hours day.



KNOW THYSELF!

Miss Featherweight. "I TELL YOU WHAT, ALFRED, IF YOU TOOK ME FOR A ROW IN A THING LIKE THAT I'D SCREAM ALL THE TIME. WHY, HE ISN'T MORE THAN HALF OUT OF THE WATER!"

THE SILLY SEASON.

THE House is up. The Season's dead.

The Coronation's over.

The last distinguished guest has fled
By Liverpool or Dover.

No longer BOWLES pursues his prey

Or WINSTON CHURCHILL capers;

SEDDON has got no more to say—

There's nothing in the papers.

In vain at breakfast I peruse

The columns set before me,

There's not a thing worth calling news,

And "leaders" always bore me.

Reams on the Education Bill

From Tadpoles and from Tapers,

That sort of nonsense makes me ill—

There's nothing in the papers.

The King of ITALY's gone home

Pleased with his stay in Prussia,

LOUBET is going to visit Rome,

Quiet prevails in Russia.

BOTHA & Co. are back again,

Delighting all the gapers,

KRUGER is better, so is STEYN—

There's nothing in the papers.

Three motor cars have been upset

By their adventurous drivers,

A ship's gone down, and nothing yet

Is known of the survivors.

A Prelate states his disbelief

In Father GALTON's vapours,

An Alpine climber's come to grief—

There's nothing in the papers.

In France the closing of the schools

No longer leads to tussles,

And anti-British ardour cools,

Or seems to cool, in Brussels.

The SHAH has spent ten thousand pound

In Paris at a draper's,

The usual crop of tourists drowned—

There's nothing in the papers.

UNPROFESSIONAL CONDUCT.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is an earnest student of the police news, has been deeply interested in the report of certain proceedings at the North London Police Court, where a lawyer argued that such an expert thief as his client would not steal an eighteenpenny clock. After searching in the Law Reports he is enabled, in the following extract, to furnish a precedent for this line of argument:—

Counsel, addressing the jury, represented the absurdity of accusing the unprincipled wretch (whom he was ashamed to be defending) of breaking into a church after evening service and stealing the collection. A man with his record flew at higher game than

that. He had burnt down an orphanage in 1881, and, though acquitted of forgery in Australia on a technical point (he could neither read nor write), was known to have shot a police inspector a year later.

Incidentally, he could prove an alibi; his client was breaking into a Bank fifty miles away at the time. But, even assuming that he was sober so late in the evening—a large assumption—would a really smart man (gratified blush from the prisoner, which was instantly suppressed), who could escape from Newgate and blow up an arsenal, be in want of a beggarly church collection?

To sum up, the prisoner was too bad to have committed the crime—this crime. True, he had owned to his guilt on being arrested, but he implored the intelligent gentlemen in the jury-box to place no reliance on the word of a perjured—

Here the jury stated that they had heard enough, and acquitted the prisoner, who left the Court without a stain on his character.

On a ball, despatched by Mr. JESSOP to the boundary at a speed that eludes the naked eye—"Not lost, but gone for four."



STAG-HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

["There is now ready one of the most remarkable novels ever issued in the English tongue."—*Publishers' Advt.*]

The Landing-place in Stratford-on-Avon Churchyard.

Verger. Trippers! The cry is, still they come. But who
Come paddling in this ancient weird canoe?
Although with constant care they bale the boat,
They scarce can keep the crazy craft afloat.
And what a spectral crew! No mortals these.
My hair stands upright—terror shakes my knees.
Fain would I fly, but paralysing fear
Forbids my limbs their use and roots me here.
Hark! What is that? What strange sepulchral dirge
They chant as up the stream their bark they urge!

Chorus Without.

Row, brothers, row!
We are nearing our haven.
The boat's a bit slow,
But row, brothers, row!
We've only to go
To Stratford-on-Avon.
So row, brothers, row!
We are nearing our haven.

The boat puts in at the landing-place. Shades of FIELDING, THACKERAY, DICKENS, SCOTT, etc., disembark.

First Shade. Ho, Verger, where's the shrine? Nay, what can ail thee?

Why blenchest? Wherefore should thy courage fail thee?

Verger. O many weird and wondrous trippers come
On cheap half-day excursions down from Brum;
And Yankees too—but never did I see
So strange a party. Tell me, who are ye?

Chorus.

Through the dark and gloomy portals
From the Islands of the Blest,
Where securely Fame's immortals
From their life-long labours rest,
We have come in CHARON'S wherry,
Which we found was leaky—very.

For there whispered us a Rumour
Of a mighty master-mind,
Great in pathos, power and humour,
And in sentiment refined,
Who by popular criterion
To us satyrs was Hyperion.

So, defying all disaster,
Off we started down to lay
At the feet of this great master
Each his meagre crown of bay.
For we could no longer bear them
When a mightier should wear them.

Verger, you have heard our story.
Guide us therefore to the shrine
Where the literary glory
Of our country so doth shine,
That with reverent emotion
We may pay our pure devotion.

Verger. With pleasure, gentlemen. This way, please!

First Shade. Scott!

He's making for the church-door, is he not?

Second Shade. Dickens! What does it mean? Have they enshrined

Already in the church this master-mind?

Verger. Already? Yes.

First Shade. How swiftly out they ferret,

In this enlightened century, true merit!

Verger. Swiftly? Why SHAKESPEARE has been—

Shades.

SHAKESPEARE! Oh!

Verger. Why, what's the matter? Wherefore stare you so?

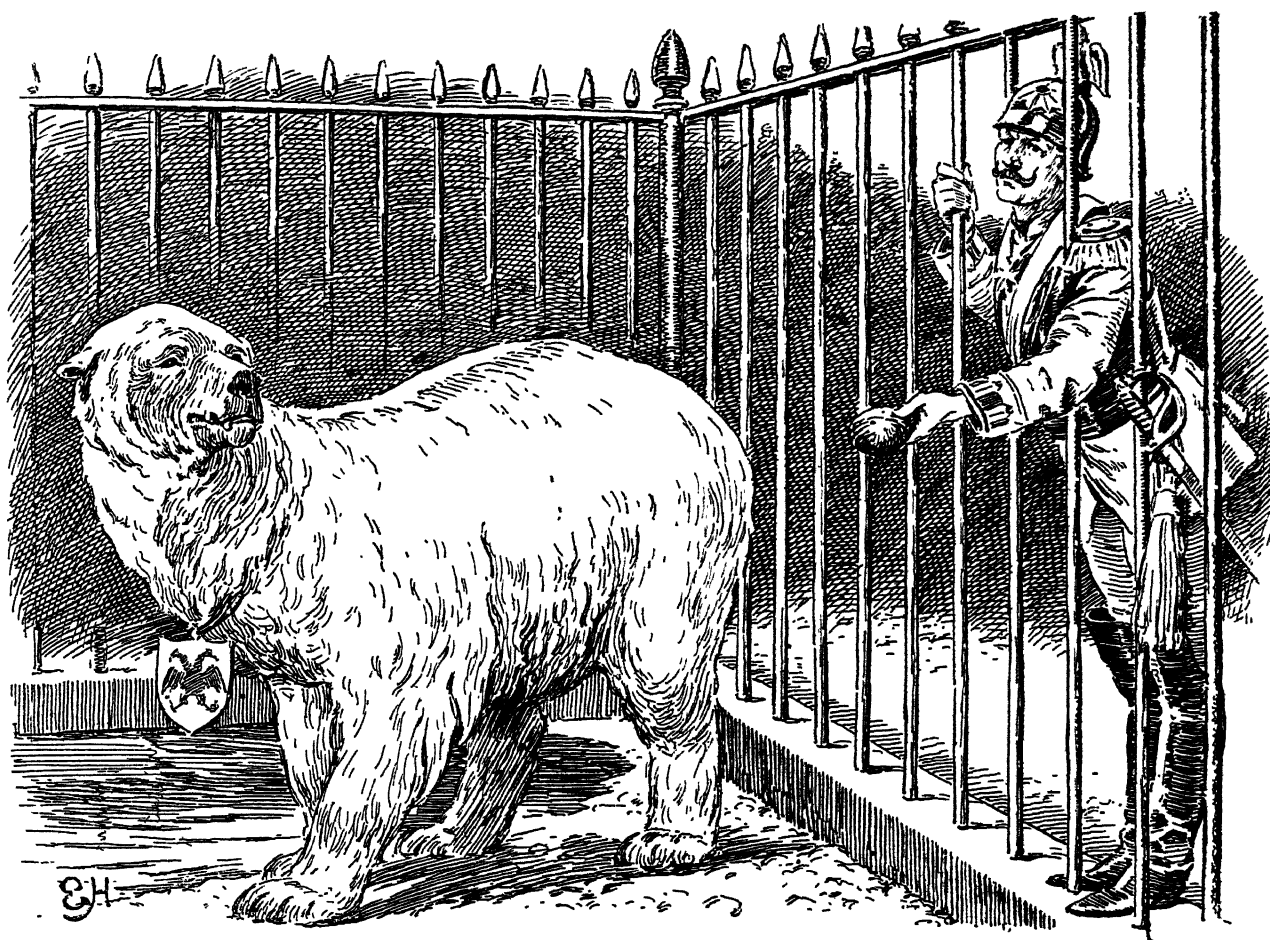
Chorus.

He thinks we've come from Elysium,
Like trippers who throng in their legions,
To visit the tomb of SHAKESPEARE, whom
We've got in the Nether Regions;
Why, we've come to call on a greater than all
Your WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES—drat 'em!—
On one who is prized and advertised
As a very much mightier atom.
Yes, that's why we've come from Elysium
At the early cock's reveille—
'Tis to visit of course the great new force,
The marvellous Miss CORELLI.

Intelligent Foreigner (looking up from his "Bædeker" as he passes the Army and Navy Stores). If you please, is zis ze War Office?

Very Intelligent Native. No; it's a place of business.

In the preface to a poem in the *Chronicle* it is reported that Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has been describing professional football-players as "hired ruffians," and "trained footpads worrying a leather ball." Mr. KIPLING must look to his laurels.



THE PRO-POLAR BEAR DECLINES THE BUN.

[“POSEN, Wednesday, September 3.—I learn that some of the Russian officers here, although guests of the KAISER, have spoken Polish and secretly fraternised with rich Polish families, assuring them ‘We are your brothers!’ This action has caused much comment.”—*Daily Mail*.]

“LODGINGS.”

Where are the beds all stuffed with
brick?

Where are the towels damp and thick?
Where does the cooking turn you sick?
In lodgings!

Where do we get through pounds of tea
And milk enough to fill the sea?
Where dwells the most aggressive fl—?
In lodgings!

Where is the mantel decked with shells?
Where do they never answer bells?
Where are those horrid sinky smells?
In lodgings!

Where is the slavey far from clean,
Her eye a pool of sullen green,
Her buttons few and far between?
In lodgings!

Where do they keep a hungry cat,
Who takes a taste of “this” and
“that,”
Leaving you simply bones and fat?
In lodgings!

Where does the dust lie thick and deep,
And horrid spiders round you creep
Because they never brush or sweep?
In lodgings!

Where do we meekly bear all ills,
Nor dare dispute the weekly bills?
Where do we stay *against our wills*?
In lodgings!!

TRANSATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

THE Americans who visit Yewrope appear to be of two kinds—the noisy and the quiet. It may be that the tranquil ones come from the New England States, and the hustling ones from Chicago and the great West. However this may be, one’s first impulse would be to associate with the quiet people. The squeaking, screaming, nasal conversation of the others is insupportable. No doubt their raucous voices distress the placid Americans also, and prompt some of the latter to speak so softly that their murmured words become absolutely inaudible. I doubt if anyone anywhere

speaks in as low a tone. The London physician’s bedside voice is a shout compared to it. After the vigorous conversation of French or Germans or ordinary Americans, this soft whisper is as soothing as the ripple of a stream against moss. But a stay of some days in an hotel full of unduly quiet people seems like a temporary sojourn in a tomb.

There is one such at Heidelberg, an excellent hotel high up in the fresh air above the Castle, where recently I discovered more of the very tranquil Americans than I had ever met before. “Met” is not the word. One might stay there for a month, and sit every evening in the smoking-room with the same men, and never “meet” them. Also one would never hear them. One would only see them, as one might see some marble statues in a conservatory. As for the ladies, young and pretty, or middle-aged and—let us say, with complexions less pleasing—they maintained a still more discreet silence.



PARDONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE.

She (getting tired). "SPEECH IS SILVER, BUT SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

He. "WELL, IF SPEECH IS ONLY SILVER, ONE CAN BETTER AFFORD TO WASTE IT."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. SEDDON has left us. At the moment of departure he sent a letter of thanks to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, referring to that organ as a "valuable paper." This was duly published. But as a similar testimonial appeared in the *Daily Express*, we are still left in doubt as to the relative places occupied in the Great Man's estimation by these two leaders of public thought.

A man at Colchester named TOLL confessed to the murder of an American at Kansas City. The American authorities were communicated with, and they cabled back, "Extension of TOLL not desired." Does this stand for "extradition," or do they suppose we still torture our prisoners on the rack?

At Werchoturiskoje a coachman was savagely assaulted by a man with a red beard. On hearing of this the chief constable (a student of *Sherlock Holmes*)

ordered the arrest of all the red-haired men in the neighbourhood. Twenty-seven men were accordingly thrown into prison, which then caught fire.

The commission sent out under the auspices of the Foreign Office to inquire into the mysterious "sleeping sickness" in Uganda, is making considerable progress, and it is confidently expected that a cure for Foreign Office clerks will shortly be discovered.

In New York 40,000 children are excluded from the schools owing to lack of accommodation. There is a great desire among English school-children to emigrate to the States.

The Boer delegates have announced their intention of appealing for subscriptions to the people of all civilised countries. The Teuton Press makes no attempt to conceal its jubilation at the inclusion of Germany in this category.

Our bright little contemporary, the *Motor Car Accidents Record*, announces that it will shortly be enlarged to double its present size.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—A King Fisher has been seen at Loch Muick.

AD DULCIE RIDENTEM.

How time does flit!
How sweet 'twould be
Could DULCIE sit
Upon my knee
As when a chit
Of two or three;
Ah! *Dulce sit!*

This daily fitte
I coo and bill,
To DULCIE writ
With wooing quill;
Ah! if by wit
I win my will—
How *Dulce erit!*

THE BRITISH ASS SPEAKS OUT.

[At the opening Congress of the British Association, Professor DEWAR in his Presidential speech attributed the commercial decline of England to a scandalous economy in technical education. It should be said that the Professor is not to be confused with the Sir THOMAS DEWAR who collaborated with Mr. DAN LENO in arranging a Comic Charity Cricket Match, played on the same date, at the Oval.]

At Belfast, where the orange blooms,
The world has fixed its eye on
The portent of the "British Ass"
Assembled in a solid mass
To coach the British Lion.

I scan the President his speech:
How pertinent, how true are
The homilies he utters there—
Greatest (but one) of all who wear
The honoured name of DEWAR.

He laid a facile finger on
The points that most concern us;
Naming the faults we ought to cure
If we would stay our swift but sure
Descent to sheer Avernus.

He weighed the case as one who probes
The germ of epidemics;
And scathingly exposed the cue
To Britain's fall: the thing is due
To disregard of chemics!

Touching the wide commercial worth
Of alkali and acid
He found our training sadly crude,
But, worse than this, our attitude
Was criminally placid.

Take coal-tar. How can patriots mark
With undisturbed emotions
To what a scientific pitch
The Germans raise its use, so rich
In dyes and smells and potions?

These Teutons filch our industries
As fast as we invent 'em;
Our total skill in chemic lore
Compared with theirs is little more
Than thirty-three per centum!

Our lavish rivals look beyond
To-day and many morrows;
CARNEGIE'S Institute sustains
A system for "collecting brains"
Like butterflies or Corots.

Meanwhile we squander year by year
On secular researches
Largesse enough almost to keep
(Bought by the gross you get them cheap)
Our infant schools in birches!

And so the others pass us by
Knee-deep in mere stagnation,
Still haggling over wordy views—
LLOYD-GEORGE'S and the Lord Knows HUGH'S—
On cleric "Education." O. S.

WE learn from the *Sunderland Daily Echo* that "the publishing firm of WORMSER, of Amsterdam, announces that it will publish General DE WET's boot in a few months' time." We shall still hope to have the other boot published eventually, so as to be on the same footing as our troops, to whom he so constantly showed a clean pair of heels.

AN UNFINISHED COLLECTION.

A SILENCE had fallen upon the smoking-room. The warrior just back from the front had enquired after GEORGE VANDERPOOP, and we, who knew that GEORGE's gentle spirit had, to use a metaphor after his own heart, long since been withdrawn from circulation, were feeling uncomfortable and wondering how to break the news.

SMITHSON is our specialist in tact, and we looked to him to be spokesman.

"GEORGE," said SMITHSON at last, "the late GEORGE VANDERPOOP—"

"Late!" exclaimed the warrior; "is he dead?"

"As any doornail," replied SMITHSON sadly. "Perhaps you would care to hear the story. It is sad, but interesting. You may recollect that, when you sailed, he was starting his journalistic career. For a young writer he had done remarkably well. The *Daily Telephone* had printed two of his contributions to their correspondence column, and a bright pen picture of his, describing how LEE's Lozenges for the Liver had snatched him from almost certain death, had quite a vogue. LEE, I believe, actually commissioned him to do a series on the subject."

"Well?" said the warrior.

"Well, he was, as I say, prospering very fairly, when in an unlucky moment he began to make a collection of editorial rejection forms. He had always been a somewhat easy prey to scourges of that description. But when he had passed safely through a sharp attack of Philatelist and a rather nasty bout of Autographomania, everyone hoped and believed that he had turned the corner. The progress of his last illness was very rapid. Within a year he wanted but one specimen to make the complete set. This was the one published from the offices of the *Scrutinizer*. All the rest he had obtained with the greatest ease. I remember his telling me that a single short story of his, called *The Vengeance of Vera Dalrymple*, had been instrumental in securing no less than thirty perfect specimens. Poor GEORGE! I was with him when he made his first attempt on the *Scrutinizer*. He had baited his hook with an essay on Evolution. He read me one or two passages from it. I stopped him at the third paragraph, and congratulated him in advance, little thinking that it was sympathy rather than congratulations that he needed. When I saw him a week afterwards he was looking haggard. I questioned him, and by slow degrees drew out the story. The article on Evolution had been printed.

"Never say die, GEORGE," I said. "Send them *Vera Dalrymple*. No paper can take that."

"He sent it. The *Scrutinizer*, which had been running for nearly a century without publishing a line of fiction, took it and asked for more. It was as if there were an editorial conspiracy against him."

"Well?" said the man of war.

"Then," said SMITHSON, "GEORGE pulled himself together. He wrote a parody of '*The Minstrel Boy*.' I have seen a good many parodies, but never such a parody as that. By return of post came a long envelope bearing the crest of the *Scrutinizer*. 'At last,' he said, as he tore it open.

"GEORGE, old man," I said, "your hand."

"He looked at me a full minute. Then with a horrible, mirthless laugh he fell to the ground, and expired almost instantly. You will readily guess what killed him. The poem had been returned, but without a rejection form!"

Mr. DAVITT has condemned the naming of potatoes after Lord ROBERTS, Lord KITCHENER, and other Generals by the Irish Agricultural Department. Quite so; the potato is a *pomme*, not a *pom-pom, de terre*. The right people to call the "tubers" after are Messrs. YERKES and PERKS.



OUR NON-COMS.

Orderly Sergeant (to officer). "BEG YOUR PARDON SORR, BUT I'M WAN RATION SHORT. WHO WILL I GIVE IT TO?"

THE CRICKET ON THE SHELF.

CRICKET'S dead. No longer now
The ball upon the bat impinges,
Laurels drop from off the brow
Of JACKSONS, FRYS, and RANJITSINHJIS.
Autumn leaves will soon be red—
Cricket's dead.

Though with many a place and date,
Ovals, Lord's, and Crystal Palaces,
Statisticians divagate
Into columns of analyses,
All their interest now is shed—
Cricket's dead.

From the beach the tripper flits
And the blatant German band rues;
Mr. BALFOUR intermits
Education with St. Andrew's,
Bunkers now and rocks ahead!—
Cricket's dead.

Once again the *Gay Lord Quex*
Irritates Sir EDWARD RUSSELL,
And with "*talionis lex*"
Comes PINERO to the tussle.
I—but angels fear to tread—
Cricket's dead.

The gun incarnadines the bird,
MORGAN corners our armadas,
From Dalmeny never a word
Says the noble lord of *Ladas*,
That historic quadruped—
Cricket's dead.

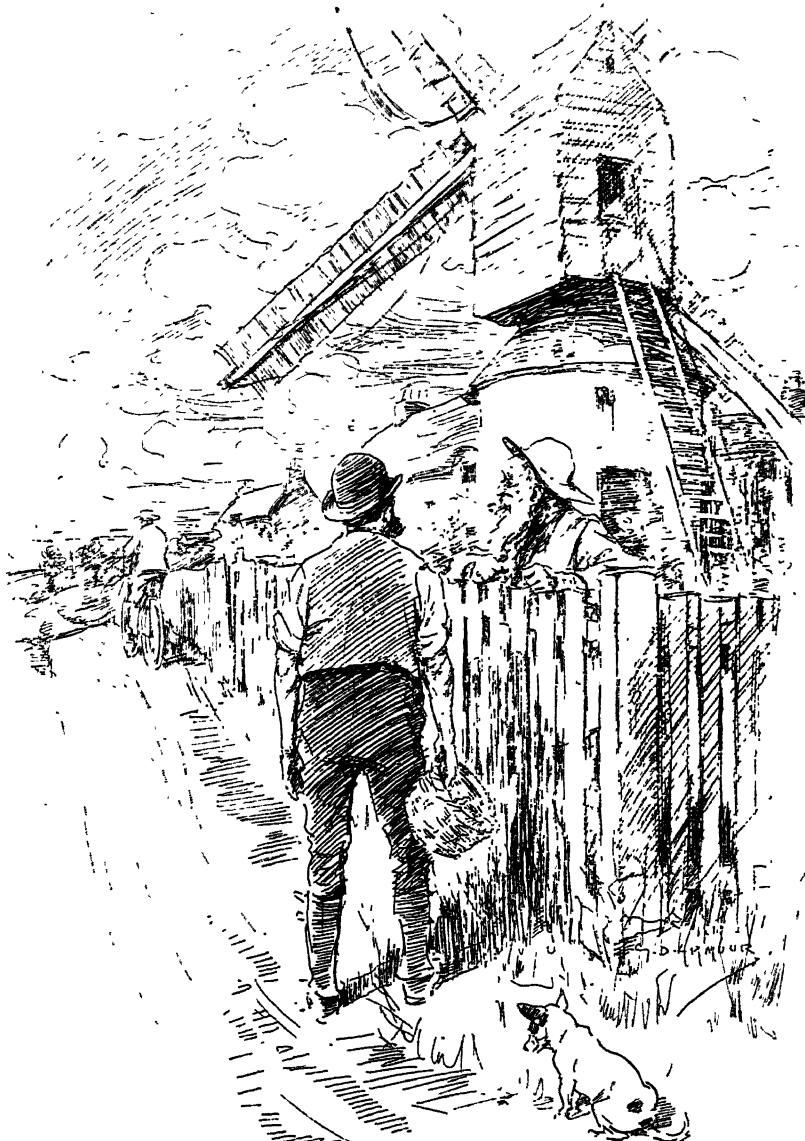
But these verses might go on
From one cover to another;
Muses of Mount Helicon,
Your afflatus I must smother!
I have said what I have said—
Cricket's dead.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF
THE FUTURE.

["We may be at the outset of a lamentable period, in which the drama will decline, and criticism will usurp all the functions of entertainment."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE revival of *Herod* at His Majesty's Theatre last night was rendered interesting chiefly by reason of the appearance of the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, who descended the steps of the palace after the death of *Aristobulus*, and to the huge delight of a large audience, told both author and actors precisely what he thought of them. At the conclusion of what was a veritable *tour de force*, the curtain was raised six times in response to vociferous demands for the artist, and the remainder of the evening seemed comparatively flat and unprofitable.

The most palpable hit in the new pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor* at the Lane was made by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER,



Miller (looking after Cyclist, who has a slight touch of motor mania). "WELL, TO BE SURE! THERE DO BE SOME MAIN IGNORANT CHAPS OUT O' LONDON. 'E COMES 'ERE ASKIN' ME 'OW MANY 'ORSE POWER THE OLD MILL 'AD GOT."

who, during the transformation scene, demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of a crowded house the connection of this particular myth with Scandinavian legend. Notwithstanding the length of the turn, the gifted performer was compelled by the gallery to repeat it three times, and the out-of-date harlequinade was in consequence judiciously omitted by the management.

The attractions of the *Belle of New York* have been considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT'S name in the bill. An inimitable series of entertaining reminiscences now takes the place of the former absurd exhibition of whistling in the shop scene, and

much good advice is given as to the dangers of the stage as a career. This would doubtless have been even more valuable a few years ago, when there were still to be found young persons desirous of becoming players, as was only natural when the stage was not a mere vehicle for the exposition of the critic's art. We have, however, changed all that. The ladies of the chorus, some of whom may have had pasts going back to the *ancien régime*, appeared thoroughly to appreciate Mr. Scott's observations. They will be repeated every evening until further notice, and may be obtained, we are desired to state, in an attractive cover, at all railway stations, price one penny.

THE CANARY'S CHALLENGE.

From the far Harz his parents came :
 He from his birth had learnt to tame
 The longing wild, the deep delight
 That spurs th' untutored bird to flight
 Up in the azure belts of air,
 He knows not why, he recks not where,
 But up and up above the ground,
 And on and on, and round and round,
 Till, tired, but at his own desire,
 He stays his sudden flight of fire.
 And floats and sways and checks his fall,
 Then drops, a tiny feathered ball,
 His notes of passion spent and spilled,
 And all his eager quiverings stilled,
 Down from his height, and so retrieves
 His strength amid his sheltering leaves.
 No fierce desire for freedom stirred
 The little cage-born British bird.
 Comfort he had, and soon resigned
 The native wildness of his mind ;
 And, still contracting to his cage,
 Forgot his ancient heritage,
 His sires' untrammelled life forgot,
 Forgot their airy flight, but not
 The gift that erst had marked them free,
 That kept him bound—their minstrelsy.
 He was his home's delight, and grew
 To love his master ; and he knew
 His gentle mistress and her care,
 And kissed her lips and sang her fair.
 GLADYS he loved, who served his needs,
 And DORIS with her freight of seeds ;
 And oft he shook his trembling tongue
 With note on note together strung,
 Intent to greet in glad surprise
 Sweet CICELY of the shining eyes.
 And he was manumitted too
 From his dear cage, and lit and flew
 Out and about through all the room's
 Expanse, a flash of yellow plumes.
 Perched on a chair he would prolong
 His pure ecstatic burst of song,
 Then seek his master's hand, and then
 Hop meekly to his cage again.

* * * *

They took him down one summer's day,
 And bore him, cage and all, away,
 Far from his loved familiar home
 To England's verge and o'er the foam.
 Within the Custom-house the crowd
 Was striving, jostling, talking loud :
 Some talked in Anglo-French, and some
 Talked English—nobody was dumb.
 The porters of that seaport town
 Banged each his load of luggage down ;
 Worn travellers, fumbling at the locks,
 Opened a trunk, a bag, a box ;
 Costumed officials barred a path
 To women voluble with wrath ;
 And boys were darting here and there,
 And all was chaos and despair—
 When on that crowd, in heat immersed,
 Three clear cool notes of music burst.
 A moment's pause, and then it thrilled
 In one triumphant swell that filled
 The shed our throng was pent within :—
 Oh, how it seemed to pierce the din

With rapier thrusts of melody ;
 The porters half forgot their fee,
 And all the noise died down and seemed
 Asleep, while still the bird-voice streamed
 In sudden twists, in quivering twirls,
 In rippling rows of liquid pearls,
 Gushing, as in a thirsty land
 A fountain splashes on the sand.
 For a short space no sound was heard
 But CICELY's little captive bird
 Who sang as if his heart must break,
 With mere excess of trill and shake,
 And flung the challenge of his notes
 Defiant down the Frenchmen's throats.

He ceased ; the clamour rose again,
 And so at last we caught the train.

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a long time since my Baronite read a novel of such entrancing interest as *The Twickenham Peerage* (METHUEN). Mr. MARSH bases his plot on an incident as old as SHAKESPEARE'S day. He pulls the strings so deftly that he makes the worn-out topic live again with pristine vigour. My Baronite never spoils a novelist's game by disclosing his plot. He recommends the gentle reader to get the book and find it out for himself. In addition to its breathless interest, it is full of character and bubbling with fun.

The Vultures (SMITH, ELDER) are the diplomatic representatives of England, France, and the United States. Mr. SETON MERRIMAN bestows upon them this name in token of their habits of foregathering in certain capitals whenever war is imminent. With the assistance of Mr. CARTENOR, representing Great Britain, M. DEULIN, France, and JOSEPH P. MANGLES, U.S.A., Mr. MERRIMAN gives vivid pictures of the condition of things in Warsaw, where order still reigns under the iron heel of Russia. In accordance with his excellent manner when planning a novel, he makes a thorough study of the topography, history, and national characteristics of the country in which the scene is set. In this case it is Poland, and clear light is flashed upon life in Warsaw. The princely house of BUKATA, father, son, and daughter, are admirable studies of character. But my Baronite confesses he does not care for the three Vultures, who are, or are designed to be, the principal personages in the story. They become a little tiresome with their affectation of capacity for seeing through a ladder beyond the range of ordinary ken. This is a conversation that takes place. "An old traveller said, as he passed CARTENOR'S table at the Club, 'The world must be quiet indeed, with you here in London.' 'I am waiting,' replied CARTENOR. 'What for?' 'I do not know,' he replied, placidly continuing his dinner." This sort of thing is repeated with wearisome iteration. It was done in real life once for all, and much better, in the case of a lady still alive, whom many of us know. Seated by the side of DIZZY at the dinner table, in critical times when Russia was threatening Constantinople and British interposition was looked for, the hostess, having discussed and settled the political situation, said to her distinguished guest in thrilling whisper, "What are you waiting for?" "I am waiting for you to pass the mustard," said DIZZY. And, like CARTENOR, he "placidly continued his dinner." THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

An article on "Dress and Fashion" in a well-known daily paper [makes the following statement, which *Mr. Punch* quotes for what it is worth :—"In hose, extraordinary strides have been made of late."



CHURCH THEATRES FOR COUNTRY VILLAGES—THE BLAMELESS BALLET.

["MR. CHAMBERLAIN has expressed himself in sympathy with the scheme of the Rev. FORBES PHILLIPS for running theatres in connection with the Churches in country villages."]

THERE WOULD, OUR ARTIST IMAGINES, BE NO DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING WILLING CORYPHÉES AMONG THE PEW-OPENERS AND PHILANTHROPIC SPINSTERS OF THE VARIOUS PARISHES.

SUNSHINE THE TEMPTRESS.

THE bee is on the heather and the sun is on the Ben—
Ho, there! Bookworm, shut your musty tome!
Come, ramble by the river that is leaping down the glen,
Come, climb the purple upland where the wild deer roam.

I will show a thousand beauties which you 'll never, never see

In your fusty, dusty volumes if you 'll only follow me:

You shall see the waters falling,
O'er the sandy shallows brawling,
Dashing, splashing,
Gaily flashing
Over rock and under tree.
And I 'll show you, lying cool
In his deep and inky pool,
All secure, the wise old salmon
Whom the angler cannot gammon.
There he lies serenely sleeping
While above him flashes bright
The frolic troutlet leaping
In the light.

Come and scramble through the heather where the hill-tops touch the sky,
Come and scale the peaks of granite where the eagles soar on high.

See the white-tailed rabbits near you—
How they scuttle when they hear you!
Hurry-scurry
In their flurry
Swift as lightning off they fly.
And I 'll also show you where,
With his antlers high in air,

Unapproachable of men
Stands the monarch of the glen.
At his sweet will he shall ramble
Over leagues of upland lawns,
While around him gaily gambol
Fairy fawns.

A BUN MOT.

At the Confectioners' and Bakers' Exhibition at Islington the public were defrauded of much enjoyment by the omission of several allied industries, which would have been of the deepest interest. For instance, no attempt was made to explain the properties of alum as an article of diet, though its well-known heated fragrance gladdens many a neighbourhood when the ovens are opened of a morning. Another strange oversight was of certain invariable ingredients (described as "fruit" in the trade) contained in penny buns, Bath buns, and scones. We refer to short lengths of stalk, blackened skins, and stains of various colours, widely supposed to be portions of currants, sultanas, or even raisins. But the separation of the original crude fruit from the "fruit" as presented to us by the baker clearly involves a perfection of careful, mechanical skill that might well have formed one of the chief attractions of the show.

May we express a hope that the above-named industries will be included in the curriculum of the National School for Bakers, recently opened at the Borough Polytechnic? Many sacred institutions are being torn from us in these revolutionary days; but the Englishman will not readily part with the foods and refreshments of his youth.

"A QUESTION OF THE HOUR."—Asking a Railway Porter the time of the next train's departure for your holiday resort.

"BOZ" AND BOULOGNE.

"Now," says the genial Châtelain de DARDELOT as we sit at his table enjoying our coffee, *chasse*, and cigar, after an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette* accompanied by "the generous" to which we three pilgrims, being thoroughly conscientious, had done no more than strict justice—"I propose driving you to the pretty church at Condette, where you will see on a tombstone an inscription that will specially interest you" (this to me), "as a member of 'The Boz Club.'"

Kind Madame la Châtelaine was sure that there could not be a better way than the one proposed of spending the afternoon. One of her daughters, as well up as her father in all the local traditions, would be of the party, while the Châtelaine herself and another daughter, her "understudy," would await our return and welcome us with a "five o'clock," meaning tea, *et cetera*, the latter being for those who might prefer this variant in refreshments.

So with our Châtelain gaily driving *à la française*, with cracking whip and (apparently to timid hearts) dangerously loose reins, we, in a light waggonette and pair, one of us on the box with our gallant coachman, and three in the open well behind—which, being innocent of any doors, gave more than one of the party an occasional chance of being left "well behind" on the road—were triumphantly conducted round all sorts of queer corners, skirting ditches yawning to receive us, and projecting banks, now down on one side, now up on the same side and down on the other, with "*Hé là-bas!*" to a carrier's cart blocking up the way, until the carrier himself, in the politest manner possible, emptied himself and the contents of his cart into a *fosse*, his courtesy being acknowledged by the Châtelain with a cheery nod and smile, and "*Mille remerciements*," until we were taken at a sharp trot round a right-angled corner into a by-lane and landed at the gate of an unoccupied house standing in its own (or somebody else's) park-like grounds. No help required from groom or coachman, nor from a handy man (there wasn't one) on the premises, as the Châtelain is prepared for such emergencies, and suddenly produces from somewhere a chain and a kind of rope halter, with which our "steppers" are fixed up to a ring in the wall to be left there till called for again by us. Beautifully situated is the house, with lovely views, and a courtyard overshadowed by a big tree in the centre, which must have been the counterpart of the house that was in CHARLES DICKENS'S temporary occupation on the other side, *not* the Condette side, of Boulogne. But CHARLES DICKENS may have stopped at this place for a short time before finally taking up his abode in the country nearer to, and north-west of, Boulogne, where he occupied a house on the Calais Road, "on the very summit of the hill," with "a private road leading out to the Column" (see Book vii, *Life of Dickens*, pp. 457-468).

Our host, having remounted his box and adroitly turned the horses and carriage quickly and safely round in a space wherein the unaccustomed eye would not have seen room for the manœuvring of a small donkey-cart, we were conveyed at a sharp trot to the village, presumably of Condette, where in the garden of the quaint old inn the landlord's son keeps some half dozen falcons, which, with their red hoods over their heads and their beaks and still sharper eyes, conveyed the idea of a party of rich old miserly money-lenders (queer birds these) on the look-out for something to pounce on. They were very friendly, out of business hours, while their owner exhibited them. We regretted being unable to see the sport; but they were not going out that day. Pleasantly saluted by hostess, host, and "PHILIP the Falconer," a bright and intelligent youth their son, we were then personally conducted to the Church and Terra Sancta of Condette, which visit had been from the first *le bout de notre pèlerinage*.

The Church of St. Martin—again presumably so, since there is an ancient statue here representing St. MARTIN on horseback (the figures are, I think, of wood, and coloured)—is as pretty and bright as heart of man could wish a simple country church to be, scrupulously neat and clean, and quite free from anything like that tawdriness of decoration which, so frequently met with abroad, offends the peculiarly English sense of the fitness of things. Then, taking us into the graveyard of the church, our Châtelain silently and impressively points to a square tomb of pure white stone, on the face of which is the inscription here reproduced *textuellement*:

"*Ici repose le corps de Monsieur Ferdinand Bearcourt, épouse de Françoise Mutuel. Né à Bethune, Décédé à Condette Le 8 Mai 1881, à l'âge de 75 ans et 8 mois.*"

DICKENS knew this worthy gentleman from 1853 to 1856. So it is likely that he may have changed his residence after DICKENS had left, and have settled down at Condette. On another side, at right angles to the above, is clearly cut the following inscription:—

"*The Landlord of whom Charles Dickens wrote, 'I never did see such a gentle, kind heart.'*"

Here we stood for some time, each one of us liking rather to meditate than to break the silence.

The sincerest thanks of our party are due to our Châtelain et Châtelaine and their bright daughters who had arranged for us so interesting a pilgrimage, and had so delightfully carried it out. And the weather! Well, it was of all late summer days the most glorious, and never was one more enjoyable. And that, *Mesdames et Messieurs*, is the verdict of us all here expressed by

A PROGRESSING PILGRIM.

THE SONG OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

"[The Doukhobors, a colony of whom was recently planted in Manitoba, have abandoned the use of horses, cows, and all domestic animals, which they refuse to keep in servitude.]—*Daily Paper*."

THE Doukhobors! The Doukhobors! Who does not yearn to be

So absolutely uncontrolled—so fabulously free?
So potent are their principles, the zealous folk I sing
Extend the rights which they enjoy to every living thing.
The cows in that community no longer are subdued;
No dog among the Doukhobors remains in servitude.
With institutions of their own the creatures are content;
The marmosets have got a Mayor, the pigs a President;
The kittens, if you pull their tails, consult solicitors;
The very rabbits have their rights among the Doukhobors.

The Doukhobors! The Doukhobors! With their distinctive views

They lend a new significance to words we often use.
If I were going to the dogs, I should not find it hard
To go where dogs enjoy the height of popular regard.
To call a Doukhobor an ass implies a compliment,
And sheepish looks improve a man, by general consent.
When ladies call each other "cat," in our domestic wars,
I like to think how sweet it sounds among the Doukhobors.

The Doukhobors! The Doukhobors! Consistent as they are,

They go, perhaps, upon the whole, a little bit too far;
And though I've travelled many lands, from Hind to
Helsingfors,

I do not mean to try my luck among the Doukhobors.

On the mysterious disappearance of Prince RANJITSINGHI from the cricket field during part of the season:—

"The Black-Bat Knight has flown."—*Tennyson*.

DE OSCULIS ABOLENDIS.

DAPHNE, ah, what foolish fellow
Tastes the honey of your lips?
As the wasp from golden-yellow
Apricots, all ripe and mellow,
Sweetness fondly sips.

In the tresses, fair and golden,
Of your rich luxuriant hair,
Is his fluttering fancy holden,
Whom your artless arts embolden,
And its beauty rare.

Foolish boy! he little guesses,
As with them he loves to play,
There are microbes in those tresses—
In the lips that he caresses
What bacilli stray!

I, of kissing sworn despiser
(Since I knew your broken vow),
Once of spurious gold a miser,
Growing older—yes, and wiser—
Study science now.

SIPS FROM ALL SAUCES.

(By our Lunacy Commissioner.)

GREEBA CASTLE, the residence of Mr. HALL CAINE, is lit entirely with liquid air. Mr. CROCKETT's amanuenses use 900 quarts of ink annually.

Mr. H. G. WELLS has announced his intention of swimming the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne next Friday in the company of the Sea Lady.

Miss MARIE CORELLI's name has been mentioned 11,941,264 times in the press since April 1st.

Count VON BUELOW, the German Imperial Chancellor, drinks nothing but barley-water. His intimates call him BILL.

Mr. PLOWDEN, the humorous magistrate, is a wonderful Arabic scholar. He considers the Koran the greatest book in the world after Mr. JEROME K. JEROME's *Three Men in a Boat*.

Mr. KIPLING's new Motor-car is christened "Rikki-Tikki." The motive-power is bonzoline, and the chauffeur is a full-blooded Mameluke, who saved his master's life during a free fight in the congested districts of Lompalanka.

We understand that a revised version of BIZET's famous opera is now being prepared by Mr. HARMSWORTH, under the title of *Auto-Carmen*. The principal rôle is assigned to Mercedes.

WANTED, AN S.P.C.I.

A RECENT number of *Country Life* points out that no one sorrows for the millions of insects destroyed by the unseasonable weather. How callous, how ice-cold must be the heart of a nation that forms societies for the protection of horses, dogs, cats—even birds; yet turns away unmoved at the distress of a common house-fly! A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects is



AN EMPTY EMBRACE.

"'ERE Y'ARE! HUMBERELLA RINGS, TWO A PENNY!"

a simple necessity to keep in bounds the unbridled ferocity of the English people. Such a League would, of course, forbid the sale of the murderous powders of KEATING, and the insecticides concocted by bloodthirsty horticulturists. Fishing, except with artificial flies, would be abolished. Also entomologists. Medals would be conferred on landladies refusing to destroy multitudes of happy little insects at the request of lodgers, selfishly intent on a comfortable night's rest. Our most gifted novelists would be encouraged to devote their works to delineations of insect life; and England would thrill to the stormy career of the bluebottle, swiftly, tragically ended in

a cup of tea; or breathlessly follow the gloomy orgies of the silent blackbeetle, closed in the haggard light of morning by the fated tread of the relentless cook. The nation's tears would flow for the fragile moth, choked with camphor and driven from her flannel home to perish in the treacherous blasts of spring; and righteous wrath would descend on the charwoman, with rigorous broom rending the cherished web of the distracted spider. Who will head the movement?

PADEREWSKI LATITUDES.—The Roaring Fortes.



Uncle Jack. "THE PROFESSOR HAS A MUMMY QUITE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD."

Elsie. "OH, MUMMY, WILL YOU BE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD WHEN ME AND CYRIL ARE GROWN UP LIKE HIM?"

SPORT OR BRUTALITY?

ON Monday the £1,000 prize for the Long-distance Obstacle Drive from Hyde Park Corner to the Bank (using the same horses) was secured by Major JUGGINS. After a delay of some weeks owing to weather, the alarum punch sounded at dawn to good start at some two miles an hour, JUGGINS being greased all over as protection against rigours of an English summer. Interior of vehicle loaded with 3 dozen loaves, 1 gallon of whisky, 1 barrel Jacob's Oil, 2 pairs sea-boots, 2 doctors, and 1 (one) Church of England chaplain; Press drag in the rear.

Cinematographed during breakfast at 8.30 opposite MASKELYNE AND COOK'S; Piccadilly (which was decorated throughout) being "up" to allow laying of six inches of gas piping. Stopped for furious driving opposite SWAN AND EDGAR'S by policeman, who demanded JUGGINS' number and family history. By clever steering crossed the Circus in half-an-hour. Asked how he felt, JUGGINS answered "middling"; 2 ozs. brandy at once injected by the doctors.

Course altered to E. by S. at Waterloo Place owing to a block. At the Carlton bar 1 pint Bovril and 60 minims alcohol

(diluted in 3 gills soda-water) were taken; the horses had their legs rubbed down with brandy, were fed with the whites of 20 eggs, and re-shod. JUGGINS, though labouring heavily, told an interviewer he *meant to do it*; had suffered much more on his celebrated Islington-Baker Street ride.

2.30.—Dense crowds collected in Trafalgar Square by foot messenger sent on hours before—telegraphing being found too slow, and telephones out of order. Took on board 2 dozen fresh loaves and 1 barrel salt pork, while horses trod water in puddle under Nelson Column.

At Griffin at 7.30. Received Freedom of City and address from LORD MAYOR, alluding to valuable military lessons of the Drive and vindication of London locomotion. Search light turned on and Fleet Street beautifully illuminated. Took 4 inches beefsteak dissolved in half-gallon beer.

Band and military guard on parade at the Bank, where JUGGINS, whose dogged pluck in having his horses thoroughly lashed during the last hour was much admired, struggled home at 11.30—the first athlete to accomplish the feat within 19½ hours. A public subscription has been started.

NOTABILIA FICTA.

Mr. Seddon (magnanimously). "England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

Mr. John Redmond. "The political situation in Ireland is in some respects laughable. But where comedians are concerned I prefer WYNDHAM at the Criterion to WYNDHAM at Cork."

Mr. Carnegie (to the interviewer of the "Skibo-reign Eagle"). "After all, the true Triumphant Democracy consists in entertaining Royalty."

Mr. Max Pemberton. "A man who plays ping-pong need not necessarily be an Iron Pirate. A man who plays golf may still write for the *Daily Mail*. But a man who kicks a football for hire is capable of murdering his own mother-in-law."

Madame Humbert (on laying down Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR'S "Phantom Millions"). "Ce cher Tay Pay! How perfectly he has appreciated me!"

Sir Gordon Sprigg. "After a threatened attack of suspensiditis, I am recruiting among the Dutch."

Lady Harborton (summing up the relation of costume to capability in the "Should Women Work" controversy). "Dux femina facti; divide et impera!"



A DUET WITH A DIFFERENCE.

General Bortha sings—

“IN MAKING A BARGAIN, THE TROUBLE WITH JOE
IS HIS METHOD OF MEETING DEMANDS WITH A NO!”

Mr. Chamberlain sings—

“IN MAKING A BARGAIN, THE FAULT OF THE BOER
LIES IN GETTING TOO MUCH AND THEN ASKING FOR MORE!”

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

IX.—THESPIA ON WIRES.

It was last night that we found the tent on the green and read the placards. We at once decided to come. SKILBECK of Balliol, who is with me, has spent to-day looking up details about mimetics and the dithyramb. It is only the prospect of this evening that has buoyed us up all day. Saturday in this Hampshire village has not been idyllic. It has poured with rain since the early morning; of the people in the inn the most were drunk, and the rest cyclists, which SKILBECK described as Scylla and Charybdis. There was a third class—the drunken cyclists, but that was of no help in the situation. To read the philosophy of KANT in a room above the bar has been impossible; we have shunned facing Scylla and Charybdis in the coffee-room. But this evening has come, and it should be some compensation for the dulness of the day to see a powerful travelling company in a "Strong Representation of *Drink*."

We are glad to get inside the tent. The walk through the mud from the inn has been, considered as a dramatic preparation, unfortunate. It is pleasurable, however, to find that we rank as front-row plutocrats for sixpence. The twopenny pit gape at us with awe-struck curiosity. The overture has begun: a five-year-old coon song on a metallic piano. SKILBECK murmurs triumphant references to the dithyramb. The stage looks very small; apparently it is a pigmy company. It should be a unique experience to see them in *Drink*. At last the curtain rises by several stages, and we experience our first emotion. It is a Marionette Show.

Act I. is in full swing. A wooden-faced inebriate has left his wife and child at home for the superior attractions of the village inn, ably presided over by a treble-jointed publican and his falsetto son. The dialogue between the three is instructive. The speakers appear to be possessed by a desire for temporary dismemberment; furthermore, whichever of the trio is for the time being silent collapses against the wall in an attitude suggestive of intoxicated impotence. The moods and passions of the speakers seem to produce in them anatomical effects of the most alarming nature; SKILBECK with difficulty restrains his "pity and terror" on the publican, in a fit of sudden joy, shedding his left foot.

The publican's wife enters, and we now see that her son's voice is an inheritance. A flirtation ensues between her and WOODEN-FACE, her husband and son leaning helpless against the wall, and watching the scene with comatose



He. "BUT I TOLD YOU TO MEET ME IN THE SLIP CARriage!"

She. "WELL, HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHEREABOUTS IN THE TRAIN IT WOULD BE?"

apathy. Then enters WOODEN-FACE'S wife—from her voice evidently a sister of the publican's lady—and her rival subsides against the wall beside her drunken relatives. Mrs. WOODEN-FACE implores her husband without effect to return to his simple cottidge where his little cheeld awites him. To them comes a grey-faced clergyman with a splay foot, and attempts to reclaim WOODEN-FACE.

There is by now leaning against the wall a row of no less than four characters in various stages of alcoholic excess. They are joined—his temperance speech concluded—by the minister; his collapse is, if anything, more serious than that of his wall-companions, for his right leg is doubled into the small of his back. The latest entrance is the Cheeld; she has golden hair, and is apparently suffering from small-pox. This makes it hardly surprising that

WOODEN-FACE should resist her appeal—an appeal to which the metallic piano adds its persuasion—of

"Farver, dear Farver, cummome!"

But it cannot excuse him for projecting a pint-pot along an obvious wire at his offspring's head. The Cheeld falls, and so does the curtain—by segments. A countryman behind us is shaken by a long dry sob.

Act II. in the dying Cheeld's bed-chamber is affecting to a degree. The Cheeld, with agitated convulsions of her head and arms, announces with some confidence to a row of intoxicated mourners by the wall that she is going to be an Angel, and is eventually at the close of the scene borne to a blue merino heaven in the arms of two spasmodic Cherubim. The countryman's sobs are by this time heartrending, and SKILBECK, leaning back, fails to give him any comfort by the assurance

that he is merely undergoing an Aristotelian catharsis.

Act III. is soon over. In it we see WOODEN-FACE a reformed character—a striking example of child-murder as a cure for alcoholism. Integrity and respectability combined are suggested by a frock-coat, grey flannel shirt and no collar. He is reconciled to his wife, and, by the time the curtain works its passage down again, there is every indication that he means for the future to lead a better—if still a spasmodic—life.

With purified emotions we rise to leave the tent. I cannot but feel that the effect is about to be completely marred when I see the owner of the marionettes appear in *propria persona* before the curtain to conclude the entertainment by singing a comic song. I seize SKILBECK, apologetically seeking a parallel in the satyric drama, and hurry him out into the wet—not quite in time to escape a last impression of a melancholy-looking man in a greasy dress suit, averring with a show of nasal enthusiasm that when he goes out on the hi-ti-ti it is a bit of all right.

OUR TOWN REGATTA.

I AM free to confess that I felt rather flattered when I was asked to “come on” the Committee of the Shrimpton Town Regatta: I am equally free to admit that my sense of exaltation did not last very long. I did not know so much about Regattas then as I do now.

We held our preliminary meeting in the back parlour of “The Dog and Dough-nut,” Mr. JOHN WOPSLEY, the local butcher, in the chair. This gentleman having called for, and partly consumed, a pot of “four-arf”—whatever that mysterious liquid may be—opened the proceedings by saying that Shrimpton ought to do the thing in style, with “no ‘arf measures and no niggard ‘and.”

This, being purely academic and committing nobody to anything in particular, was received, as all such pious expressions should be, with unstinted applause.

Then we came down to cold detail, and after two hours’ discussion I reeled faintly out of the awful atmosphere of tobacco smoke and fumes of strong drink, to breathe the pure night air once more.

Several similar meetings followed, and then at last came the great day.

I need hardly state that the elements were not with us. On Regatta days it is an almost invariable rule that the sea should be choppy and the wind blow hard. On this occasion it was also remarkably cold.

We were adorned with red rosettes and sent on board the Committee boat

early: far too early, I thought, as that primitive craft jumped and rolled at her moorings in a most uncomfortable manner. I had brought a goodly supply of sandwiches and tobacco with me, but, somehow or other, I cared for none of these things. “Once on board the lug”—I mean Committee boat—they seemed to lose all interest for me.

The first event was a swimming race; the competitors started from the shore and made our boat the winning post. I wished they had not done so, as one candidate after another clambered in and dripped all over our clothes.

There was an objection on the ground that the winner was not qualified—the second man, in his excited protest, waving his arms violently and spraying the Committee liberally. We finally pacified them by promising an extra prize, to be provided out of our private pockets.

Then came a rowing contest. There were cross objections here, and again we resorted to the same cowardly expedient, after Mr. WOPSLEY had taken off his coat and threatened to fight the first and second coupled.

We then received from the shore an intimation that the Town Band declined to play any longer unless an extra fifteen shillings was guaranteed them.

The fun began to be fast and furious when WOPSLEY inadvertently sat down on the breach of the small signal gun and “touched it off” with a terrific report. Poor WOPSLEY was knocked overboard by the recoil, whilst the sailing boats moored in the Bay mistook the sound for the signal to start their race.

They all broke out their jibs and raced past the “imaginary line,” but, being taken unawares, such confusion prevailed among them that, rounding the Committee boat, the *Saucy Soapsuds* missed stays, and ran right into the devoted craft on which we were “dreeing our weird.”

What became of the rest of the Committee, at the moment, I did not know. I found myself clinging frantically to the *Soapsuds*’ bowsprit, and being borne onward o’er the bounding main at a perfectly awful rate. A moment of horrible suspense, and then strong hands—too strong hands—grasped me by the slack of the trou—by the waistband, and hauled me aboard.

I looked up, expecting to find the honest, kindly, brown-bearded faces which sea-novel readers are always told await them when rescued from the cruel ocean’s hungry jaws. But I saw instead three young Cockneys in very dirty “sweaters,” glaring down at me over their sunburned noses in a way which

made my blood run cold, and heard the leader’s brief address:—

“Garn, yer silly cuckoo! wodjer mean by gettin’ in our w’y an’ spilin’ our chanst ter win? Y’ ought to be biled, blank yer, y’ spindle-shanked ‘umbug!”

I venture to say that I shall not be found serving on the Committee of the Shrimpton Town Regatta next season.

TO OUR TRUSTY FRIEND.

[“It is rumoured that an American Building Trust is to be formed, with a capital of some sixty-six million dollars, to take in hand the reconstruction of London.”—*Daily Paper*.]

So, Uncle SAM, you’ve cast your eye
On London’s brick and stucco greatness,

And you propose a Trust should try
To lick it into up-to-dateness.
That’s real kind; we feel you’ve made
A truly neighbourly suggestion—
But have you adequately weighed
The difficulties of the question?

Say, are you sure that your Combine
(Or is it *Combine*?) will be grounded
In all the classes of design

With which we love to be surrounded?
Can you, for instance, emulate

Our Ludgate Bridge’s gorgeous gilding,

Erect the Fleet Street Griffin’s mate,
Or beat the Admiralty building?

Can you prepare us plans to rank
With British Art’s supreme creations?
Could you have built the Birkbeck
Bank,

Or Paddington and King’s Cross
Stations?

Will you, when decorating walls
(Like some with whom we’re well
acquainted),

Declare the frescoes in St. Paul’s
Are not so bad as they are painted?

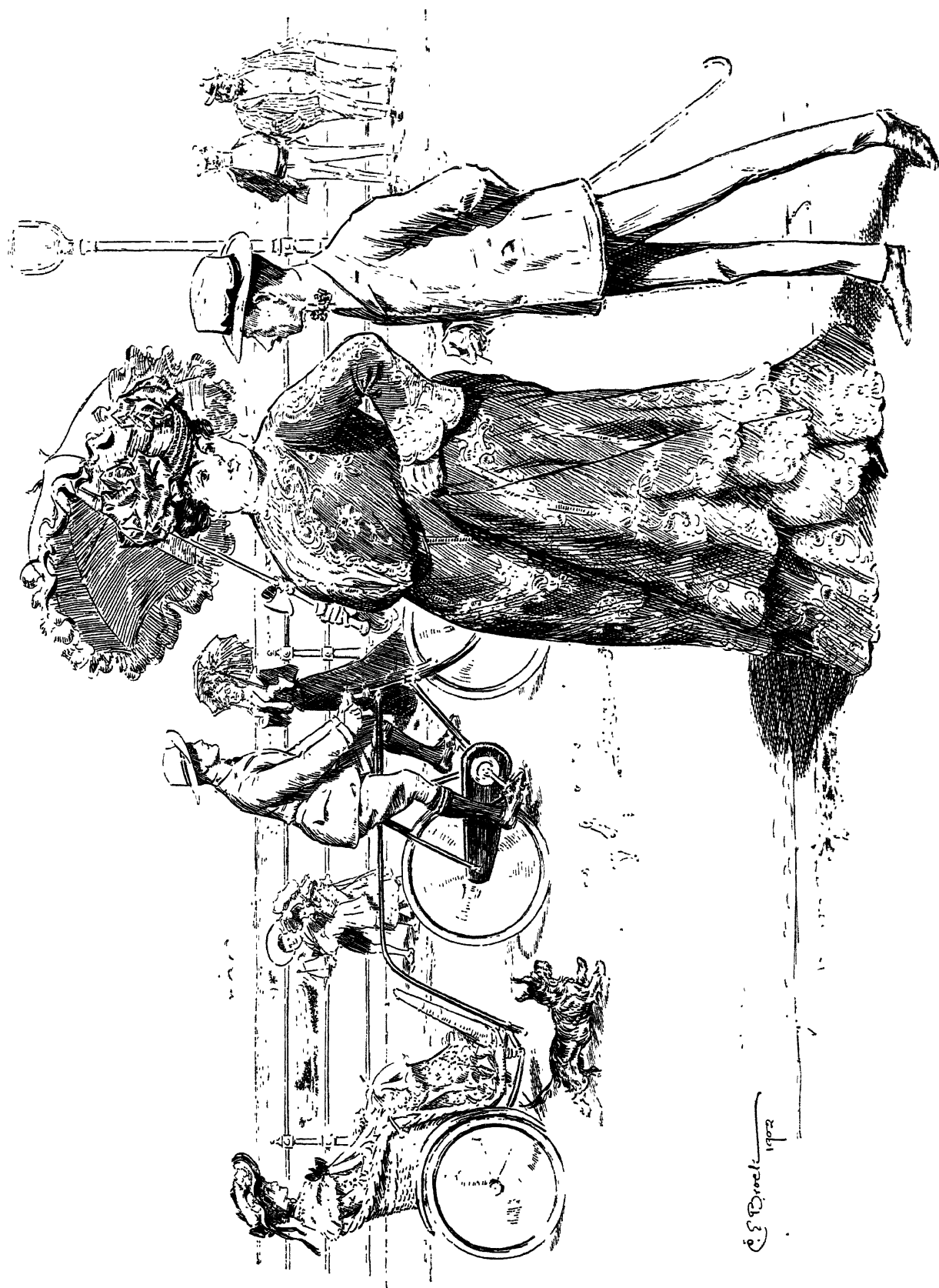
If so, we greet you—oh, but stay,
It’s only right for us to mention
That others in the building way
Are giving us their best attention;
And so we fear you cannot come,
Unless the Trust that you announce ‘ll
Put by a fairly handsome sum
To pension off the County Council.

The Red Earl (Conte Rosso).

Our brilliant contemporary *Il Corriere della Sera* describes the London County Council as:

“una specie di Consiglio provinciale, che ha già adattato nel Governo della metropoli arditissime riforme a vantaggio delle classi povere, riforme iniziate dal suo primo presidente lord ROSEBERRY, il quale all’epoca della sua amministrazione si acquistò il titolo di *Conte Rosso*, perché gli si attribuivano tendenze socialiste.”

May we trace here a confusion with
Earl HERBERT SPENCER?



'THESE TRAILERS ARE SPLENDID THINGS! YOU MUST REALLY GET ONE AND TAKE ME OUT, PERRY!'



Blinks (who is somewhat nervous, and has just been peppered by occupant of the adjoining butt).
 "DON'T SHOOT AGAIN! I SURRENDER!! I SURRENDER!!!"

LITERARY RUMOURS.

Mr. Punch is glad to be able to supplement the Publishers' Lists by the following preliminary notices, hitherto crowded out owing to the rush of the opening season:—

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose *Confessions of an Opinion-Eater* has long been out of print, is preparing for publication before Christmas a novel entitled *Temporary Power: a Study in Supremacy*. The work, we understand, is to be dedicated, without permission, to the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is engaged upon a new edition of the *History of Selborne*. The introduction will, it is said, be more strictly critical than apologetic.

Mr. R. W. PERKS is still hard at work upon his *Tale of a Tube*.

Lord ROSEBURY is at present enjoying a retreat, having had a notable success with his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Mr. GERALD BALFOUR's new novel, *The History of Jonathan Very Wild*, is to be dedicated to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, as a mark of sympathy with him in the want of success which has attended his shipping enterprises.

General BOTHA's book will be entitled *Reitz and Wrongs of the Transvaal War*; while General DE WET has decided to call his *How to be Happy though Harried*.

The name of Mr. REITZ's new work clashes with that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though differing from it in the sub-title.

It is to be called *Temporary Power; or After the "Armistice."*

Still another edition of *Shakspeare* is announced. This time it is the "Empire" edition, the first volume of which will be *Love's Labour's Lost*, with notes by Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P.

Amongst novels of the season likely to be popular may be mentioned Mr. GIBSON BOWLES' *Talky and Co.*, and *The Blast of the Barrons*, by the defeated candidate for Leeds.

There will shortly appear a new volume of verse by Mr. H. ARNOLD-FORSTER entitled *La Bellville sans Merci, and other Poems*.

THE CULT OF CULTURE.

["The University Extension Lectures have this year proved a greater success than ever."—*Daily Paper*.]

CULTURE! 'Twas the primal passion
 Of ADOLPHUS, ex-P.-T.,
 And he thrilled in strangest fashion
 When that word he chanced to see.
 What it meant, or what effected,
 Little, little he suspected;
 How it was to be detected
 Was a mystery, thought he;
 But he knew that, like a vulture
 Famished, he was craving Culture,
 Culture with a big, big C.

Slowly season followed season;
 Still no nearer drew the goal,
 Though he fancied feasts of reason
 And imagined flows of soul.
 Lighter joys he flouted. Wherefore
 Maidens fair but foolish care for?
 Love was not what he was there for,
 Neither was the flowing bowl.
 Still of things sublimer dreamt he—
 Still, alas, he fasted empty,
 Empty as a sideless hole.

Then by chance he heard one mention
 That which filled his heart with glee—
 University Extension

Lectures at a modest fee.
 "Ha!" ADOLPHUS cried, delighted,
 "Now shall all my wrongs be righted,
 Nor shall ignorance benighted
 Any more my fortune be.
 I will read the golden pages
 Of the Greek and Roman sages:
 Sages are the men for me."

So the lectures he attended,
 With a note-book in his hand,
 And ADOLPHUS comprehended
 All that he could understand.
 Now he's cultured, and with pride he's
 Fond of quoting THUCYDIDES;
 AESCHYLUS and EURIPIDES
 Are, he thinks, a poorer brand:
 For to them is great SOPHOCLES
 As an oyster to the cockles,
 Cockles sold behind the Strand.

THE GNAT GAME.

THIS is a game for the hot summer nights. It combines the pleasures and advantages of Patience, hunting, innocent gambling, and acting in a farce. It is more difficult than any known form of Patience, and the player is more often defeated, but, like Patience, it requires only one player, and is therefore a great resource to the solitary. The hunting element will be apparent later on. It has the excitement, without the sinfulness, of gambling, the stake being merely a night's rest; very clever or very lucky players may sometimes win the whole; the opposite kind of players may lose the whole, and there is any number of intermediate stages. As for the farcical element, no player with any sense of humour can fail to perceive the exquisite irony and comicality of the whole business. This is especially striking when for any reason, such as a difficult task to be performed the next day, the stake is of exceptional importance to the player. The apparatus is simple. The player wears a suit of pyjamas—any colour or pattern will do—and must be supplied with a candle and a box of matches, unless the bedroom where the game is played is lighted with electricity—which is not usual, as it is exclusively a country pastime—and with a towel. Nothing else is needed, except the gnat. The species required is not to be found everywhere, for the common gnat is of little use. But low-lying districts in the South of England, and more especially near the junction of a river with the sea, can generally be relied upon to produce the required gnat between the middle of July and the end of September. It is of a comparatively large size, and its hum and bite resemble those of the mosquito. [N.B. The game can be played with the mosquito also, if the player is willing not to handicap the insect with a mosquito net. But the amusement is enjoyed at its best by the unsuspecting, and we therefore confine the account to gnats.] People with exceptionally good nerves and very heavy sleepers are unsuited to the game. But for all others it provides a pastime of absorbing interest. We can perhaps best give an idea of it by describing a game actually played.

This game was played at a house in Sussex, in a valley of the South Downs. The player repaired to his bedroom at eleven P.M., tired with a long day's golf. He had to be up betimes the next day to get through some difficult legal work in London, work for which a clear head and a quick wit were necessary. He reflected that a good night's rest, after the golf, would put him in that desirable condition. This reflection marks the beginning of the game, being part of its humour. He smiled with satisfaction as he looked at the nice clean sheets. Remembering that smile afterwards, he shrieked at the irony of it. He was a rather nervous person and a bad sleeper, but on this occasion he fell asleep at once. He had been asleep about ten minutes, as he found from his watch afterwards, when he was aroused by a loud hum in his ear, and immediately afterwards by a prick on his nose. He brushed his face with his hand and composed himself again. The process was repeated at intervals of a minute from 11.15 to 11.45. Then the player lit his candle and looked for the gnat. [The score is now—gnat 1, player 0. Every fresh manoeuvre on the player's part counts 1 to the gnat; the death of the gnat counts 10 to the player, its final expulsion from the room 5.] From 11.50 to 12.10 the player flicked about the room with a towel. Then, the humming having ceased, he blew out the candle and got into bed again. At 12.15 he was again aroused, and lit the candle again. This time he walked stealthily round the walls of the room with the candle in one hand and the towel in the other. This part is always done, but is merely formal, like the salute in fencing; the gnat never waits to be squashed on a wall. At 1.5 the player tried a different move, which was to flick the gnat out of the window, shut



Mr. Moper (ending a very uninteresting story about himself). "AND ALL THAT LONG, DREARY TIME, YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY IMAGINE HOW MUCH I BORE!"

She (wearily). "OH YES, I CAN INDEED!"

the window at once, and be stuffy till morning. He flicked from 1.5 till 1.45, then the humming ceased, and he shut the window. Candle and bed as before. At 1.47 the humming recommenced, and he was bitten on the hand. 1.50 to 2.15, flick and window as before. 2.15, candle and bed. Bite on lip. 2.17 to 2.40 flick and window. This series of moves was repeated seven times between 2.45 and 4.5. At 4.5 two sleepers in adjacent rooms, disturbed by the opening and shutting of the window, commenced an amusing dialogue out of their windows with the player. This is an interlude which often adds to the charm and variety of the game. At 5.10 the gnat gave up, and the player lay awake, enjoying the songs of the birds, distant coos, and so on, till he was called.

In this game it was at first not certain if the gnat had been expelled, because by 5.10 the room was full of light, which has a quiescent effect on gnats. In such cases the player counts $2\frac{1}{2}$, so that the score would have been—player $2\frac{1}{2}$, gnat 14. Later on, however, the gnat proved it had not been expelled by biting the player in his bath. So the score was—player 0, gnat 14. It is unnecessary to insist on the variety and sporting character of this pastime. There is scope in it for much ingenuity and acumen. And, above all, it has an excellent moral effect in teaching us self-control. Swear-words count 1 each to the gnat.

ON HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN A MOTOR-CAR.—"That's good; 'mobled queen' is good."—*Hamlet*.

LATTER-DAY FABLES.

II.

The Fable of the Young Lady who went upon the Stage.

THERE was Once a Young Person who yearned for the Triumphs of the Stage. The Artistic Side of the Business did not appeal to her, but she thought the Whole Thing would be Rather Nice. She lived in the Suburbs with Mamma, and Papa, who was an Elderly Company Promoter with a funny Little Habit of Occasional Bankruptcy and a New Brougham and Pair directly after the Disclosures.

She put on one Side all thought of Musical Comedy, or SHAKESPEARE, and determined that she would make a Speciality of the Wicked Line of Business. She would play the Lady who was labelled CORALIE or FIFI, and was sometimes a Café Chantant Person, but More Often a Cosmopolitan Countess with a Leaning to Cold Poison in the Last Act. That of Course would mean a Magnificent and Wiggly Death Scene, with London at her Feet to-Morrow Morning and an American Tour to Follow. These Details of her Career having been arranged she started to look for an Engagement.

She heard from Papa, who met a Man at the Club who knew the eminent journalist and critic CLEMENT SCOTT, that Mr. TREE was not at all Satisfied with the Lady who was going to play the Second Lead in his Next Production. So ELVIRA (her Home Name was really EMMA) wrote a Sweet and Lengthy Letter to the Amiable TREE, saying she was Sure she would do for the Part, and when would he make an Appointment for her to call? Also could her Understudy play the Part on Saturdays, as that was the Day she wanted to go Round the Other Theatres? And she didn't want any Salary, but her Name, of course, must be on the Programme Larger than anyone Else's.

She waited Two Days for an Answer, and then, thinking there must be a Mistake, called at the Stage Door and asked to see Mr. TREE. But the Stage Door Keeper, who was used to this Sort of Thing, said that the Extra Ladies were all Engaged, and if it was for Seats there was no Free List. This annoyed ELVIRA (who felt quite like EMMA just then), and she went Home and thought Seriously of writing to PINERO and asking him if there was a Second Mrs. Tanqueray Part in his Next Play and might she have It? But Papa, who had just put a particularly Frosty Mine on to the Market with Unparalleled Success, said No. He would Buy her a Play, and she could give an Afternoon Performance at a Disengaged



MEM. FOR CYCLISTS ON TOUR.

DON'T FETCH HOME BOTTLES OF SODA IN YOUR CARRIER IN HOT WEATHER.

Theatre and so successfully smite the Public without being under Obligations to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE or any of Them. Now this was Rash of Papa, for in his Middle-aged Youth, and before he made Enough Money to attend Church regularly, he belonged to a Club which attended Trial Performances and said Things Aloud about the Acting. Still he meant Kindly, and gave ELVIRA (her Home Name was EMMA) a Large Cheque to go on with.

The Performance, celebrated on a Foggy Afternoon, was not a notable Success. As ELVIRA had Never been on any Stage before she felt about as Comfortable as a Cat in a Hot Oven. She forgot her Words, and the Stage Manager, who was a Cold-Blooded Professional, rang down the Curtain at the Request of the Manage-



["A small ozone-generating machine has been tried at the Tivoli, and proved a complete success. In three weeks' time a large plant will be at work." — *Daily Telegraph*.]

HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE LONDONERS TAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS IN PENNY WHIFFS?

ment, who feared there was going to be a Riot. ELVIRA, who had lost the Hang of the Plot, hearing the Tumult, wanted to go on and tell the Audience that the Author was not in the House, but that she would convey to him their Favourable Verdict. She was Dissuaded from this by the Advent of Mamma, who exclaimed "My Poor Child!" and folding her in a Loose Wrapper shepherded her to the Dressing Room. The Press Notices were pithy, and Two of Them nearly tempted ELVIRA (who almost wished she was EMMA again) to Suicide with a Hairpin. But a Sudden and Kindly Attack of Influenza stayed her Hand, and when she recovered the Papers had a big American Blizzard to talk about, and her Matinée was a Back Number.

Then ELVIRA (who really was getting Quite used to the Name) tried to obtain Engagements to recite at the Ballad Concerts like Mrs. KENDAL and Miss HANBURY. But the Ballad Concerts were unkind even than Mr. TREE. They wrote Back and asked for Press Notices and what she had Done. ELVIRA could not expose the Matinée Remarks, so the Ballad Concerts fell Through.

The Suburb grew quite interested in ELVIRA (though they knew she was EMMA), and after she had recited "Ring out the False, ring in the True," at a Midsummer School Tea began to ask her when she would play in London, so that they could go and see her. This Friendly Interest woke up ELVIRA. Through Papa, who knew the Hebrew who was financing the Theatre, she at Length obtained an Engagement. Perhaps it was hardly the Leading Part, but still it was an Engagement. It was to Walk On in the Second Act and drink Tea while the Principal People said Clever Things in the Centre of the Stage. And she Also understudied the Maid who came on in the First Act and said, "The Dressmaker is here, Mum."

So that ELVIRA became a Real Actress at Last.

MORAL. — There wouldn't be any Supers if everyone played leading parts.

THE following statement has been handed on to Mr. Punch by one of the editors of a more favoured journal. Discretion precludes the publication of the specialist's name.

"DEAR SIR, — Supposing the following information might interest a great number of the readers of your esteemed Journal, I hereby take the liberty to give you notice of it.

Yours respectfully, —

A seldom jubilee celebrated on August 28th the well-known specialist — at Säckingen, Baden, Germany, in ordering the one millionth cure."

Can this modest blast emanate from our old friend *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*?

FROM THE PERSIAN.

[The graceful Oriental practice of writing verses on all occasions is not neglected by the Shah of PERSIA. The following translation of some lines scribbled on the back of a Hippodrome programme do but scant justice to the delicacy and beauty of the original. They are a record of the strongest impression made on the SHAH during his recent visit to London.]

ENLIGHTENED Europeans say

Demand alone creates supply ;
So that a keen observer may

At any time espy
The things for which the public calls
On London's many-postered walls.

To bring the Londoner supplies

Men ravage earth and sky and sea ;
But, though it may inspire surprise,

The fact appears to be
That far above all else he sets
Extracts of meat and cigarettes.

Are they on British models planned,

These bloodless ones, who reckon good
The sickliest sort of smoking, and
The feeblest form of food ?

Their ancestors were ever ripe
For steak and pudding and a pipe.

A dismal prospect ! Yet it's crossed

By one refulgent ray of hope ;
No people can be wholly lost

That thinks so much of soap !
They must be washing off the grime
Of London nearly all the time.

* * *

O my Beloved ! Envy not

The English, for their joys are dust.
Content thee with a simpler lot,

And things that one can trust.
Old Omar never sighed for these
And suchlike sorry luxuries.

For lack of soap we'll not repine

While, underneath a shady tree,
I can collect a jug of Wine,

A loaf of Bread, and Thee !

As for the book of Verses, I
Myself will yield a full supply.

OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS.

CHÈRE MÈRE,—Nous sommes ayant un haut vieux temps, vous pariez. La France est une campagne terriblement rhum, mais pas demi-poudreux sur le trou. Nous avons eu un croissant déchirant, sauf que Dick, qui est un choquant méchant matelot, regardait très vert. Quand je le serrais hermétiquement, il confessait qu'il sentait comme s'il avait bridé la bride avec M. LE DIABLE à l'Aquarium. Quand Dieppe soulevait en vue, et il venait au palier, nous étions chacun dans une dépêche si fleurissante que nous venions en dedans d'un as d'envoyant chacun l'autre dans le tiroir de M. DAVID JONES. Cependant, nous échappions par la peau de nos dents,—mais, sur mon mot, c'était un cri perçant jovialement étroit.



RESOURCEFUL.

Keeper of Public Gardens (to little girls, whose dog has been roaming over the flower-beds). "NOW THEN, YOUNG LADIES, DON'T YOU KNOW THE REGULATIONS? NO DOGS ALLOWED IN HERE UNLESS THEY'RE LED."

"OH, BOYVER ! HERE, FIDO ! GOOD DOG ! CATCH HOLD AND LEAD YOURSELF ABOUT !"

Nous arrêterons la nuit ici, parce que M. SMITH souhaite de payer un appel sur un ami ; mais, comme il ne peut pas se rappeler dans quelle rue celui-ci se pend en dehors, ni dans quel quartier sont ses mines d'or, il n'a pas vraiment le hasard d'un chien de le trouver.

SMITH est une espèce très décente, le prenant tout autour, mais, si je n'avais pas le jeune DICK, je le trouverais un sanglier affreux. S'il n'est pas dans l'amour, il est à la porte prochaine. Il y avait sur le bateau une fille avec des lèvres rouges, et il la mélangeait toute la voie dans une manière tuante. Une chose exposera qu'il faut être noix mortes sur elle.

Toutes les chaises de pont étant pleines, il se plantait sur les planches nues à ses pieds, disant qu'il préférerait cette siège à aucun fauteuil. Bien et bon. A table d'hôte ce soir dans l'hôtel, DICK était doucement la chaise

derrière SMITH, le causant à s'asseoir un peu brusquement sur le plancher, parce qu'il savait combien il le préférerait. Mais SMITH entraînait dans une amorce régulière, et disait que DICK avait une joue confondue. C'est vrai, la joue de DICK est illimitée ; mais, jamais le moins, ce temps-là il a eu SMITH sur le pain rôti. Je ne veux additionner que, quand M. SMITH prenait sa permission de Mlle. CARROTTES, quelqu'un pouvait voir avec un demi-œil qu'il se sentait coupé en haut. Et il a eu un paroxysme des bleus jamais depuis.

J'attends que vous aviez mieux me laisser avoir une autre chique ou deux par et par, mais pour le cadeau nous avons assez à aller sur avec. Maintenant il faut que je me sécherai en haut. Si long, chère mère !

Mon amour à tous les chevreux.

Votre toujours,

RÉGIE.

CARTHAGO NOVISSIMA.

[The new naval base for M. PELLETAN'S "Holy War."]

NEAR Tunis (Northern Africa) there lies
In an extremely pleasant situation
That city's port, whose ultimate demise
CATO proposed with damned iteration;
Upon the site where MARITUS sat in pain—
Rebuilt by Rome and re-erased by Arabs—
Silence and stark oblivion share their reign
With dusky bats and desultory scarabs.

This *résumé* of Carthaginian lore
Is not advanced without sufficient reason;
Strange prodigies have struck the neighbouring shore,
Right in the centre of the silly season.
A sort of whale has just convulsed the scene
(Though "Punic faith" should still perhaps be
doubted);

It was the Minister of French Marine,
And this was, roughly, how the monster spouted:—

"Tunis! Refulgent replica of France,
That mother famed for her exotic daughters!
Well may you eye with proud and envied glance
Your graces reproduced in Gallic waters!
'Gallic,' I say, for here we have a lake
Locked and patrolled by our defiant cruisers,
Where you enjoy, with power to bind or break,
Me and my mates as your offensive bruisers.

"Here I foresee another Carthage rise,
Like that persistent fowl, the fabled Phoenix,
A 'sanatorium' of war-supplies
Run on the lines of modern hygiënics;
French, by the memory of that amorous pyre
Which she, the late lamented Dido, died on,
It shall transcend the purple fame of Tyre
And have, I hope, an extra touch of Sidon.

"Using this base, from which to work the foam
And flaunt our flag in every creek and cranny,
We will, if necessary, humble Rome,
Repeating history with a naval Cannæ;
While, as for Albion—through this Midland Sea,
Imperviously corked like bottled soda,
We'll bar her passage; this, I think, should be
A fitting way of wiping out Fashoda!

"Now that a smart campaign, superbly planned,
Has proved our strength against Religious Orders,
The hour is ripe for us to put in hand
Another Holy War, beyond our borders;
Where France, the fount of sweetness and of light,
A female Jove triumphant over Saturn,
Shall dissipate the brutal powers of night,
Largely constructed on the German pattern.

* * * * *

"The simplest words, if one but twist their sense,
Tend to disturb the European status;
Yet I have contemplated no offence
During my fit of maritime afflatus;
There's Italy, an independent race
That has for me a singular attraction—
I could not bear to think that she should trace
In my remarks one whiff of warlike action.

"Republican by choice, and deeply read
In doctrines based upon the Reign of Terror,
My patriot's heart may possibly have led
My Ministerial judgment into error:—

I must consider well what I'm about
Lest I should rudely shock *ce cher* DELCASSÉ,
And he should freeze me, ere my time is out,
Into the semblance of a *marin glacé*." O. S.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

My Baronite is not surprised to find *The Influence of Mars* (GRANT RICHARDS) in its second edition. It is likely to go much further. In planning her work Mrs. ANSTRUTHER has been inspired by a happy thought. Whilst other pens have dealt with the Transvaal War amid the clash of arms and the varying courses of the Titanic struggle, she has made a study of its influence in home circles. Her range is a wide one, embracing all classes of domesticity, from the drawing-room to the kitchen. She is at home with the denizens of either sphere. *Martha*, the little maid, seated on the edge of the kitchen table twisting the corner of her apron, bereft of her *Jim*, fallen in battle, is as real as is the country squire with the town house who volunteers for service in the Yeomanry and is rejected on account of fell disease, warranted to carry him off in six months. Mrs. ANSTRUTHER tells her stories with a literary style the perfection of which is reminiscent of French art. An irritating trick of purposelessly introducing rows of asterisks at the end of innocent sentences cannot spoil the pleasure of the reading. But it is worth her forgetting. She has the gift of conveying a life story in a couple of sentences:

"Then Mrs. GERRY laughed. This was one of the most annoying things about her. She laughed always. So many things amused her in which her husband saw no humour whatsoever."

Here is a dire tragedy of common life—the vivacious woman with a keen sense of humour, and the dull-brained man who can see nothing to laugh at.

Dr. BREWER is dead, but his works do follow him in new editions of his invaluable *Reader's Handbook*. Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have just issued one painstaking edition. It is something less bulky than its predecessors, but nothing of prime value has been omitted, whilst some new matter is added. It is one of the books of reference my Baronite treasures on an accessible shelf.

In *A Son of Gad* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. STEWART, designing to compound a novel, brings to hand some familiar ingredients. There is the proud but poverty-stricken Scottish chieftain, whose castellated home has passed into the hands of the rich American. The rich American has a pretty daughter; the chieftain has a high-spirited, noble-minded son. The son wants to marry the daughter, but she is rich and he is poor, so he will have none of it. The obvious follows. The millionaire smashes up; the chieftain's son, whom he has put in the way of some good things, has grown rich; he buys back the castle of his fathers and lives happy evermore with the daughter of the temporarily impoverished millionaire. There are other details, including the faithful but gruff retainer who starves himself in order to help his old master. These things are useful in their way. But my Baronite finds something more is necessary to make a good story.

The Sheep Stealers (HEINEMANN) breaks fresh ground, and VIOLET JACOB tills it with exceeding vigour and success. The scene is set in the Wye Valley in the earlier half of last century. It deals with the Rebecca riots, introducing the reader to quite a multitude of life and blood characters, habited in their daily apparel, conversing in their ordinary way. My Baronite is not quite sure whether the author be man or woman. When describing female apparel he thinks it must be a woman; when a horse is being dealt with he "spies a man's peard beneath the muffler." However that be, the work is admirably done, adding fresh zest to the pallid appetite of the way-worn novel reader.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"WHEN LEAGUE MEETS LEAGUE."

(A Proposed Compromise. See "Punch" of July 30, p. 57.)

The Knight (to the Dragon). "ON SECOND THOUGHTS, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR, THAT YOU AND I MIGHT SETTLE OUR LITTLE AFFAIR AT A ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE?"



Lady (artistic). "How I ENVY YOU LIVING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY!"

M. F. H. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR FRIEND CONSTABLE IS, BUT I THINK HE'S PRETTY COOL SAYING THIS IS HIS COUNTRY. WHY, I'VE HUNTED IT FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND HOPE TO PUT IN TWENTY MORE!"

"THOSE WICKED MUNICIPIA!"

[*Vide the Times on "Municipal Socialism."*]

Good city-fathers of Torquay,
What mean these curious habits?
A grave municipality
Descend to trade in rabbits!
You owned the fields to keep them in?
But, all the same, it was a sin!

And, doughty councillors of Leeds,
Why add to local burdens,
And spoil the trade, by your ill deeds,
Of Mr. ELI SPURDENS?
Why wage such war against a bus
And plant electric trams on us?

Ah! see what havoc you have made!
How quickly spread such vices!
The Wolverhampton "fathers" trade
In ice, and sell their ices!
And Cardiff docks the price of fish
Till 'tis a quite plebeian dish!

Our "*municipia*" far and wide
"Stampede towards Socialism,"—
A sin the *Times* thinks near allied
To Heresy or Schism;
You hardly realise, I know,
The fearful lengths to which you go!

For, when you all become intent
On turning into traders,
We recognise the instrument
Of socialist invaders:
Yes, though the ruse you hardly saw,
You are the tools of BERNARD SHAW!

THE LATEST JOURNALISTIC ADVERTISEMENT.

(*As managed in France.*)

Two rival French newspapers, the *Matin* and the *Journal*, have recently distributed gifts to their readers. The *Matin* began it in July. Instead of spending fifty or a hundred thousand francs in advertising a new *feuilleton* novel, it had the brilliant idea of giving away presents, ranging in value downwards from a villa, completely furnished, worth 18,000 francs, to its "Constant Readers." At the beginning of this month it announced that it had spent 140,000 francs, and the "*Surprises du Matin*" were still dangled before the eyes of an astonished world. The *Journal* has of course been obliged to follow suit.

Is it possible that this idea will cross the Channel? Shall we have the "Surprises of the —" followed by the "Presents of the —"? Shall we see distributors eagerly pressing envelopes, containing orders for villas, and carriages, and jewels, and so forth, into the hands of tranquil citizens arriving by the morning trains, or of country people in market towns, or even of those in obscure villages? It would brighten the foggy days of autumn, and bring happiness to many a suburban home. At least it might.

Judging by the lengthy articles in the *Matin*, the *surprises* are not always appropriate. The rural postman, who walks all day, might get the grand piano, and the sedentary music-master might be staggered by the possession of a motor-car. A teetotaler would get the dozen of champagne, and an old lady receive the silver cigar-case. One would never know one's luck. As for the semi-detached villa at Brixton, it would almost certainly go to a millionaire in Park Lane, who would not know what to do with it. However, he might give it to his chaplain or his librarian.

SHAND.EAN.

SIR.—In No. III. of his interesting and amusing *Memories of Older London*, appearing in the *Saturday Review*, September 13, Mr. SHAND says, "In the old days the theatre was the cheapest of rational amusements," and he goes on in the same article to inform us that "five shillings was the price of a stall." This may have been the price in "the old days," but in the days of the "*Older London*"—and it is of these he is professedly writing—there were no stalls, either at Drury Lane, Lyceum, Haymarket, Adelphi, at Punch's Playhouse (subsequently the Strand Theatre, where I, being then a boy of about twelve, saw COMPTON as *Perquillo*), or at any theatre, excepting always Her Majesty's during the Italian Opera Season.

Well do I remember seeing, from my superior position in the dress circle, the Lyceum pit crammed up to the orchestra in order to witness the performance of CHARLES MATHEWS in *Patter v. Clatter*, and of Madame VESTRIS and JULIA ST. GEORGE in one of PLANCHÉ's Christmas-tide extravaganzas. Of the prices for admission I cannot speak from personal experience, as "*in statu pupillari*," between twelve and fifteen, I was invariably "treated," but having had occasion recently to consult some old "bills of the play," I think I am not very wide of the mark in saying that the price of admission to the dress circle was four shillings; five shillings might have been the price of a seat in the first two rows; and there was "half-price to all parts of the house" at nine o'clock. When subsequently a few rows of stalls were introduced between the orchestra and pit, the price of admission to these was five shillings a stall, and to this select part of the House there was no half-price.

Mr. SHAND's estimate of "little ROBSON" is *à peu près* exact. ROBSON never could have been a tragedian. His pathos was genuine; but his appreciation of tragedy was so intense that he would have been utterly overpowered by it and unable to act at all, had not his quick perception of the ridiculous come to his instant relief, and then he, who, a second before, had moved the house to tears or had frightened it by his desperate intensity, was now the cause of its "inextinguishable laughter." He was the perfect embodiment of the very spirit of "Extravaganza," which includes "burlesque," and has never had his equal.

Mr. SHAND's memory plays him a trick when he mentions the clever actor, "great for melodrama," as "DANIEL WEBSTER." "Not DANIEL at all," as the unfortunate Mr. Winkle tried to explain to the irascible little Mr. *Justice Stareleigh*. DANIEL WEBSTER, candidate for the U.S. Presidency and subsequently Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is the one referred to in Bon Gaultier's *Ballad of The Snapping Turtle*, when

"Winking first at CLAY and WEBSTER"

the Judge awards the champion, the American St. George,

"The hundred dollars due you,
All in Pennsylvanian bonds."

"And this," as the prologue says of *Sir John Falstaff*, "is not he." Of course Mr. SHAND meant "BENJAMIN WEBSTER," popularly known as "BEN WEBSTER," and briefly as "BEN." And, *à propos* of "BEN," Mr. SHAND says of him that in his (Mr. SHAND's) memory, DANIEL WEBSTER was always associated with *The Green Bushes*. "DANIEL" may have been, but not "BEN." *The Green Bushes* (or, as they came to be known, on account of the many years the piece remained an "Adelphi favourite," "*The Evergreen Bushes*") was a melodrama perennially popular at BEN WEBSTER's theatre, it is true; but it was not one in which the Manager himself played, although he might have done so, on occasion, having been in his time a versatile actor. Surely *The Green Bushes* recalls to

a playgoer of Mr. SHAND's experience the names of Madame CÉLESTE, Miss WOOLGAR, "TEDDY" WRIGHT, PAUL BEDFORD, and the sepulchral O. SMITH as the villain *Black Murtagh*.

After the theatre to EVANS'S. To this place of nocturnal entertainment, long since swept out of existence by "the Early Closing Hours" Act, I will not follow Mr. SHAND, but on the threshold, pausing to bid him a good appetite for supper, I venture to suggest to him that he is scarcely just to PADDY GREEN'S exceptionally good choir of boys and men, and that the ancient "Herr von JOEL" was, "in consequence of his long services, retained on the establishment," not "on the strength of the establishment." Perhaps Mr. A. INNES SHAND will have already detected and corrected his own "slips" in such weighty details of absorbing interest, ere this appears in print, writ by his very truly,

TRISTRAM.

A CASTLE-BUILDER.

(To G. C. D.)

AND so in ancient Oxford an office holds you fast;
You've done with Dean and Tutor, and life begins at last.
Exams. are all behind you; you've doffed your cap and gown—

But still you're up at Oxford, though lately you went down.

An architect! I bow, Sir, and, as I ply my pen,
The future parts before me and shows another WREN,
A WREN who once at Oxford was honoured with a blue,
Who rowed a race at Putney and much resembles you.

Ah, well, we'll leave the future; the present has its pains:
My future WREN is busy with struts and joists and drains.
With fancied aisles and arches he fills his eager head,
Then leaves his dream-Cathedrals and sits and plans a shed.

I linger far from Oxford, but I shall see again
Some day that shining city with all her troop of men.
Fate may be blind and stubborn: it cannot keep me far
For ever from the Isis, for ever from the Cher.

And if good luck shall guide me to meet and greet you there
I'll draw you, ay, and build you a castle in the air,
With towers and spires and ramparts and everything shown plain

That makes a well-built castle as castles are in Spain.

So plan with rule and measure, and sometimes write to me
Who linger far from Oxford and look upon the sea,
The wild sea that divides us, and cannot bless the chance
That fixed you fast in Oxford and sent me off to France.

R. C. L.

A Bray-hard from Bengal.

It would seem that the Jabbergee type embraces certain malign possibilities which Mr. ANSTEY's charming wit has either overlooked or ignored. For a really wanton display of Oriental imagination in the handling of facts and figures Mr. Punch has seen few performances to match the protest of "A Calcutta Correspondent" against the "magnification" of the VICEROY. Teeming with unconscious humour, it was published, and taken quite seriously, by the *Daily News* in a recent issue.

An Unsatisfactory Conclusion.

"COLON," says the *Daily Mail*, dealing with Venezuelan affairs, "is the terminus of the Panama Railway." Mr. Punch does not want to appear punctilious, but he thinks it ought to end with a Full Stop.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

V.—MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I FOUND Mr. PHILLIPS nodding over *Homer*. His apartment is charming,



"My favourite part was the *Ghost in Hamlet*."

reflecting its owner's tastes at every turn. A portrait of Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS hangs over the mantelpiece, a pendant to *The Stoning of Stephen*, after CARLO DOLCE. The poet as he welcomed me toyed with a paper-knife, the handle of which was carved into the resemblance of Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN, a very chaste article. Cigarettes and refreshments stood on a handsome Haymarquetric table, a gift from Mr. TREE.

"You are tired?" I said.

"A little drowsy, that is all," Mr. PHILLIPS replied in his deep, resonant 22-H.P. voice. "You see I never sleep at night, but occasionally, like HOMER here, I nod by day. By the way, it is odd that no one puts forth the *Land of Nod* as HOMER's birthplace."

I laughed. Mr. PHILLIPS, as a wit, has yet to be recognised; but good things drop from him continually.

"Do you ever regret the stage?" I asked.

"Never," he said. "But I was successful, successful. My favourite part was the *Ghost in Hamlet*. Ah, if all ghosts walked, to use a technicality of my former profession, as regularly as I did!"

The topic was a painful one, and the poet's fine eyes filled with tears of sympathy for less favoured Thespians. I hastened to change the subject.

"How do you do your work?" I

asked. "The readers of 'Mr. Punch's Sketchy Interviews' are dying to know."

"I compose best on the type-writer," he said. "A Bar-Yöst, free-wheel. I bought it cheap from the Orthopædic Hospital, which may account for some of the criticisms of my metre. It's a wonderful worker, good stepping action, but when it takes the bit between its teeth, I'm done. That's when those long soliloquies get in."

"Don't you get fearfully tired?" I remarked.

"Oh yes, but then I take plenty of exercise. I adore ping-pong. But cricket is my true vocation. When things come to the worst, by which I mean when every theatre has its *Ben Hur*, I shall take to cricket, like C. B. FRY, and describe matches from the pitch in blank verse."



"I adore ping-



pong."

"And have you no other relaxation?"

"Ah well, an occasional burglar is very refreshing. I get quite slim with them. But when they corner me, I reason with them: failing that, I rhyme."



"An occasional burglar is very refreshing. I get quite slim with them."

"And what is your new play to be called, Mr. PHILLIPS?" I asked, as he held the door open and lifted one of his redundant feet in a valedictory spasm.

"*Molasses: or the New Beerbohm Treacle*," he said.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

[An F.R.C.S. writes to the *Times* to complain of the scientific jargon adopted by lecturers at the British Association. He complains especially of this sentence:—"In certain compound tunicates the atrial wall, in the egg development delimited by a pair of ectoblastic invaginations, in the bud development may be formed from the parental endodermic branchial sac."]

WHEN'ER upon the atrial wall

I see a compound tunicate,

I thank my stars that after all

Mine is no ectoblastic pate.

The dolt I am I'd rather stay

Than join the British Asses' bray.

Hee haw!

Hee haw! Hee haw! a pedant pack,

I'd give them all the branchial sac.

AN Ostend telegram reports that the Swedish smack Receiver has saved part of the crew of the barque *Salmo*, which was abandoned in a sinking condition. Mr. *Punch* cannot help hoping that the "smack receiver" in this case was another GRACE DARLING, and that the said smack was as hearty as it was well-deserved. He of course interprets the word in its more gallant sense.

AN OUT-AND-OUTING.

(A sketchy notion for a light-hearted tourist.)

AFTER a perfectly delightful trip to Bruges and Blankenberghe, we returned, *via* Ostend, in the *Princesse Clémentine*, under the command of an alert and courteous captain, to whose kind forethoughtfulness it was due that the "spindle side" of our talented travelling company escaped the disheartening inconveniences of what is generally considered rather "nasty weather." Punctuality is the courtesy of Royalty, and the *Princesse Clémentine*, even with wind, tide, and pelting rain against her, arrived at Dover almost to the minute expected.

There is a *tremblement* at Ostend in consequence of the banishment of all gambling from the Kursaal after this season. Up till now "the play's the thing" was the motto for the Kursaal; but henceforth "the conscience of the KING" will not permit his liege subjects to encourage the gambling proclivities of their visitors. To what purpose are "the tables" to be turned? Well, virtue is its own reward, and Ostend, relying on natural resources, can afford to dispense with these superfluous attractions. But 'twas honest gambling, and these tables are not supported by "legs." Nay, so mighty particular are the authorities that rule the *Cercle* within the Kursaal that the biggest "pot," as I am informed, can no more be granted the *entrée* without a guarantee from his banker, coupled with a personal introduction from some member of the *Cercle*, than can any *premier venu*, not being a member of (say for example) the Athenæum Club, walk into its hall, hang up his straw hat on a vacant peg, and summon the eminently respectable butler to receive his order for a nice little *recherché* bachelor dinner.

Due formalities, occupying quite three days, having been satisfactorily complied with, the aspirant for "honours easy" may then be admitted to all the privileges of the "inner circle," including those of losing more than he can afford, and paying such amount in cash down on the nail. So strict are the controlling authorities and their representatives, acting as doorkeepers, that, on one occasion, when a distinguished English nobleman, who happened to be staying "for one night only" at Ostend, presented his card at the entrance of the Club and requested admission, the janitor in uniform replied that "the usual formalities were essential, and could in no case be dispensed with."

"But," explained the aristocrat, "I am here for only one night."

The official pitied him; "*Milor* should have arranged his journey otherwise. Perhaps on his way back——"

"But," persisted the noble applicant, "I am not returning."

The official could only shrug his shoulders sympathetically. That *milor* was not returning was indeed sad.

So, as a last move, to overcome the worthy doorkeeper's stern sense of duty, the English *milor* says in his most superior manner, "My good man, I am a personal friend of King LEOPOLD. If his Majesty were here——"

"Ah! pardon, *Milor*! *ça ne fait rien*," the official interrupted, with strict politeness.

"*N'étant pas membre du Cercle, à vous comme à tout le monde l'entrée est interdite, bien que vous étiez l'ami du Roi de carreau lui-même!*"

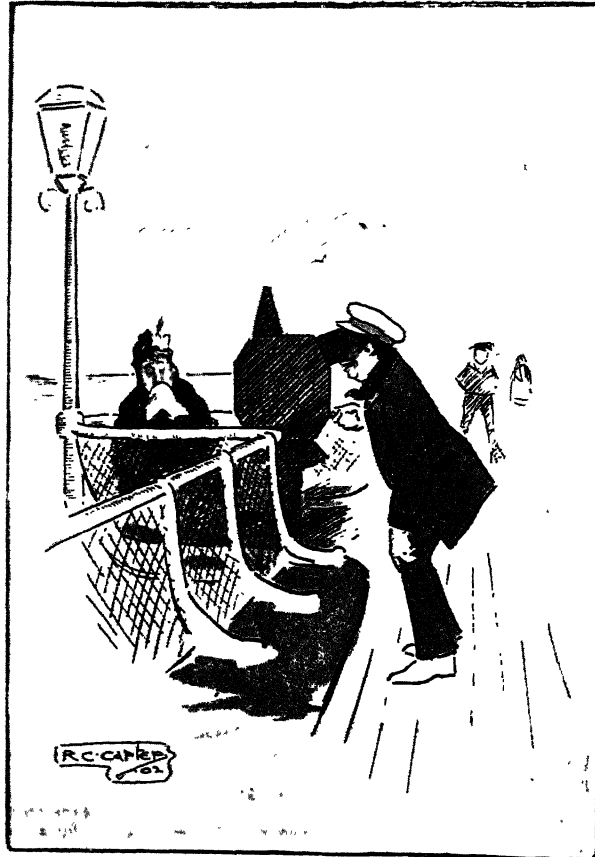
Whereupon he drew *Milor's* attention to the *règlement*, thus worded: "*Pour être reçu parmi les membres, il suffit d'adresser deux jours à l'avance au secrétaire*," etc., etc., and *milor* had to retire, disappointed perhaps, but lost in generous admiration of the custodian who was like poor Tom Bowling in the ballad, inasmuch as "faithful below he did his duty."

It is to be wished that Belgium would come into line with all other nations in the matter of time. Of Belgium it may truly be said that "her hours are numbered"—differently, that is, to those in France, England, Germany, and Italy. Forgetting this Belgian peculiarity in reckoning, our plan was to leave Ostend early, say, "10h. 10m.," arrive at Bruges in about twenty-five minutes, spend the day among the interesting art collections (including *l'Exposition des Primitifs Flamands*), with an interval for lunch at the *Hôtel du Commerce* (good and reasonable), and to return about four o'clock. But on the card of trains there is no such hour,

in the afternoon, as four o'clock! Four in the morning is sufficient for them: they won't allow four o'clock to reappear in the afternoon. But instead there is, on the train-list, 13.55 o'clock, 14.32 o'clock, 16.24 o'clock and so on up to 22.45 o'clock. In Belgium "five o'clock tea" would be "seventeen o'clock tea!" As a heroine in one of IBSSEN's plays is always exclaiming, "Fancy that!"

However, one gets accustomed to everything, and so our plan was settled to return by the 16.24 o'clock train; which we did, after passing a delightful day among the old armour, the ancient relics, the various curios, and the "*Primitifs Flamands*" here collected. Of these many were very old friends, only in new places.

So back to Ostend to dine, to "face the music," always first class in choice and execution, in the Kursaal, and the next day to visit Blankenberghe, going there by one of the early town trains ("*chemins de fer vicinaux*"), then, after



(Sketched on the pier just after the arrival of the boat.)

'Arry (viewing stormy sea in a mutoscope). "MY EYE, MARIA, COME AN' AVE A LOOK 'ERE. THE MOTION OF THE WAIVES IS SIMPLY GRAND!"

the pleasantest time possible at Blankenberghe (which, as everyone knows, or ought to, is an ideal bathing-place and marvellously safe for children, there being no horses, cabs, carriages, or motors, between the houses and the *plage*), returning by the 16.45 train, passing *en route* the pretty little sea-side resort called "Le Coq."

Such, in brief, was the four days' pleasant holiday, which, if lightly tripping sufficeth, is one this present tripper can confidently recommend.

CHARIVARIA.

THE power of the motor-car as a death-dealing instrument is at last to be officially recognised. A permanent corps of Automobile Volunteers is to be formed.

It is announced that shooting is to be taught at Sandhurst. Firing in the actual building will be still discouraged.

A grant is to be made to loyalists in South Africa who have suffered loss through the War. In certain quarters it is felt this is a mistake, as it is calculated to irritate those colonists who rebelled.

Mr. REITZ has made a new Peace proposal. "If they give us back our country, I will be friendly with England," he has declared. The Government is said to be considering the offer. If it be not accepted, Mr. REITZ intends to expose us in every town in Europe, and to destroy the good opinion of England that is always prevalent on the Continent.

In view of his indiscreet after-dinner speeches, M. CAMILLE PELLETAN has been reminded that a Naval Minister had better stick to water. It is rumoured that he will publish an account of his African trip under the title of *The Camille's Hump: or, The Pelletan in the Wilderness*.

The first year of the first arbitration before the Hague Peace tribunal has begun.

Wake up, England! One of our newspapers, which prides itself on being up to date, has only just published an account of NAPOLEON's imprisonment at St. Helena.

In Mr. HALL CAINE's forthcoming dramatic version of *The Eternal City* the appeal, it is announced, will be through the strength of the drama to the imagination, and not through the splendour



Irate Individual. "CONFOUND IT, WAITER, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WAS IN A HURRY, AND ONLY WANTED ONE EGG? WHY THE DICKENS DID YOU BRING ME TWO?"

Waiter (rather hurt). "I THOUGHT, AS YOU WAS IN A HURRY, SIR, I'D BRING TWO, 'COS ONE OF 'EM MIGHT BE BAD!"

of the costumes and scenery. These last will, however, will be kept in reserve for an emergency.

Another attempt to swim the Channel has failed. The steamship companies do not try to conceal their satisfaction at the failure of all endeavours to find a cheaper way to France.

When charged with stealing cheap cigarettes at Yarmouth, a boy admitted that he had smoked the stolen articles at the rate of fifty a day. The magistrate considered he had been sufficiently punished.

Nine additional Destroyers have been ordered for our Navy. There are some who consider this is not sufficient,

but, as a matter of fact (as a French expert points out), this is really equivalent to eighteen, as each may be expected to break in two.

REUTER's correspondent at the German manoeuvres has stated that at the end of a cavalry charge of thirty-two miles "not a single horse was blown out." Naturally. They were not at all tired.

A SHORT STORY.

In the merry month of May,
Fast together linked were they—
HYMEN played a lively tune.
But how brief is love's young day!
Bound together in the May,
They were parted by the JEUNE.



YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES.

Corporal (to town recruit, on stable guard for the first time). "Now, you 'VE GOT TO PATROL THESE 'ERE LINES, AN' 'AMMER IN ANY PEGS THAT GET LOOSE, AN' GENERALLY LOOK AFTER THE 'ORSES."

Recruit (whose knowledge of horses is of the slightest). "AND WHAT TIME AM I TO WAKE THE 'ORSES IN THE MORNIN'?"

WORK FOR A LONDON EISTEDDFOD.

[According to tradition, Queen ELIZABETH gave instructions that the Eisteddfod authorities on music should be given power to subject every itinerant minstrel to a sort of musical examination. If he was found to fall short of the due standard his diploma should be taken away, and he should be commended to take to some respectable trade.]

WE have been favoured with the following examination paper, which is obligatory for all street "musicians":—

1. Explain the different kinds of *time*, specifying, without any prevarication, how much you have "done" at various periods of your career; and show what course you follow (i) when a policeman is off his beat; (ii) when he is using his baton too freely.

2. Do you know the meaning of the following musical directions:—*basta! va via! fermate! hinweg! more on!* and if so, why do you invariably disregard them?

3. Have you ever heard of JOHN LEECH? What was his special aversion, and why was he justified in the same?

4. Quote the rest of the poem beginning:—

"Grinder who so renely grindest
At my door the Hundredth Psalm,
Till thou ultimately findest
Pence in thine unwashen palm!"

Calculate the average value (to the nearest hour) of "ultimately."

5. What is the difference (if any) between yourself and your monkey, as a judge of music? If you are a German band, omit this question, as it might be insulting to the monkey.

6. State your preferences in the matter of "pitch," comparing respectively those (i.) at a public-house corner, (ii.) outside a boarding-house full of benevolent and elderly ladies, and (iii.) close to a literary man's front door. Indicate at which of these you may expect 'arf-a-pint, coin of the realm, or a pitched battle.

7. Give any autobiographical details that may with safety be published (in view of the police and extradition laws). Mention the cause of your uninvited appearance in the metropolis, whether, for instance, it be due to laziness, expulsion from a music-loving country, or a desire to escape conscription.

8. Can you give any satisfactory reason for your continued existence?

N.B. It is not expected that any candidates will pass this paper. (To do this, it will be necessary to get above full marks.) All who fail will be requested to devote themselves at once to the occupation of asphalt-laying, or else to return to their native country as rogues and vagabonds. Any individual detected with more than a hundred per cent. of the marks will be prosecuted for endeavouring to obtain money, diplomas and recognition under false pretences.

A Good Resolution.

THE following notice has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch* by a Parent:—"I am desired by the Governors of Sedbergh School to communicate to you the following resolution passed by them: That in the September term of 1902, and in all subsequent terms, a charge of £1 10s. per term be made for the washing of each boy."



RECORD PERFORMANCES.

FRANCE. "LUCKY GIRL! SHE'S GOT HER 'TERRIBLE' BOY HOME AGAIN. MY 'ENFANT TERRIBLE' APPEARS TO BE HOPELESSLY AT SEA."

[The "blazing indiscretion" of the French Minister of Marine has lately been the subject of general European comment.]

GEORGE.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Windermere, Monday.—GEORGE is the crew of our sloop. When I say our sloop, of course I mean the sloop is the skipper's. A many-sided man the skipper. Runs a cotton mill, a manufactory in Lancastria, a colliery somewhere else, and eke a copper mine in Wales. Incidentally, he plays the oboe.

These merely episodes in a day's work. The skipper really is a born mechanic, a sort of English Edison. Has invented delicate instrument which, fixed up in a Town Hall, controls the hour of every clock in the borough. Makes each show a different time. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has gone into the matter, says I have no idea how much this apparently simple device adds to the interest of local life. An even more important invention of the skipper's enables him to steer a ship from land. Whether it is not more convenient to follow the ordinary procedure and steer it from the ship itself is a matter of opinion. Quite uncanny to see the skipper comfortably seated in his billiard room, apparently reading the newspaper, actually steering a launch steaming between Lowater and Lakeside.

After all, the skipper happiest when steering his own sloop. She is a gem: sister ship (little sister, of course) to *Shamrock II*. Being a man of affairs, accustomed to look ahead, the skipper never comes aboard without lugging a pair of sea-boots, an oil-skin of bright yellow, and a sou'-wester.

"You never know what may happen," he says, casting a shrewd weather-eye across the fleckless surface of the Lake and round the everlasting hills, on which the glory of September sunlight falls.

What really did happen during the first three days of our cruising was a little monotonous. The faintest breath of wind on the broad sails of the *Anita* sends the sloop through the water, with a pleasant gurgling sound at the bows. On our first cruise we were bound for Ferry Inn, which, in Lake society, plays the part of the Terrace of the House of Commons for London folk. To take tea on the lawn at Ferry Inn, built on a tiny promontory commanding full view of Windermere, is its custom of an afternoon. After two hours spent in whistling for a wind we were still some three miles distant from the Ferry. At this rate tea was hopeless. But there was promise of arriving in time for breakfast. Here's where the foresight of the skipper, indicated by sea-boots and sou'-wester, triumphed. In his fleet is included a spacious steam



HIS POUND OF FLESH.

Financier (tenant of our forest, after a week's unsuccessful stalking). "NOW, LOOK HERE, MY MAN. I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR TEN STAGS. IF THE BRUTES CAN'T BE SHOT, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRAP THEM! I'VE PROMISED THE VENISON, AND I MEAN TO HAVE IT!"

launch. Captain sent out with sealed orders, which brought him alongside at critical moment, took us in tow, and, as *Lloyd's* report testifies, the *Anita* was signalled off the Ferry in time for 5 o'clock tea.

Returning to head of Lake circumstances slightly varied. This time the *Anita*, after drifting a mile on the way homeward, lay a painted ship upon a painted ocean. After brief waiting we were transhipped into the launch, and so home to dinner.

Worst of all happened next day. Being Sunday, steam launch not out. In the evening, enticing breeze ruffling bosom of Lake, we went out for sail.

Anita, dancing before the unwonted wind, went gaily off for full four miles. Then the wind dropped, leaving us helpless, becalmed, alone on the Lake. Just gone half past six, and dinner at eight. The skipper, rigid at the helm, made the most of every puff of wind. In an hour done a mile. The puffs became more infrequent. Every prospect of spending night on the Lake, with no grub but the skipper's sea-boots. Tried to make light of it. The joke of the sort that, after long acquaintance, seems to pall.

Gloom and despair settling down on company and crew, when a boat shot out from the land. Proved to be the

good Samaritan, who had observed our plight. Having in these latter days built his soul a lordly mansion house on Windermere, possessed himself of a boat and added to his establishment a son (a bright, shapely, Eton boy), he put off to our rescue. Boarded his boat and rowed ourselves home, leaving GEORGE to make his way back to the sloop's moorings at Bowness if and when the wind willed.

One other day, our last on the Lake, all the world was changed. There was a wind coming out of the South that made the Lake foam at the mouth, and a day later filled the newspapers with stories of wreck strewn the coast, from Cape Clear to Dover. Before it the sloop, eager for the strife, beat all the way down to Lakeside, coming back before the wind in a fashion that laughed at steam launches.

Not much yet about GEORGE. He'll be continued (and concluded) in our next.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ!

[It is understood that Dr. LEYDS has taken up an irreconcilable attitude with regard to the surrender of the Boer Generals, and looks upon the peace merely as in the nature of an armistice.]

LET others leave the tented field,
Lay down the sword and tamely yield;
Let recreant burghers bow the knee
And own an alien sovereignty,
LEYDS shall be to his ancient foes
Unconquerably bellicose!

His is the heart that nought can tame,
His are the deeds that all acclaim;
BOTHÀ, DE WET, and DE LA REY
And General CRONJE, who are they?
Their deeds are dim, their glory fades
Beside the loud repute of LEYDS.

The Hague has seen his prowess shown
And Europe heard his trumpet blown;
His knightly figure, all confess,
Did great achievements in the Press,
And—from his Belgian retreat—
This great man never owned defeat!

Choosing a comfortable spot
Where bayonet and shell were not,
He plied a very valiant pen,
Bidding the fighters come again.
And no one ever heard him whine
When bullets thinned the fighting line.

While others bore the battle's brunt
He showed a calm unruffled front.
The wounded Doppler on the veld
His steadfast spirit could not melt;
Still from the land where he had gone
He stoutly cried, "Fight on! Fight on!"

When others, clad in war's array,
Though beaten, still renewed the fray,
He urged them on into the breach,
Himself securely out of reach,
And when they finally gave in,
He still was sure that they would win.



A MODERN TRAGEDY.

"WHAT'S WONG? A DOOSE OF A THING'S
HAPPENED! MY NEW FELLOW HAS FOLDED
ALL MY TROUSERS WITH THE COWSE DOWN
THE SIDE, DON'TOHERKNOW!"

Thus unperturbed and unsubdued
He kept his dauntless attitude,
Nothing could bend his stubborn will,
And quite unbent he keeps it still;
BOTHÀ and Co. may sheathe their blades,
But never, never Dr. LEYDS!

In Europe, lapped in utter peace,
And amply guarded by police,
Where never bullet whistles near
To shake a brave man's heart with fear,
He nails his colours to the mast,
And breathes defiance to the last!

And I imagine no one knows
The end of this preposterous pose;
Year after year will pass from sight,
But LEYDS will not give up the fight,
Still consecrating every day
To this imaginary fray,
Until in the last ditch he lies
And—metaphorically—dies.

FINIS.

[In the *North American Review* a discussion has been raging among eminent writers in regard to the statement of M. JULES VERNE that the day of the novel is over.]

JULES VERNE declares the novel's dead,
Or else, at least, its doom is pending;
Why, then, we hope, when all is said,
That it will have "a happy ending."

THE CURSE OF FICTION.

IS WRITING FOR MONEY A NATIONAL EVIL?

THERE are no signs of diminution in the controversy aroused by the famous International footballer, Mr. G. O. SMITH, who, in a recent letter to the *Daily Mailyfist*, denounces the writing of novels for money as a national evil. A few of the communications on both sides of the question are given below:—

WASTED SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

It is not so much that novelists are paid for their deleterious work as that thousands of English men and women, boys and girls, spend their Saturday afternoons in reading these poisonous productions instead of recruiting their health in the open air. That is the real objection. Only the other day I came across a strong lad poring over *Captains Courageous* when he might have been playing Association with the other boys of his age and learning to be a man.

GOAL POST.

NO GREAT MEN WRITE NOVELS.

I am delighted to see you have fearlessly tackled this great evil. Agility and mobility are the prime factors in national efficiency, and the writing and reading of novels involves a sedentary existence, conduces to dyspepsia, and impairs the eyesight. I can state on the best of authority that neither Lord KITCHENER, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, nor President ROOSEVELT has ever written a novel.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THE TESTIMONY OF A CHAMPION.

As a boy I was very partial to novelettes, but my game improved 50 per cent. after I gave them up. I now read nothing but the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which helps me to keep on the Lee side of staleness.

PETER LATHAM,

Amateur Racquet & Tennis Champion.

FOOTBALL A RECUPERATOR.

Mr. G. O. SMITH's letter seems to me an unwarrantable attack on a very worthy and respectable body of men. The labourer surely is worthy of his hire; the novelist no less than the football professional. And this reminds me that I owe footballing a great debt, for when in the midst of writing my romance, *The Impregnable City*, I had a nervous breakdown. I was cured only by spending a much-needed holiday in watching a football match.

MAX PEMBERTON.

NOVELS LEAD TO LYING.

I have no doubt that there are literary men whose lives are blameless and whose tendencies are not homicidal, but there is no doubt but that the capacity to tell stories leads to lying in all its branches, particularly when



DAVID WILSON 1902

The Poet (for this is not an anarchist, but a gentleman with a reputation for amorous and facile verse)—

"WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE? AH, WITH MY PASSION JEST NOT!
BUT TAKE MY HEART-BLOOD'S OFFERING—"



The Tree (unconsciously collaborating). "A CHESTNUT!"

a high price is put upon one's romances.

HALF-BACK.

BELL'S LIFE WORTH LIVING.

The craze for fiction has done more than anything else to weaken the fibre of the nation. A good dictionary, a good atlas, a good history of the war, and the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are all that a rational mortal need desire.

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

MR. G. O. SMITH EXPLAINS.

Finally Mr. G. O. SMITH writes to make an addition or two to his original letter. "I find it necessary," he states, "to explain my purpose a little more clearly. I did not say that all writing was bad, as many of your readers seem to think, but that to write books for hire was an unmanly and degrading act. Ink is cheap, paper is cheap, nibs are cheap: why should a man who has the Heaven-sent faculty of combining the three put a price upon his efforts? Should he not either lavish them upon fellow beings free of charge, or hold his hand? The act of making other persons pay for one's own pleasure in literary composition is simply brazen piracy."

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

II.—CUSTOMS AND HABITS.

["Government has declined to exempt from Customs' duty telescopes and binoculars imported by military officers, on the ground that, although an officer's or soldier's uniform and equipment are generally exempt, *this exemption cannot be extended to articles which may be used for other than military purposes.*"—*Times of India*]

Do not let the tidings shock you,
Bearers of the badge of Mars,
If they *won't* exempt binoculars.

Well, they *won't*. Their cares are heavy.
It's as much as they can do
To provide the yearly revenue.

And, beyond a doubt, they saw the
Pressing need of this design;
But I wonder where they'll draw the
Line!

E'en the sword, when free from shedding
Gore, is oft employed to make
Deep incisions in a wedding
Cake.

And it looks, I can but own, as
If these non-exemptions hit
Nearly everything that's known as
"Kit."

Not alone the outer texture;—

But the mysteries within,
Gauze, and silk, and flannel next your
Skin.

These are not reserved for martial
Use or warrior enterprise,
These are worn in quite impartial
Wise,—

Dusk or dawn, no matter where, or
What may be the form of dress,—
In the boudoir, barrack square, or
Mess.

Well, it's what we all get used to;
But suppose there came a day
When some beany youth refused to
Pay;

Would they work their dark intention
Through, and with unholy thumbs
Confiscate his nevermention-
ums?

Perpetrate a hideous blunder?
Bid their Monarch's servant go
Forth in almost—no, by thunder!
No!

O ye gods that rule the State, be-
ware of evil men's advice,
And, as ye are good and great, be
Nice!

DUM-DUM.



PAST BEHRING.

N.B.—THE 10.15 THROUGH ARCTIC EXPRESS IS AN HOUR LATE.

[According to the *Daily Mail* Mr. HARRY DE WINDT can see no engineering difficulty in the way of the Behring Straits Railway.]

"Who are you, Sir, may I ask?" said the three men who had not been accused, in hostile chorus.

"I am Mr. HERCULES BROWNE," was the answer, spoken with all the dignity which the utterance of that great name demanded.

"Are you a member of this Club?" asked the chorus.

"I have not that honour," said BROWNE, with portentous solemnity. "I came here to dine with a gentleman of my acquaintance—Mr. FISCHER."

One of the men called a waiter and whispered something to him. He departed hurriedly, and an awkward silence followed, during which BROWNE stood uneasily in the centre of the hostile group, which scowlingly ignored his presence.

"Here is my card," he said at length, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, and tendering the pasteboard to the gravest looking of the four strangers. The man refused the proffered gift, and turned his back on the Hon. HERCULES with the utmost insolence.

BROWNE's breath was completely taken away by this fresh outrage, and before he could find words in which to frame a suitable protest the waiter reappeared, followed by the hall-porter who had admitted the Hon. HERCULES earlier in the evening, and a crowd of furtively grinning footmen.

"Has Mr. FISCHER been in the Club this evening?" asked the man who had declined BROWNE's card.

"No, Sir," said the hall-porter.

"Has he ever brought this gentleman into the Club before?"

"No, Sir. Never seen the gentleman in my life, Sir."

"Now then, Sir," said the youngest of the card-players.

"Will you kindly explain yourself?"

The man whom BROWNE had accused of cheating beamed upon him with vile triumph. The Hon. HERCULES felt as though this were an evil dream. His indignation and horror fairly choked him; he could only stammer out,

"I am Mr. HERCULES BROWNE . . . I'm a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order . . ."

"Be damned to you," interrupted the youngest young gentleman, airily. "We are going to invest you with the Most Distinguished Order of the Boot. Here, you fellows, out with him!" And at the word, and at a sign from the man who had acted as spokesman to the party, the waiters rushed at the Hon. HERCULES, seized him violently in spite of his outcry and his struggles, shot him down the stairs in a series of ungainly and wholly involuntary bounds, wiped the hall with him, and finally dumped him down upon the dripping pavement without the building.

But the thing which hurts the Hon. HERCULES more than all this is the fact that his friend FISCHER, who has had some trouble with the Club committee, far from offering an apology or expressing regret for the affronts to which his guest was exposed, has written to say that he, BROWNE, had only himself to blame, and that he, FISCHER, has no further use for his, BROWNE's, acquaintance.

This surely, thinks the Hon. HERCULES, is adding insult to injury.

H. C.

The Child is Father of the Man

[“Officers on being recalled in case of emergency will be junior in the rank in which they served at the time of their retirement.”—*Army Order.*]

SCENE—Orderly Room. Capt. McVICKERS, Sen. (*Reserve of Officers with 30 years' service*) has been reported by the Adjutant to Capt. McVICKERS, Jun. (*Senior Officer with 3½ years' service*) for being late for drawing rations.

Capt. McVickers, Sen. I'm very sorry, Sir, but my servant—

Capt. McVickers, Jun. Nonsense, Sir, don't bring me those old soldiers' stories. They might pass when I joined, but they won't wash now. (*To Adjutant.*) Give this officer an extra duty—as orderly officer.

[Parent salutes and exits.]



Cyclist (whose tyre has become deflated). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A PUMP?"

Yokel. "'EES, MISS, THERE'S ONE I' THE YARD."

Cyclist. "I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD LET ME USE IT."

Yokel. "THAT DEPENDS 'OW MUCH YOU WANT. WATTER BE MAIN SCORCE WI' US THIS YEAR! OI'LL ASK FETTER."

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

Poor old Canada! It seems as if Providence had fated her always to struggle under the overpowering weight of a vast misconception in the eyes of the great British public. For years, from an English point of view, she has been the land of snow and ice, of awe-inspiring infinite cold, the great lone land of the Red Indian, the grizzly bear and the midnight sun. The Dominion Government, half hopeless, yet never despairing, has struggled heroically to dissipate the vapour of ignorance, to let the light of truth shine in on the millions of darkened minds. At last it has succeeded, but with deplorable results, due to the blinding effect of an excess of light.

I have just come off the top of a Liverpool Street to Pimlico 'bus. The driver glared at a newspaper contents-bill which told of a train running off a bridge into a river and drowning fifty people. He turned to me.

"That'd maik a fair bit uv a splash!" he said, "w'd'n't it? I shoold loike t'v seen 't." I ventured that I had seen a whole train run into a river, as a result of heavy rains having weakened a bridge-pier.

"Where?" he asked.

"In Canada."

He gazed pensively at his horses' heads for a few seconds. Then he evidently decided that it behoved him to say something.

"In Keneda! Ow, yus. W'en 't rines owt there in th' troppics it do rine, down't 't!"

The Canadian Arch has more than done its work. Ten years hence we may expect to see the following type of article in the London newspapers inspired by the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada.

"Prof. X. FLORER and his party of scientists have just returned from the Great Bear Lake and Coppermine River region. Contrary to general belief they report that at no time during the year was excessive heat experienced, the members of the expedition finding it possible to work at all hours of the day, without experiencing nervous prostration. They found the climate to be delightfully cool and bracing, and deny absolutely that locusts and dust-storms are among the country's objectionable features. The expedition has once and for all proved the utter falsehood of the stories which have so long gained credence—stories to the effect that the shores of Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean are so overgrown with

various species of cactus and prickly pear as to make travelling extremely difficult. We hope that in view of these—etc., etc."

A MINOR LAMENT.

Of politics, persons or sport
I could always make verse of a sort,
Or write an ephemeral lay
On the weather, the crops, or the day;
But now—when I tackle a lyric
I'm forced to conclude and deplore
That my talent was merely empiric;
I cannot make rhymes any more.

I was wont, I remember, to sing
To my Lady like, say, anything,
And shoved every word I could shove
Into ballads that babbled of love.
But now—though my passion's as hearty
I've lost all my previous lore;
A sad and prosaic old party,
I cannot make rhymes any more.

Perhaps in the fulness of time
I shall learn how to scan and to rhyme,
Find out how my poems were made,
And remember the tricks of the trade.
But now—I am nought but a talker,
A deadly inveterate bore—
Since someone abstracted my *Walker*
I cannot make rhymes any more!

IN THE PURLIEUS OF THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.

NOTHING impresses the casual visitor to Monte Carlo so much as the studied decorum of the place, and the deliberate restraint put upon their emotions by the plungers of the Casino. I understand that Mr. JONES, the author of *Chance, the Idol*, has made a scholarly research, *in situ*, into the manners and customs of the Principality of Monaco. This must account for his having discovered many things which commonly escape the careless eye of the bird of passage. The figure of his Fortune-teller for instance—a sort of oracular Cassandra, of Endor extraction, painted, dishevelled, mercenary, who from the steps of a popular restaurant recommends to her votaries a course of red or black (symbolised by her cheeks and her hair)—is not one that has occurred too obtrusively in my more limited experiences of Monte Carlo. Certainly, if the type became at all usual, it would sensibly increase the labours of those excellent agents whose task it is to assist the inconvenient across the border.

Again, the experience of the amateur goes to show that the most advanced kind of gambler, as he strolls unaffectedly to the tables after dinner, allows himself no further licence than to say, tentatively, to his companion: "I am in mourning for an aunt-in-law; I think I shall go on the black;" or "I have observed a stuffed flamingo in a shop-window; I propose to flutter on the red." But Mr. JONES has seen ladies on the eve of a plunge standing in gorgeous salons, crushing bank-notes in their uplifted right hands and crying "*Rouge gagne! Rouge gagne!*" in the confident voice of a fanatical Crusader waving his bloody sword on the outer ramparts of Jerusalem. He has seen gaudy youths come bounding at this juncture into the apartments of these inspired ladies, merrily shouting "No, no! On the contrary, *Rouge perd! Rouge perd!*" and returning on an almost instantaneous shutter, having only escaped immediate death because the revolver has failed to trace the site of their elusive modicum of brain.

I do not wish to cavil. After all, the pit and the family circle (those bulwarks of the drama) cannot be supposed to know their Monte Carlo; and in any case it is the business of the playwright, as his art is understood, to improve on the facts. But I cannot help feeling, though this is Mr. JONES's own affair, that if such was the picture which he had determined to present, he has wasted a great deal of his precious time (if nothing of still greater value) over local explorations.

For the rest, where the author comes in touch with human nature, I find his main theme only too pitifully possible. That the behaviour of *Ellen Farndon*, in following up her retired lover and trying to win him to marriage by making enough money at the tables to pay his debts and start him in a domestic career, should have in it more of shamelessness than her original lapse from virtue, need astonish nobody who has grasped the extravagant lengths to which a woman may be carried through mere lack of imagination. That she should delay the consummation of her prime purpose by wasting her winnings on *confections de luce* (as the *Times* critic would call them) with the idea of recapturing his affections is equally conceivable. But Mr. JONES, who is on sure ground here, seems still to have committed an error in subscribing to the noxious fashion of writing his chief part round a particular personality. It is said to fit Miss LENA ASHWELL like a glove. The simile is very exactly apposite. The part does fit her like a glove; and like a well-fitting glove, produces the effect of a lifeless simulacrum of the living hand. If one might dare so far to depart from the conventions of modern dramatic criticism as to pass reflections on the performance of an actor, as distinct from the work of a playwright, I should venture to hint that that

exceptionally intelligent performer, Miss ASHWELL, is overwhelmed by a sense of what is expected of her by those who associate her talent with a specific type. She pitches the note of impending tragedy too high at too early a stage. Her tone over commonplaces of speech is fraught with a pathos that rives the marrow. She receives the idea, let us say, of luncheon at a restaurant less cheerfully than a man might view the prospect of breakfast immediately prior to his execution. Her state of morbid intensity becomes an obsession. The gamut is exhausted half way through the rising scale, and the iterated hammering proceeds on the top note till it is worn out and the lid is suffered to descend.

Into the rather lurid atmosphere of our melodrama the delightfully ingenuous performance of Miss WINIFRED ARTHUR-JONES brings a very gracious relief. Her looks and her speeches are alike charming—which may explain how it was that the watch-dogs of the Casino allowed so young and guileless a speculator to pass its portals—and in the pleasant irony that surrounds this character the father-author shows at his best. Miss KATE SERGEANTSON (who, to be frank, has a not very stimulating presence) made a quite decent attempt to interpret the part of the worldly *Lady Mary*, who has the inconspicuous soul of ALAN LEVERSAGE in her social keeping. He will make *Ellen Farndon* an "honest woman" if she (*Lady Mary*) says he is to. *Lady Mary* objects on principle to gambling, but if the result should be a clear £10,000, she would not enquire too curiously into its source. Yet with all this brutal cynicism which protests against the acceptance of the girl's sacrifices unless the margin left over from them reaches an irreducible minimum, she is not without a touch of plain womanly sympathy for *Ellen's* embarrassment. It is a character not too stereotyped, but recognisably true in its inconsistencies.

I cannot honestly join with the critics in denouncing the runagate lover (played with a right absence of colour by Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE) as too fatuously contemptible. Is this, we are asked, is this poor-blooded creature the kind of man whom so strenuous a woman as *Ellen Farndon* would risk her eternal weal and a good sprinkling of golden louis to retrieve? Personally, I think he is precisely the type of person on whom such a woman would so waste herself. Let any man, though he were as modest as the present writer, consider the relative neglect almost habitually shown to superior men, and he will, with me, support the judgment of Mr. JONES.

Mr. TITHERADGE, in the minor part of the girl's father, was admirably within the picture: and it only remains, since I missed Mr. STERNROYD's appearance in the first act, to speak of the performance of Mr. ESMOND in the now indispensable rôle of friend of all families concerned. Out of compliment to the proprietor of the Theatre in which he was playing, Mr. ESMOND endeavoured with spasmodic success to reproduce the pleasantly gruff intonation of Mr. WYNDHAM. But though he played most capably, it would have needed the inimitable skill of Mr. WYNDHAM's self to throw off all those excellent admonitions without permitting their platitudinous character to be suspected. Mr. ESMOND also failed to maintain the reserve that is necessary to this kind of part. He had the initial advantage, as I was sincerely pleased to notice, of representing a gentleman who was supposed to be suffering from an incurable malady of the lower limbs, which precluded his hopping about the stage in the manner that Mr. ESMOND usually affects. But even so he could not conceal his possession of that quality that is so fatally over-rated in the profession; I refer to his faculty for "keeping things going." And, indeed, his physical infirmity only seemed to leave his mind more terribly alert.

O. S.



She (to returned warrior, enthusiastically). "AND I SUPPOSE YOU ALMOST LIVED ON HORSEBACK OUT THERE?"
He. "WELL, YES, TOWARDS THE END OF LADYSMITH WE DID. IT MAKES RATHER DECENT SOUP!"

MILES GLORIOSUS.

[Mr. EUSTACE MILES, the well-known racket and tennis player, advocates, in the *Daily Mail*, the reform of cricket by studying the methods of the American base-ball pitcher and by the adoption of a special course of gymnastic training. "Alert watching, followed by quick starts, full and fast extensions, together with bodily poise kept or else rapidly recovered," he considers to be physical virtues which "might have a decided mental effect upon the nation, and especially upon its commerce."]

Not long ago, in virile verse,

Our RUDYARD, eloquently railing,
Marked our decline from bad to worse,
And laid his finger on each failing.

How could, he asked, the island race
Expect to dominate the Channel
So long as pride of foremost place
Was given to our fools in flannel?

The fires of controversy blazed
And PEMBERTON, renouncing fiction,
Against the football-fetish raised
His voice in strident malediction.

Must we then, at our KIPLING's call,
Discrown the sovereignty of cricket?
Boycott, with MAX, the blameless ball,
And make it criminal to kick it?

"No, no," we hear great MILES exclaim,
A champion athlete, tough and lusty,
"It's not the game that is to blame;
It is the method that is musty.

"In cricket, just as in Combines,
Fas est ab hostibus doceri,
And played on Transatlantic lines
The game no longer need be dreary.

"Only let baseball players be
Our guides in catching, throwing,
smiting,
And very shortly you will see
KIPLING a palinode inditing.

"I also purpose to impart,
Among a host of new inventions,
Command of poise, of sudden start,
Followed by 'full and fast extensions.'

"Nor will these virtues be confined
Merely within the sphere of muscle;
They obviously react on mind,
And teach a nation how to 'hustle.'

"Thus Britain will behold anew
Her faded laurels proudly blossom,
In cricket floor the kangaroo,
In commerce rout the slim opossum.

PERSONALIA—THE LATEST PHASE.

[According to the American Press Miss ELLEN THORNTON FOWLER is "the daughter of a retired English General," while Mr. W. W. JACOBS, late of the Post Office, has "spent his life upon the sea."]

Mr. BALFOUR, it may not generally be known, began life as an apprentice in TOM MORRIS's shop at St. Andrews. His skill in carpentering was so remarkable



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

'OH, MY PROPHETIC SOUL! MY UNCLE!'

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 5.

that he soon found permanent employment under the most eminent cabinet-maker of the time.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, on leaving Balliol College, had thoughts of adopting the lyric stage as his profession, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. He subsequently read for some time in chambers with His Honour Judge BACON. To this fortunate concatenation of circumstances may be attributed his subsequent collaboration with Mrs. GALLUP.

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE in early youth was confined in a German dungeon for

participation in a political intrigue, and has incorporated his own experiences in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

Mr. HALL CAINE, before settling in the Isle of Man, was for several years a bass singer in the choir of the Sistine Chapel. His intimate knowledge of the Vatican and the Italian language and cookery is thus founded on long residence in the heart of the Eternal City.

General BOTHA before he took to public life was a piano tuner in Pretoria. His greatest friend in England is General BROADWOOD.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

LEAVES upon the ground,
Russet-red and yellow;
Apples that abound,
Peaches, ripe and mellow;

Pheasants—dying game—
Mornings chill and sober—
One and all proclaim:
“Now it is October.”

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

X.—THE CAUSE OF THE WEAK.

“OH I sye, come an’ ave a look at this! Lover-ly meat! Nar then, ‘oo’s goin’ t’ ave a pahnd o’ this for eight-pence? Buy-buy-buy-buy-buy!”

The butcher is a young and vigorous man, prematurely bald. Standing outside the shop he holds, lovingly poised in the palm of his hand, a slab of meat, a sample of the serried pink and white rows illumined in glowing colours by the waving oil-lamps behind him. He directs his invitations chiefly to the matrons who, accompanied by small girls with net-work baskets, pass critically from shop to shop, intent on converting into solid foods for to-morrow the earnings that their husbands had fondly hoped to liquefy to-night.

“‘Ere—hi—missus, come an’ ave a look at this ‘ere for a bit of mutton! There’s a Sunday dinner fer the ole man! Buy-buy-buy-buy-buy!”

The butcher pauses to mop the top of his head, which is shining with his rhetorical exertions. A passing navy lurches towards the shop. The butcher stretches out a hand just in time to prevent him falling into a headless corpse that swings ignominiously by its hind legs in the doorway.

“Nar then, my lad,” he cries good-humouredly; “steady-wo-ho!”

The navy, on recovering his balance, draws himself up with dignity.

“‘Oo are yer torkin’ to?” he demands.

“Steady’s the word,” observes the butcher cheerily.

The navy surveys him with severe displeasure.

“‘Oo are yer callin’ yer lad?” he demands. “I’m not yer lad.”

“All right, ole man,” returns the butcher, “don’t go gettin’ of yer shirt aht abaht it.”

The navy looks at him steadily.

“If I choose ter get my shirt aht,” he observes with hauteur, “I shall get it aht.”

“All right, ole man,” returns the other, “‘oo’s preventin’ of yer?”

The navy seems to find some difficulty in discovering an adequate reply to this riposte.

“Look ‘ere,” he says eventually, “don’t you try ter tork ter me, because I won’t ave it.”

“Come buy-buy-buy-buy-buy!” calls the butcher.

“Callin’ me yer lad,” says the navy. “I’m not yer lad.”

“Oh buy-buy-buy-buy-buy,” continues the butcher; “lover-ly meat.”

“For two pins,” declares the navy perseveringly, “I’d put my fist through yer bloomin’ ead.”

The butcher desists from his invitations.

“You’d do wot?” he demands.

“I’d put my fist,” repeats the navy, “through yer bloomin’ ead—fer two pins.”

“Oh yer would, would yer?” remarks the butcher.

“I would,” says the navy.

There is a pause.

“Oh no yer wouldn’t,” observes the butcher sophistically, “not through it.”

“Yes I would,” returns the navy, “right through it—fer two pins.”

The butcher regards his adversary with infinite scorn. By an obvious effort he returns to his business. The navy shows no signs of departure.

“Wah! Callin’ me yer lad,” he repeats loudly.

There is no response from the butcher, who turns his back to select new samples of meat. The navy proceeds to remove his coat with a good deal of pomp and circumstance.

“I’ll tell yer wot I’m goin’ ter do,” he observes. “When you’ve stopped torkin’ I’m goin’ ter put my fist through yer bloomin’ ead.”

And then suddenly there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a little thick-set man with a knotted hand-



ONE TO TOMPKINS.

Stout Gent. “THAT’S THE WORST OF YOU, TOMPKINS, YOU WILL PUT ON SUCH A LOT OF SIDE!”

Tompkins. “WELL, I’D RATHER PUT ON SIDE, OLD CHAP, THAN SUCH A DOGE OF A LOT OF FRONT!”

kerchief round his neck. He walks up to the navy.

“Wot?” he demands impressively, “you’d threaten to ‘it a pore ole bald-eaded man? D’yer think I cawn’t ‘it a man?”

The butcher looks up suddenly. The navy picks up his coat.

“Wot’s ‘e wanter call me ‘is lad for?” he demands in self-justification. “I’m not ‘is lad.”

“Why shouldn’t ‘e call yer ‘is lad?” returns the newcomer. “Ain’t ‘e old enough ter be yer father? You’d threaten to ‘it a pore ole bald-eaded man?”

D’yer think I cawn’t ‘it a man?” The navy is with difficulty struggling into his coat. The butcher is looking his champion up and down with dumfounded indignation.

“D’yer think I cawn’t ‘it a man?” repeats the knight-errant truculently.

“I don’t sye nothin’,” replies the navy, “about wot you can do or wot you cawn’t do.”

“Ho, that’s all right,” returns the knight-errant, “becos I’m goin’ ter teach you to threaten a pore ole man wot might be yer father. D’yer think I cawn’t ‘it a man?”

The butcher is a scarlet picture of unrest. The navy has become suddenly confidential. He makes an attempt to draw the knight-errant aside.

“Look ‘ere, ole man,” he observes, “you’ve got your livin’ to earn, an’ I’ve got my livin’ to earn. Goo’ night.”

He holds out his hand. The knight-errant rejects it with loathing and disgust.

“You was threat’nin’,” he maintains, “to ‘it a pore ole bald-eaded man.”

Suddenly the butcher pushes his face between them.

“‘Oo are you a callin’ pore?”

The knight-errant is staggered. The navy gracefully accepts the background.

“‘Oo are you a callin’ a pore ole man? Wodder you wanter go interferin’ for?”

The knight-errant remains speechless.

“There’s some people,” states the butcher savagely, “as is always interferin’ with wot don’t concern ‘em. That’s your sort.”

“‘E threatened to ‘it yer, didn’t ‘e?” challenges the astonished knight-errant.

“An’ wot’s it got ter do with you if ‘e did?” demands the butcher. “Interferin’ ‘ere an’ callin’ people pore.”

There is a pause.

“Well an’ why shouldn’t I call yer pore?” hazards the knight-errant argumentatively.

“Don’t yer do it, that’s all,” returns the butcher. “I’ll tell yer wot’s the matter with you. You want a thick ear, that’s wot you want, or yer wouldn’t go about interferin’.”



A GENERAL PROSPECT OF YE DEER STALKING DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

"I want a thick ear!" stammers the outraged knight-errant.

"Yes, a thick ear," repeats the butcher.

"An' 'oo's a goin' ter give it ter me?" demands the knight-errant.

"I will," returns the butcher, "if yer shove yer wye in 'ere interferin'."

"You'll give me a thick ear?" queries the knight-errant.

"I will."

There is a pause.

"I should like," remarks the knight-errant, "to see yer do it."

"Well, don't you come interferin' 'ere, that's all," says the butcher.

The knight-errant looks round him.

"There's gratitood," he observes bitterly. "I come 'ere an' tike 'is pawt, becoss I sees 'e's only a pore ole bald-headed —"

Thud.

The promised thick ear has been administered.

There is a brief scuffle, of which the butcher sustains decidedly the worst

part. As a climax he is knocked backwards into the swinging, headless corpse, bringing it with him to the ground with a good deal of clatter.

A crowd has collected in a moment. The navy is helping the butcher to his feet. The knight-errant is hybristically expressing his complete readiness to fight anyone else who wants it. A policeman arrives, and the butcher, who has been hitherto in a state of coma, begins to struggle violently in the navy's grasp, imploring to be allowed to "get at 'im."

"Oh, look at 'is eye!" exclaims a female voice in the crowd. "Pore ole man! It's a shame!"

The crowd take up the cry, and the knight-errant is driven protesting away by the policeman, followed by a virtuous and indignant mob.

In the doorway of the shop the navy is assisting the butcher to apply a piece of his own meat to the injured eye. A sympathetic group of matrons looking on are expressing the opinion that what

the bullying cur wants is hard labour. Far down the street the knight-errant, released by the policeman, is making his way home, still followed, at a respectful distance, by a hooting group of moralists.

A SCIENTIFIC WOOER.

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes"—

And if you happen to survive a
So curious potion, pray advise
How it affects the conjunctiva!
This problem, which my mind absorbs,
A veritable Gordian knot is:
How can maids swallow with their orbs?
Where's the protecting epiglottis?

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath"—

For Science' sake, my ANGELINA,
And hope you noticed underneath
Those buds of *rosa damascena*.
No high-flown zeal my soul uplifts,
And as for ardour, I've not got any;—
I simply send you floral gifts
To help you forward with your
botany!

GEORGE.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Windermere, Monday. — GEORGE is a Lancashire lad. His drawland accent, both incommunicable on paper, add charm to his narrative as he leans over the gunwale of the sloop, watching for the ripple that promises wind. He has signed on for the season, acting as crew when the skipper sails the sloop in the July Regatta. Out of the season he goes back to his earlier vocation as a fisherman. He owns his own boat, now lying up in Morecambe Bay; occasionally sails it himself.

This he did through seven weeks, when he happened upon those shrimps. One day, casting his net some miles out from Morecambe Bay, he hauled aboard a great catch of the finest shrimps. Having loaded his boat he made for land and the market. Did he put in at Morecambe Bay, where all his mates lived? Not GEORGE. He made for a neighbouring port, shipping his shrimps straight for the Manchester market, receiving sixpence for every quart.

Occasionally necessity compelled him to look in at Morecambe, and all the chaps were anxious to know where he was fishing and what luck he had.

"But they didn't get to know," GEORGE says, quietly.

In the ordinary way he goes a-fishing with a mate, sometimes two. On one voyage his companions were two brothers. Whereby hangs a tale. On a day in a rough sea one of the brothers was accidentally knocked overboard. After the fashion of fishermen, confessed by GEORGE, "TUMMAS couldn't swim." He sank like lead. Over all the turbulent sea, far and near, there was no sign of him. The surviving brother, abandoning hope, began to bewail the loss of TUMMAS.

"Why, there's TUMMAS!" said GEORGE, pointing to a head appearing over the port side of the boat, followed by a drenched figure.

Sure enough, it was TUMMAS. Going overboard he snatched at a coil of rope. It payed out in embarrassing length, which landed TUMMAS unpleasantly near the bottom of the sea. When the rope was taut it occurred to him that he might as well go aloft. So hand over hand he came up the rope,



"GO BACK, MY BOY, GO BACK AND COME OUT THE WAY YOU WENT IN."
"THAT'S WHAT I BE DOIN', MISTER."

emerging to be greeted by GEORGE's matter-of-fact incontrovertible remark, "Why, there's TUMMAS!"

GEORGE is not given to wasting words in what some people might regard as exciting moments. At anchor in his boat in Morecambe Bay a sudden squall came on which lashed the sea into foam. The fishing boat dragged her anchor, and peril of drifting ashore was imminent. Voices from the pier urged GEORGE to run his boat alongside, where ropes would be ready for the rescue. That meant wreck of the boat, and GEORGE "wanted it." His mate, faced by the imminence of sudden death, "went silly," as GEORGE puts it.

"Run into the Promenade!" he yelled.

GEORGE took a look round the raging sea. Fisher boats, he tells me, never run before the wind. They can beat up against any gale. But his sails were not set. So he resolved on the perilous course of running before the wind, drag-



CIVILISATION.

ging the anchor. First of all he had his demented mate to dispose of.

"I couldn't," he explained, "mind the ship and have him goin' on silly."

He accordingly led the terrified man to their common sleeping berth, shoved him in head first and locked the door. Then GEORGE took the tiller, and running before the wind, braved out the storm on the open sea.

He ever had short ways with mates in difficulty. On another day, out in stormy weather, with the net over board, his mate, attempting to haul it in, fell into the

sea. GEORGE threw him a rope, but it fell short of his grasp. After the marvelous fashion of fisherfolk BILL HIGH too, with water, water everywhere, had never learned to swim. He sank, and GEORGE was left lonely on the stormy sea.

However, business was business. There was the net, and it must be hauled in. So GEORGE set himself, unaided, to the task. It was made the greater by discovery of extraordinary good luck. Not for days had he had such a haul. GEORGE thought sadly of the one who was gone, whose heart would, in other circumstances, have been cheered by prospect of his share in the miraculous draught. Sweating and straining, GEORGE at length succeeded in hauling up the net, and lo! at rest within its folds was BILL HIGH.

He was apparently drowned and done for. But GEORGE was not the man to let a mate die for lack of effort. Getting the body aboard, not waiting to extricate it from the net, he knelt upon it and began what he understood to be the process of restoring the apparently drowned.

"I kneaded him for nearly two hours before he came round," said GEORGE. "Next day he had to go to 'orspital, and," he added reflectively, wondering how in the circumstances such things could be, "they found he'd broke five ribs." As for BILL HIGH, having tried drowning and suffered GEORGE's process of restoration, he prefers drowning.

SOMETHING "TERRIBLE!" — What does the exclamation "Great Scott!" mean? Henceforth, of course, it can only be taken as an allusion to Captain PERCY SCOTT, G.B., followed by several "notes of admiration."

AN INTERNATIONAL.
COMPLICATION.

"It is stated that England has annexed the neutral territory of Fouracre Island in the Pacific."—Telegram in *Le Malade Imaginaire*, Thursday.

"The statement that British troops are in occupation of Fouracre Island, which is being circulated in some of the Continental papers, seems to be entirely without foundation. In official circles all knowledge of such a thing is denied."—*The Thunderer*, Saturday.

"It is hardly probable that France or Germany will make a *casus belli* out of the Fouracre dispute. They are neither of them in a fit state for war at the present moment. In any case, the interests of Empire demand imperatively that England's foot shall not be lifted from the path in which . . . &c., &c."—*The Early Shout*, Saturday.

"An exciting story reaches us from the captain of the *Ciudad Pittsville*, a Spanish sloop trading in the South Pacific, which throws more light on the Fouracre incident. He put in, as usual, at the island for the purpose of exhibiting his new stock of beads on the beach, but was at once attacked by the inhabitants, who opened fire on him with bows and arrows. He was only able to get back to his vessel just in time, and the anchor was hardly raised ere a swarm of canoes approached the ship. The captain affirms that in the stern of each canoe was seated a man dressed in a blue uniform. From the description given we have little difficulty in recognising the uniform of the London constabulary. We hear that the KAISER has telegraphed to the captain to congratulate him on his fortunate escape, reserving to himself, however, the right of re-publication."—*New Chicago Error* (Paris edition), Monday.

"The story of Fouracre Island receives new and picturesque embroideries. It is impossible to take it seriously, but we may say that the Foreign Office has disclaimed all knowledge of the island and everything connected with it. If there is anything in the rumour at all, the only possible explanation is that King TOOROOLOO may have engaged some London policemen, independently, as a private bodyguard. Nothing is known, however, at Scotland Yard."—*The Thunderer*, Tuesday.

"The Fouracre dispute has assumed a more serious aspect than was at first anticipated. While no one can regret more than ourselves the employment of force, the pluck shown by the handful of Englishmen on the island wholly discredits those who maintain that Great Britain is on the down grade.



Angela. "OH, DON'T MIND PLUTO, MR. BROWN. HE WON'T BITE UNLESS HE SEES YOU'RE AFRAID OF HIM!"

If events should unfortunately lead . . . all good men and true . . . the War Office . . . the Admiralty . . . of heavier calibre . . . etc., etc."—*The Early Shout*, Tuesday.

"There can no longer be any doubt as to the annexation of Fouracre Island by Great Britain. If by nothing else it is sufficiently proved by the past aggressive history of that country. But it is vain for British statesmen to think that France will submit tamely . . ."—*Le Malade Imaginaire*, Wednesday.

"SIR,—I have observed with surprise that some stir is being caused by rumours of British uniforms having been seen in Fouracre Island. I think I can offer a satisfactory explanation of the circumstance. In my capacity as Secretary to the Society for the Regeneration of Fouracre Islanders, I have from time to time superintended the sending out of parcels of clothing contributed by

the generosity of the public. In the last parcel, if my memory do not deceive me, there were among other things a few old policemen's tunics, acquired, I believe, at a sale of theatrical properties and presented to the Society. It is highly probable that these are the uniforms in question.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN JONES, Hon. Sec. S.R.F.I."

—Letter to *The Thunderer*, Thursday.

"The rumours of wars in connection with Fouracre Island, which have found favour with some of our contemporaries, have, as we expected, dwindled down to nothing. *Calum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt*; the policemen's tunics have well sustained beneath an alien sky the dramatic interest which they were wont to evoke in some temple of the mimetic art in . . . etc., etc."—*The Early Shout*, Friday.



Tom (writing). "I SAY, BOB, I'M RUBBING IN THE LOCAL COLOUR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FOLK AT HOME—COULD YOU HELP ME TO SOME CORRECT FISHING EXPRESSIONS—JUST TO GIVE THE THING AN ATMOSPHERE!"

Bob. "I'VE HEARD A LOT ONE TIME AND ANOTHER, OLD MAN, BUT THE ONLY ONE I REMEMBER IS—'PASS THE FLASK'!"

THE MOTORS' DEFENCE UNION.

A PEDESTRIANS' Protection League is being formed to uphold the rights of foot-passengers on the highways. As no bone is without its antidote, an opposition union is to be organised, having in view the adoption of the following regulations:—

1. Every pedestrian must carry on his front and back a large and conspicuous number as a means of easy and rapid identification.

2. No foot-passenger shall quit the side-walk except at certain authorised crossings. In country lanes and places where there is no sidewalk the ditch shall be considered equivalent to the same.

3. Each foot-passenger about to make use of such authorised crossings shall thrice sound a danger-signal on a hooter, fog-horn or megaphone; and, after due warning has thus been given, shall traverse the road at a speed of not less than twelve miles an hour. The penalty for infringement to be forty shillings or one month.

4. Any pedestrian obstructing a motor by being run over, causing a motor to slow down or stop, or otherwise deranging the traffic, shall be summarily dealt with: the punishment for this offence to be five years' penal servitude, dating from arrest or release from hospital, as the case may be.

5. Should the pedestrian thus trespassing on the highway lose his life in an encounter with a motor car, he shall not be liable to penal servitude; compensation for shock and loss of time, however, shall be paid from his estate to the driver of the car, such amount being taxed by the coroner.

6. All cattle, sheep, pigs, swine, hares, rabbits, conies, and other ground game, and every goose, duck, fowl, or any animal whatsoever with which the motor shall collide shall, *ipso facto*, be confiscated to the owner of the motor.

7. Any comment, remark, reflection, sneer or innuendo concerning the shape, speed, appearance, noise, smell, or other attribute of a motor car, or of its occupant, shall be actionable; and every

foot-passenger thus offending shall be bound over in the sum of £500 to keep the peace.

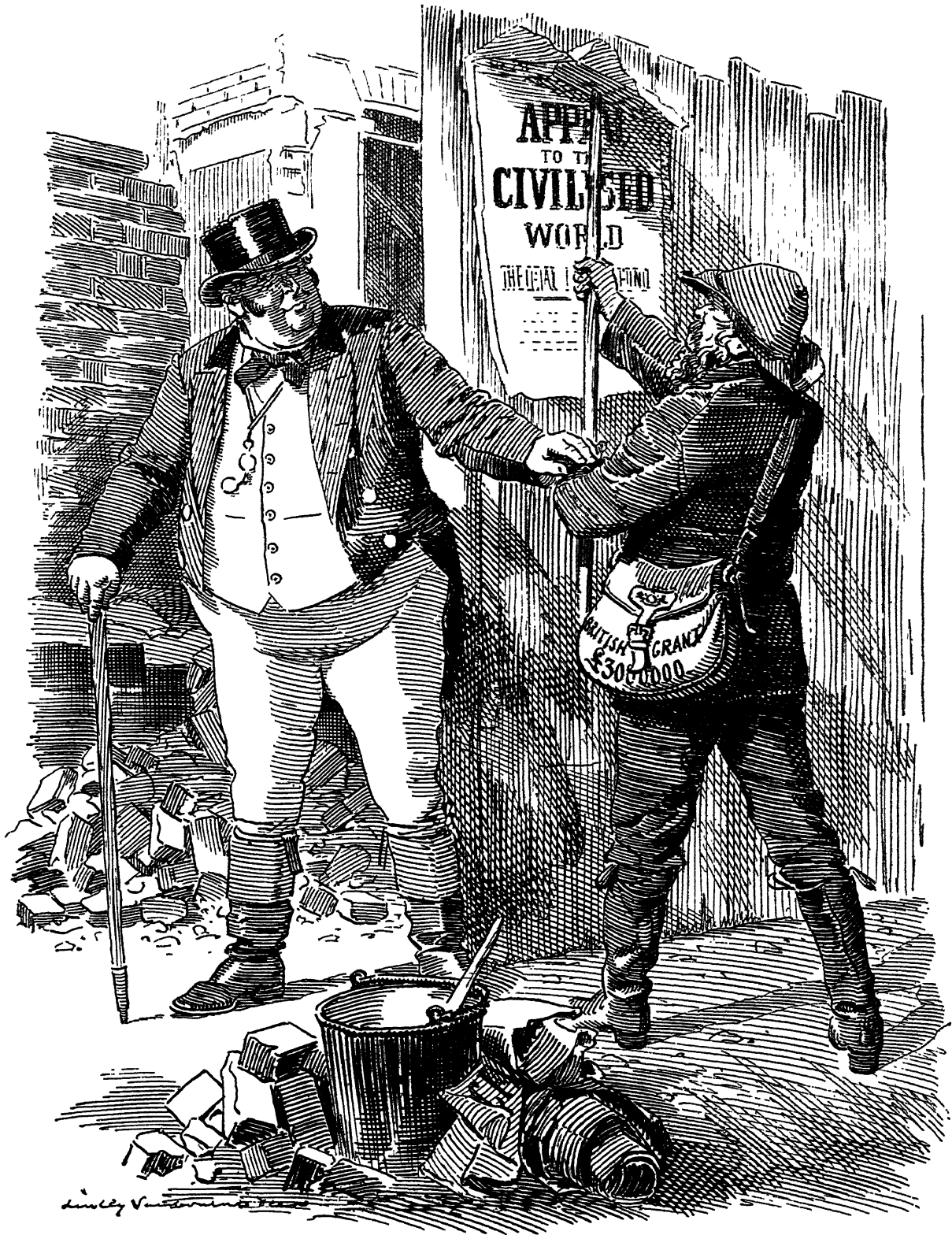
The Lament of the Smithfield Marketers.

["The price of beef has risen three-pence." *Daily Press.*]

Is there no prospect of relief,
And must these lines a moral point?
If higher rise the price of beef,
The times will soon be out of joint.

MR. PUNCH invites sympathy for the unique case of an "aged gentleman" who has lately advertised in one of the Service journals for a Hospital Valet. "His health," says the advertisement, he explains, "is perfectly good, but he has been severely injured, by the upsetting of an express train in his legs."

AN official denial has been given to the rumour that M. PELLETAN's marine pronouncements were in the nature of a *ballon d'Orsay*.



“A WORD IN SEASON.”

MR. BULL. “LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND. STICK THAT UP, IF YOU LIKE; BUT I THINK YOU’LL FIND THAT I TALK LESS THAN THE OTHERS, AND DO MORE.”



SO ALIEN TO THEIR METHODS.

Chorus of Virtuous Company Promoters (with emotion). "OH! WE TRUST THAT NOTHING SO UNSEEMLY WILL OCCUR!"

[In referring to the fresh discoveries of gold-bearing areas in the Transvaal, the *Times* says, "It is to be hoped that no attempt will be made to anticipate by speculation the value of discoveries which have yet to be proved and tested."]

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

MR. LOUIS BECKE has for some years been writing fact and fiction based on his experience in the South Sea Islands. His latest work, *The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton* (FISHER UNWIN) shows that his hand has not lost its cunning nor the Pacific its freshness of adventure. His story dates back thirty years, when the South Sea Islands were harried by a piratical horde of white men who added slave-stealing to other avocations. It is a striking coincidence, happening at a time when the world is still shuddering at the earthquake in Martinique, that Mr. BECKE should close his story with a powerfully written description of a similar calamity, which rids him of some of his characters at a time when their continued existence becomes embarrassing.

The Eton Glossary, by C. R. STONE (SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD.). Whether this little book will be used by the new boy on his first arriving at Eton, or whether it will be included in their curriculum by tutors engaged in preparing the youthful TOMMIES and HARRIES for entrance into Lower Fourth Form life, the Baron is unable to forecast, but that it will interest a considerable number of Old Etonians is, he ventures to think, highly probable. To the Old Etonian who, in respect to the enjoyment of Eton reminiscences, is as young as ever he was, this little dictionary of Etonian Dialect "as she is spoke" is most interesting and amusing. "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*" What memories to an Etonian of some fifty-five summers do not such terms as "After six," "Bill," "Athens," "Brocas," "Call," "Check-night," and "Construe," *cum multis aliis*, recall! To many ancient Etonians the more

modern terms will be unfamiliar, as indeed to the Baron are many that must have been in common use in his own time, when, under the rule first of HAWTREY, then of GOODFORD, he, the Baron, was *in statu pupillari* sub WILLIAM GIFFARD COOKESLEY, the kindest and most eccentric of "tutors," as he was one of the most exacting of Fifth Form Masters. To many an Oppidan most of the purely "College" terms and phrases in this *Glossary* will be entirely new.

The "leaves" (meaning "leave to go away for a holiday") mentioned in the *Glossary* were unknown in the Baron's time. "Leaves" in his book were mere leaflets to those now granted; such, for example, as "Lord's leave," when the Cricket Public School matches are on; for "Henley," when the boats contend; for "Bisley," when the Rifle-boys gain their marks; and for "Winchester," when the Etonian Eleven plays the Wykehamite team. Are the boys more studious now than formerly? More athletic than in days of yore? No; the Baron believes that the Etonian of to-day differs not one whit from the Etonian of yesterday, or from the Etonian of many yesterdays long ago. Etonians of all ages, wherever they may be, will "Swing, swing together," as the boating song has it, though by the way, personally the Baron objects to the word "swing"; yet, after all, if the alternative expression "hang" be substituted, the sentiment is equally true, as they will "hang together" and do a good turn one to the other, strangers though they be, on the strength of "the friend in need" being an "Old Etonian." Presumably this sentiment is common to all great schools, and is a true and honest one; a sentiment without any sentimentalism.

One note more. On re-opening the *Glossary* the Baron comes on the word "*Tick*," and he reads, "*This is gradually dying out at Eton*." Alas! Is there no longer faith to be placed in Etonian promises? Have tradesmen grown unkind? Has the Etonian tradesman assumed "Ready, aye ready" as his business motto, thereby signifying "Terms cash only"? If this be so, then the Baron is a genuine *laudator temporis acti*, when payment of coin over the counter was the exception, not the rule. Be this as it may, the Baron, drinking to the prosperity of Eton and the health of the precious STONE who has compiled *The Eton Glossary*, concludes with "*Floreat Etona!*" and may it not be long ere HENRY's holy shade is revisited, as ghosts revisit the glimpses of the moon, by

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

[One of the ladies' journals has just published a "Secrets of Beauty Number," in which much stress is laid on the duty of cultivating beauty as distinct from the vulgar habit of "making up."]

SCENE—*The School of Beauty.*

Professor. Ladies, Woman should be fair—

'Tis the aim of her existence—
And when Nature 'gins to wear
Let her summon Art's assistance.
Therefore, ladies, 'tis your duty
To attend the School of Beauty.

First Student. Yes, the Professor's right. She does not lie.
I would be beautiful.

Second Student. And I.

All.

And I.

Let us start without delay,
Beautifying as we may
Features, figure, hands, and bust—
'Tis our duty, and we must.

Let us Romanise our noses,
Round our chins, and blush like roses,
Let us learn the master's skill—
'Tis our duty, and we will.

First Student. Take, oh take these lines away
That so deeply have been worn,
And these hairs so flecked with grey,
Signs that tell when I was born;
But my dimples bring again,
Bring again;
Lures of love that lured in vain,
Lured in vain.

Professor. This, Madam, will I gladly do;
I'll see that each beholder
Shall set you down at twenty-two,
And not a moment older.
Come, listen! In the foremost place
Beware of soap and water,
For this is how to wash your face,
My daughter, O my daughter.

You take this paste and rub it well
On any part that's skinny—
Enormous quantities I sell:
The price is half-a-guinea—
For twenty minutes massage in
With circular slow motion,
Then carefully anoint the skin
With this, my Sovereign Lotion.
Next dab with Satin Cream: it's nice
And cools the face. A spot 'll
Be quite sufficient, and the price
Is six-and-six a bottle.

Then take a wax cloth (two-and-nine)
And polish your complexion,
And it will be as fair as mine—
In other words—perfection.

First Student. What! is this all I have to do
To make my skin "wax satin," too,
The texture all admire in you—
So tender, natural and true?

Professor. And for the hair, which makes you old,
This wash—'tis not a dye—is sold;
Apply a little, and behold!
The sun has kissed your love-locks gold.

Second Student. Enough for her. What can you do for me?
In every other item, as you see,
My beauty's perfect, but—and here's the rub—
My nose is what the vulgar call a snub.

Professor. O, that can be managed without
A doubt;
I've a neat little instrument here,
My dear,
Which I fit on the nose,
And it thereupon grows
To the nose you would have it appear.
Of fashions I'll show you a score,
And more;
I can make it whatever you please
With ease—
Any pattern that you say,
Greek, Roman, *retroussé*,
And all at the lowest of fees.

Second Student. Give me the fashion book, and let me see.
Eureka! Here is just the nose for me.

Professor. Your taste is perfect, Madam, for you choose
The "Aphrodite." Let me turn the screws.
It will not hurt you, though it looks alarming.
There! How is that? You like it?

Second Student. Charming!

All.

Charming!

Professor. Come, ladies! To your mirrors haste away,
And let us get to work without delay.

Chorus of Students.

The new régime of Satin Cream
We hasten to begin;
We'll round our face to forms of grace
With pegs for nose and chin;
Our fading hair we'll lave with care
In simple, harmless wash,
And if you cry that it is dye,
We only answer "Bosh!"
For this distinction try
To see with single eye:
We sink to no
Such habits low—
We wash—we do not dye.

And next we start with simple art
To brighten up our eyes;
Our lashes, too, we change in hue—
But note! we use no dyes.
If used with skill, a tonic will
Make any eye-brows grow,
And if you cry, it's "make-up," why,
We only answer "No!"
For this distinction try
To see with single eye:
Such wicked arts
Offend our hearts—
We simply beautify.



OUR RESERVES.

A.-D.-C. "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE? CLEAR OUT AT ONCE! THEY'RE FIRING BALL CARTRIDGE, NOT BLANK. Unmoved, Private (who has found an excellent place from which to view the attack practice). "THER' NOW. WE WAS JUST A-ZAYIN' AS WE THOUGHT 'T'WAS BULLETS BY THE ZOUND OF 'EM!"



"A NICHT WI' BURNS."

TO MARTHA IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE sun of whom the poets sing we see him less than they did;
The beams he tricked so bravely once are miserably faded;
And where we tramped the stubble-fields with early exultation
The tardy corn bears witness to the god's degeneration.

Our longitude has gone astray, our latitude's perplexing;
Barometry's a patent sham, thermometry's as vexing;
And soon the *Polar Times* will tell, with other chilly topics,
How some new NANSEN died of frost who tried to find the tropics.

Our coal-supplies are giving out: it isn't strikes that kill them;

We drain our cellars every day, and every day we fill them.
So heap the fires with crackling logs, but while you heap remember

You'll have to keep a steady blaze from now to next September.

It's all the sun, the sulky sun, the sun who fails to dye blue
The inky tracts of upper air he used to keep so sky-blue.
He lets the fog come creeping up, and, though the churl
could do it,

He never tries to draw his bow and send an arrow through it.
But still for this I owe him thanks:—that lately, as he rolled round,

Obscured from every anxious eye, to take his daily cold round,
He roused him from the lethargy that seems to suit his dim age,
And took a smiling look at you, and printed off your image.

That's how I have your photograph: you only sent me one,
Miss;

I'd like to have a dozen such and all as nicely done, Miss.
I'd frame them all in silver frames and place them with the few sets

Of photographs of equal rank with this from Massachusetts.

Now if the sun should still be hid I think I can defy him:
He little thought when printing you your face could thus supply him.

One point, a point of mere detail, awaits your prompt decision:—

Why not come over here yourself, and oust your printed vision?

R. C. L.

"BOZ AND BOULOGNE" NOTES.

À PROPOS of "Boz and Boulogne" [for which overhaul a certain number of *Mr. Punch's* hebdomadal series, for September 17, p. 188] mention was made of Mons. F. BEAUCOURT, the landlord of CHARLES DICKENS, when the latter occupied a house close to Boulogne. From M. le Châtelain DE DARDELOT I have received some interesting information. When writing "Boz and Boulogne" it was difficult to reconcile CHARLES DICKENS's own statements in his letters, as to the position of his house just outside Boulogne, on the heights, with the position of the country place pointed out to me, as the latter, being a good six miles south of Boulogne, could not have had a back door opening on to a path within a short walk of "The Column" (a point that everybody at all acquainted with Boulogne knows), unless the estate extended from Condette to that site, which it doesn't now, and never did. Monsieur F. BEAUCOURT had a house north of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where CHARLES DICKENS visited occasionally, and he possessed also a small country homestead at Hardelet (this is the place indicated as above mentioned), south of Boulogne, where he spent a portion of the summer.

On one occasion CHARLES DICKENS, having been invited by Monsieur BEAUCOURT to the Hardelet "Bungalow," the visitor was so delighted with the air, the view, and the quiet of the place (I personally can testify to the excellence of all three), that he remained there a few days (sending to his house north of Boulogne for a supply of clothes, books and papers), and later on returned there. Of this fact, vouched for by my good friend the Châtelain, I cannot find any mention in CHARLES DICKENS's letters: yet as some of his interviews with M. BEAUCOURT, either recorded in full or alluded to in these letters, may have taken place during one of these visits, it is quite likely that CHARLES DICKENS, to whom a walk of five or six miles was but as a matter of a few paces would be to an ordinary pedestrian of sedentary occupations, neither jotted down the *locale* of the interview, nor made any *mem.* as to his brief stay.

It will be interesting, not only to the members of the Boz Club, but to all Dickensians, to learn that in the village of Hardelet are several persons possessing little souvenirs given to their parents by CHARLES DICKENS; mere trifles, such as a picture frame or a book, and so forth, treasured by them as precious relics.

The Mayor of Condette, M. E. HURET-LAGACHE, now a hale and hearty octogenarian, remembers conversing with DICKENS between 40 and 50 years ago, in M. BEAUCOURT's country house at Hardelet. Perhaps the Boz Club, of which Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD is the distinguished President, might like to choose Hardelet and Condette for a Dickensian pilgrimage next spring-time? It is a mere suggestion.

What a pity it is, and what a loss to us now, that the idea never occurred to CHARLES DICKENS of taking *Mr. Pickwick*, *Snodgrass*, *Winkle* and *Tupman*, and *Sam Weller*, over to France! An imitator, one G. W. M. REYNOLDS, did presume to write a book entitled *Pickwick Abroad*. It was a hopeless failure. Imagine the impudence!

"A PROGRESSING PILGRIM."

P.S.—"A Progressing Pilgrim" begs to thank numerous correspondents who have so kindly sent him various interesting details for which he regrets that space is not available in these "Notes," which here come to an end. A paragraph from one letter, however, I may quote to the effect that "DICKENS did not occupy a house on the Calais Road," and the writer adds, "even FORSTER's definition is hardly accurate." This, in a measure, confirms what has been written by the "P. P." above as to the site of CHARLES DICKENS's house.



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Irene. "DO YOU REMEMBER KITTY FOWLER?"

Her Friend. "No, I DON'T."

Irene. "OH, YOU MUST REMEMBER KITTY. SHE WAS THE PLAINEST GIRL IN TORQUAY. BUT I FORGOT—THAT WAS AFTER YOU LEFT!"

"EVER THE BEST OF FRIENDS, PIP?"

If *The Best of Friends* is not the best of titles for a Druriolanian melodrama, at all events its author, Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, has given Manager ARTHUR COLLINS some of the best of opportunities for gratifying the tastes of a sensation-loving and spectacular-piece-admiring public. A more effective banquet scene than the one in the "Duke's Hall" has rarely, if ever, been seen on any stage, and when Sir HENRY IRVING appears at this Home of the National Drama it is to be hoped that, should *Macbeth* be produced, Mr. COLLINS will pay special attention to the great Banquet-sans-Banquo scene in *Macbeth*. The final *tableau*, where the action is supposed to take place in the upper gallery and in the room under the roof of a lofty music-hall, is a triumph of stage-management.

There is one strong situation which is as telling in action as it is original in design. Fortunately it is in the capable hands of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, who, with her sudden transitions from broad humour to pathos, and from fierce invective to rollicking fun, proves herself, for the hundredth time, a past-mistress of her art, and skilled comedian of wonderful resource.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's rendering of the Boer General, not a very popular character with the public at the present moment, is notably fine; his elocution is perfect, and his acting worthy of a better part in a better piece.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE is, every inch of him, and he must be quite a six-footer, the somewhat eccentric Duke of Richborough, who at one moment with effusive politeness and charming cordiality invites an entire second-rate circus company to his house, and the next, rudely, nay, most

abusively, kicks them out. The young Earl, assuming the haughty and irascible aristocrat, he who wins the hand of *Mercia de Marco* (a gentle-mannered young lady in the slack-wire and acrobatic line, quietly played by Miss DANKS) finds a gallant representative in Mr. REEVES-SMITH, while his college chum, *Paul de Lahne*, a young Boer, who has been sent up to Oxford as the seat of Lahne-ing, is admirably impersonated by Mr. CONWAY TEARLE. As the jovial soldier-servant, afterwards valet, Mr. HERBERT STANDING does good service; and Mrs. RALEIGH once again takes on her shapely shoulders a fair share of the heavy burden of villainy whereof the remainder is borne by that accomplished scoundrel, dramatically speaking, Mr. IVAN BERLYN as *Eketoff*, who is to Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD's *Emmanuel Réo* very much what, in the well-known melodrama, *Robert Macaire* is to *Jacques Strop*.

It is all effective, and the audience testify to its popularity, of which no small portion is due to the musical ingenuity, the dramatic appreciation, and undaunted energy of that enlightening conductor, Mr. J. M. GLOVER, whose "mailed fist," with a bâton in it, conducts his men through tortuous tangles of musical sympathy with suffering mortality, strong in brass, forcible in wind, sobbing in *pizzicato* string-pinch-ing, they emerge, happy and glorious, in a grand burst of National Anthem.

Supposing the entire *corps dramatique* to have lost their voices, could not the whole story be told in dumb show, to Mr. J. M. GLOVER's sympathetically descriptive music? Nay, could not Mr. GLOVER tell it all himself with his own action, semaphorically speaking? The suggestion is worth the consideration of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS. The drama has come to stay till Christmas, when enters King Pantomime, and then even "*The Best of Friends* must part."

SOUTH AFRICAN PROSPECTS.

Our Johannesburg correspondent begs us to impress upon any of our readers intent on going to South Africa that the state of things out there is somewhat unsettled and discouraging.

Would-be colonists should note particularly that it has been almost impossible, since the end of the War, for anyone to earn a living without working for it—unless a Boer both by birth and by lack of education. Determined emigrants are warned not to come out, at present, if blind, crippled, idiots, or similarly incapable, such misfortunes being likely to afford able-bodied competitors a distinct advantage over them.

Our correspondent particularly urges (and his high position in the political world should lend weight to his opinions)—

1. That emigrants should bring with them sufficient money to maintain themselves for a few weeks, seeing that salaries are not paid to strangers in advance.

2. That they should have some sort of reference or written character. (Even ex-irregulars should observe this rule, their previous service not being considered sufficient guarantee of moral perfection to satisfy local requirements.)

3. That they should likewise bring enough bricks and mortar to build a house, the present output of such materials in the Colony not being large enough to meet the Boer demands—much less those of loyalists or ex-Uitlanders.

4. That they should also provide themselves—if desirous of farming—with such accessories as haystacks, oxen, families, barns, grain, waggons, labourers, Rinderpest cure and Tse-tse-fly-papers. With these few effects in hand, the country provides exceptionally hopeful prospects to farmers and stock-breeders.

The emigrant is further recommended to acquaint himself with the elements of the Kaffir language, customs and general mode of life, and to study their comfort, so that no ignorance on his part—which is now unaccepted as an excuse in the criminal courts—may lead him to commit any heinous offences against his dusky superiors. Many a well-meaning stranger has found himself thrust into irons for using offensive language or threatening actual violence to a poor nigger [this expression must have been overlooked by the Kaffir censor] who had, through mere inadvertence, barged him into the gutter. The English seem inclined to imagine that a condition of society exists to-day similar to that enjoyed before the Anglo-Boer war, when the blacks held a position of equality with, or even



Grandma. "DEAR ME! SPENT ALL THAT SIXPENCE IN CHOCOLATES! THINK HOW MUCH NICER IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TO HAVE HAD IT STILL REPOSING IN YOUR POCKET."

Willie (regretfully). "YES, IT WOULD."

Grandma (seeing an opportunity of inculcating a moral). "TELL ME WHY, NOW."

Willie. "OH, SO THAT I COULD GO OUT AND BUY SOME MORE, GRANDMA!"

subservience to, the white population of the South African Republics.

A deplorable state of destitution exists throughout the country. Many miners from Cornwall or Wales have already had to give up such extras as green peas out of season and mid-day champagne. Our readers should also bear in mind that clothes, as well as eatables, are exorbitantly expensive. Clerks may be seen, nowadays, going to their offices in common felt hats or turning up at the club to dinner without evening dress. The approximate cost of living is as follows:—

	Per week.
Apartments, with window . . .	£1 1 0
" " " with table, chair, and bed complete (pictures extra) . . .	2 2 0
Board (plain) . . .	3 3 0
" (ad lib.) . . .	5 5 0
" (with attendance) not available.	

Lights, bed-clothes, use of hat-rack and umbrella-stand, wear and tear of floors, table-cloth, cutlery, condiments, water (beyond three pints per diem) are charged extra. Most trades and professions are overcrowded in the new colonies. There is, however, a great dearth of aeronauts, dancing-masters, and publishers.

A NOMINAL ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the Library Association in the Council Chamber on Tuesday, September 23, among many distinguished speakers, Mr. GUPPY, representing JOHN BLAND's Library, arose to "emphasise the extreme importance of proper collation." Quite the true Guppian spirit! Who among the readers of *Bleak House* will not at once call to mind the celebrated "collation," a most "proper collation?" It was provided at mid-day at the "Slap-Bang" eating-house by the hospitable GUPPY to his friends SMALLWEED and JOBLING, whose names, it is a matter of regret to notice, are absent from the record of this meeting in the Birmingham Council Chamber. Where was the susceptible SMALLWEED, with his monkeyish ways, and the hungry but lively JOBLING, who performed his task (of dining) silently, "getting over the ground in excellent style, and beating Messrs. SMALLWEED and GUPPY easily by a veal and ham and a cabbage." Although "such a meeting as this" (of old friends) would have "made amends" for much, yet it is something once again to see the Dickensian name of GUPPY coming to the front in so good a cause as that of a "collation."

BEATUS ILLE!

["It is now stated that Mr. KRUGER will probably leave for Mentone in the middle of October . . . Mr. RETZ and his two sons talk of settling in Madagascar."—*Daily Paper*.]

My friends, let not your grief be loud :
Indeed, dear friends, 'tis not so ill ;
Behold the upright head unbowed,
The righteous unforsaken still !

Here in this highly favoured spot,
By this blue sea, in this mild air,
I have secured a modest cot,
And I propose to winter there.

From hence I can survey the land
From which I fled and feel no pain ;
The rolling veld, the roaring Rand,
Will never call me back again.

League upon league of spume and foam,
Of barren sea and shrieking sky,
Divide me from my ancient home.
Would I retrace them ? Not I !

The heaving ocean has for me
No charm to lure me from this shore,
I am (like NELSON) sick at sea,
And I shall never tempt it more.

My wants are few. I do not pray
For wealth and all the wrong it
breeds ;

My income, I am glad to say,
Amplly suffices for my needs.

I saved a very decent sum
In those fat years when I controlled
My country's fortunes. None shall come
To rob me of my hoarded gold.

My high position in the past,
And my adventurous finance,
Permit me to retire at last
In comfort to the South of France.

Here will I sit me down and bask
At ease upon this heavenly coast.
What more could anybody ask ?
Yes, I am luckier than most.

Poor JOUBERT's dead and under ground,
The doctors shake their heads at STEYN,
And worthy BOTHA fusses round
Asking for money—quite in vain.

RETZ and his sons fare to and fro,
Seeking some fertile patch of ground
In Madagascar. Let them go ;
I shall not miss them, I'll be bound.

DE WET makes speeches far and wide ;
No one attends to what he says ;
The rest no doubt are occupied
In similarly futile ways.

So they go on. And only I
Fling old ambitions quite aside,
And with sublime philosophy
Accept the goods the gods provide.

And when the south wind softly blows
I creep towards my favourite seat,
Lay back my head and dream and doze
Serenely in the noonday heat,



OUR ARTIST, WHILE STAYING IN THE COUNTRY, THINKS IT WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR STUDYING CALVES.

And feel while MILNER, night and morn,
Cudgels his brains and tasks his wit,
And CHAMBERLAIN exalts his horn,
The exile has the best of it !

A FABLE.

[In the opinion of the German EMPEROR large Army corps are not suited to the requirements of the British Empire.]

"CLAWS seem a trifle long," remarked the Eagle casually to the Lion.

"Think so?" replied the Lion, inspecting his pedal extremities with indifference. "I like 'em long myself. Matter of taste, of course."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Purely a matter of taste, as you say. They do

say, though, that claws are not being worn long this year."

"Yet yours appear to be moderately substantial."

"Mine? Oh, ah. Yes. Mine. Yes. But of course what may be excellent taste in an Eagle, in a Lion on the other hand—"

"The question," observed the Lion with some hauteur, "of what is and is not suitable for Lions is one to which I have devoted a long, and, I trust, not unprofitable lifetime."

And with a thoughtful look upon his mobile countenance he resumed the congenial task of sharpening the criticised members on the trunk of a local tree.

THE PLAY AND THE BOOK.

[Mr. HALL CAINE is here supposed as reluctantly consenting to receive an interviewer during the performance of his melodrama at His Majesty's Theatre. The writer of these verses acknowledges his indebtedness to "M. W." for the account of a similar interview in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

You ask me how I did it? whence inspired
This brain achieved that wonder of womanhood
Whose lips, her anarchist lover's cause at stake,
Inform the gendarmes, so to save his life,
And make my masterpiece the thing it is?
Why, then, 'twas just a story came my way,
Not *ben trovato* (how the language clings!)
But *vero*—chronicled fact, base ore i' th' rough
That craved the crucible's refining flames.
I live the hidden life, else you had heard
Just how it fixed my fancy, this same tale,
Far back i' th' wilds of Russia, steppes and such;
Brooded above my pillow, dazed my dreams
Like fumes of vodka, gripped my waking thoughts
So in a vice I could not throw it off.
Meanwhile the summons o' duty drew me home
Pledged to supply the imminent claims of Man;
And not alone the general human race,
Hungry to have of me the final word
On crucial phases, Christian and the like—
But the particular Man, the Island world
Nestling about the base of Greeba's towers,
Where I already moved, a thing apart,
Elect of Nature's predeterminate choice
To be the Manxman's guide against the hour
When Kings should moor their barques in Ramsay Bay!
Yet still in that loud boom o' th' market-place
And clamour o' Fame through which my hermit's mind
Went uncorrupted, I—I waited on,
Nursing the heavenly vision next my heart.
At length the way was clear; I knew at length
The instant call of Rome, and I obeyed.

And here's my audience kindly predisposed
Since all the world has read my book, you say?
Too flattering! Call it ninety-nine per cent.
But there's a difference, mark, 'twixt play and book,
Since *Roma* dies i' th' tale, and here she lives—
A stroke of genius, though I say the word,
And illustrates the higher use of art,
How it was made for man, not man for it.
You've seen the acting version (HEINEMANN)?
No? Yet the work's on sale i' th' intervals.
Yes, quite my own idea, not TREE's at all.

Ah! there's the *Serenata*! That's my brave
MASCAGNI! How the local colour stirs
The Roman in the restive bones of me,
Till Italy, my foster-motherland,
Throbs in my dancing veins! Once more I seem
To see the Eternal City painted red
(BEDEKER's hue); once more I seem to hold
Her inmost secrets in my hollowed hand.
Nay, nay! I'd not divulge affairs of state,
Vatican complots, schemes o' th' Quirinal,
Concerns that touch the immediate heart of things,
Pantingly mix wi' th' moment's breathing life—
Nor let my little finger use a force
Might rudely compromise a Pope's career
For whom I entertain profound regard,
The fruit of intimate knowledge. These my actors
Are types that symbolise perennial truths,
And should retain, some thirty seasons hence,
Scarce less of import than they have to-night;
Though present principalities and powers
Meantime should drink the dust, and leave my play
Still running nicely. Hush! *La Donna* speaks! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"From the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains where the red sundew glimmers and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song." This is *The River* (METHUEN), by whose mighty stream runs, through sunshine and storm, the thread of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOT's last story. Since he refrained from giving up to clerical duty in an insurance office what was meant for mankind, the author of *The Human Boy* has been steadily making his way in Literature. *The River* places him in the front rank of living novelists. His descriptions of Dartmoor and Dart are unequalled since BLACKMORE ceased to paint them. The men and women, more especially the men, with whom he peoples the scenery, need fear no comparison with creations of the Master. *Nicolas Edgecombe*, a warrenier by occupation, a simple-hearted, high-souled gentleman by every instinct, is one of the finest characters my Baronite has come upon in the fiction of the still young century. His neighbours and companions in the same humble walk of life have the shrewdness, simplicity and humour that mark the character of some of SHAKESPEARE's country louts. Attempting to comfort the warrenier in sore distress, *Mr. Chugg*, the water bailiff, says:—"Us often has to look back over half a lifetime afore us can tell what Providence be up to. An' if us could always get the bird's-eye view—which in general we can't—us would always see Providence in the right of it." A comforting doctrine, worthy to be laid to heart.

The scene of *Anna of the Five Towns* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is laid in the Potteries. Of this hive of industrious humanity Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, who knows it *au fond*, gives a succession of striking pictures. The story is slight but admirably told. Old *Tellwright*, the miser, who has scraped together £50,000 and allots a sovereign a week for the household expenses of two daughters and himself, is a striking piece of portraiture. My Baronite is not drawn towards *Henry Mynors*. He is much too good for human nature's daily food. As *Anna* discovers before she unaccountably married him, he is tainted with touch of the Pharisee. *Anna* herself, a straightforward capable housewife, is another excellently drawn character. The only point wherein she is disappointing (save in marrying the Pharisee) is that she did not earlier deliver herself from the thralldom of her tyrannical and avaricious parent. They are all common people in the Five Towns, but they are all real flesh and blood, each profoundly interesting in his or her way.

It was a peculiarly happy thought on the part of Mr. OWEN SEAMAN to dedicate his amusing parodies, which having at various times appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages (chiefly under the head of *The Book of Beauty*) are now republished in one volume entitled *Borrowed Plumes* (CONSTABLE), to "The Authors, many of them my friends" naively explains O. S. "whose methods I have here attempted to imitate." A soft dedication turneth away wrath and the oil of geniality is soothingly preventive of possible irritability. But that the reader will not find herein aught set down in malice is assured, since it has received the *imprimatur* of *Mr. Punch*, which is the best guarantee for its wit, wisdom and good nature.

In digression, which is the better part of autobiography, lies the charm of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE's *Bar, Stage, and Platform* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), as he shows himself a master of this particular art. A capital anecdote about *the Bar* recalls to his mind an equally good story about *the Stage* or *the Platform*. He has much that is amusing to say about Amateur Theatricals: and, going off at a tangent, he records a pleasant rejoinder of the PRINCE CONSORT to an objection raised by the Heralds' Office, concerning certain quarterings, which must have caused Rouge-Dragon and Co. to "sit up."



Bernard Partridge.

"CASTING PEARLS—"

Marylebone Bumble (to Mr. Carnegie). "GO AWAY, MY GOOD FELLER! WE DON'T WANT NO BOOKS 'ERE!"

["Marylebone is not going to allow itself to be bribed, even by Mr. Carnegie, to encourage reading within its borders, and so it has declined that gentleman's offer of £30,000 for the provision of free libraries."—*Westminster Gazette*, Oct. 1.]

and, as the Baron fancies, now appears in print for the first time. Mr. MERIVALE's early days seem to have resembled in some particulars those of little *David Copperfield*, and here the narrative is humorously pathetic. He recounts not a few entertaining anecdotes of THACKERAY, and he gives just praise to DICKENS, but his memory plays him a trick when he quotes from *Pickwick*, and tells us how a certain incident recalled to him "the Pickwickian episode of *Prodgers* and the lantern." The "lantern" is all right (see pp. 175—78, vol. i., *Pickwick* Victoria Edition), but there is "no such a person" as "*Prodgers*" on in this particular scene, of which the hero in question is merely mentioned as "the scientific gentleman." Verification of quotation would have saved Mr. MERIVALE from this error. The author, it appears, has seen some strange sights in his time, as, for instance, "BILLY WARNER" (of Harrow), "who sold brandy balls in a very long red coat with very large brass buttons." At p. 276, where he is rattling off a story about himself and "two chums" at Monte Carlo, he concludes by telling us "we pocketed our gains, buttoned our breeches, and withdrew, as both joyfuller and wiser men." Had our author not been in such a hurry he might have added "pockets" to the "breeches," and then this passage in the narrative would have been unexceptionable. This book being, as the Baron has already testified, full of good things, is hereby strongly recommended by the Faculty, whose representative is

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE FINEST PLEASANTRY IN THE WORLD."

["... the Court was in an uproar from the moment the magistrates took their seats ... Counsel for the Crown was rudely interrupted by the defendants ... much to the delight of the crowd. ... After some particularly riotous scenes the police were called on to clear the court. ... One of the defendants was supplied with meat and bread in court."—*Globe*.]

Counsel for the Crown. The prisoners are charged—

A Defendant. Charged a dale too much for their accommodation. Oi'd loike a bit o' lunch to go on wid. Oi havn't aten a morsel since last time.

[*Loud cries of "Shame on the Polis for shtarvin' of um!" "Shtick up fer yer roights, avick!" "To h— wid the magisthrates!"*]

Chairman of the Bench. If these observations are repeated, I shall clear the Court.

Second Defendant. Arrah thin, clear yer own muddy brain first!

Chairman (indignantly). Are these indecent interruptions to continue?

Third Defendant. 'Coorse they are.



G. L. STAKER.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"I INTEND TO COME AND SEE YOUR WIFE THIS AFTERNOON. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SOONER."

"THANK 'EE KINDLY, MISS. IT 'LL BE LIKE A BOTTLE O' PHYSIC TO HER!"

First Defendant. Oi tell ye Oi'm shtarvin for me lunch. Oi'll take a sandwich and a shmall bottle o' porthers.

[*Refreshment brought in by order of the magistrates. Defendants indulge in a sort of "free-and-easy" picnic in the solicitors' well, after which they light dirty clay pipes. Crowd bursts into loud cheers.*]

Counsel for the Crown (resuming). As I was saying, the Defendants are charged with intimidation in this neighbourhood, and so complete has been their system that up to the present moment

none of our witnesses have dared to venture near the precincts of the Court. We have, however, now endeavoured to get them here by the aid of the Police and a small covered van. If we succeed in this—

First Defendant. Ye will not. What-iver decision these fat-headed magistrates give, we shan't obey ut. Even if they acquitted us, we wouldn't walk out o' the Court! Ould Oireland for iver!

[*Vociferous cheering, in the midst of which the Court was cleared, and the magistrates, under police protection, left for home.*]

ARCTIC ADVANTAGES.

You may drown, you may starve, you may freeze,
 Your raiment the Eskimo haply may steal of you;
 Your limbs may drop off by degrees,
 Or a stray Polar bear may perhaps make a meal of you.

You may feed upon blubber, or dogs,
 Your ships may be scrunched by an iceberg to splinters;
 You may grope in the region of fogs,
 Oppressed by the gloom of perpetual winters.

Yet thither should invalids fare
 (Say experts), if Heaven has blessed them with gumption;
 For one thing is certain, that there,
 Whatever else ails you, you won't have consumption.

"A VERY EXCELLENT PIECE OF VILLONY."

Th. And., Act II., Scene 3.

Nor since he "came out complete in two parts" (like a short story) in *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the St. James's has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER been so perfectly fitted with a character as he is with this of *François Villon* in Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY's successful Romantic Play, entitled *If I were King*. How this line must recall to Offenbachians the "Si j'étais Roi de Bédie, J'aurai des sujets et des soldats!" But this by the way, and *François Villon*, King of France for a week, having soldiers and subjects galore, makes the best use of the former and obtains the goodwill of the latter. King LOUIS THE ELEVENTH has a mysterious dream, which none can interpret for him satisfactorily, wherein he has seen "a star," doing something,—I could not catch what it was,—and naturally enough (at the St. James's at least) he beholds in Mr. ALEXANDER, as *Villon*, the bright particular Theatrical Star, realising to the full his otherwise inexplicable vision.

Now, when this "*Villon* of the piece"—a double-dye'd *Villon*, unkempt and ragged as he appears in the first act, and about as disreputable as villains are made—that is, according to his own account of himself in this play, and in ROBERT STEVENSON'S *A Lodging for the Night*—when this same *Villon* is washed, shaved, combed, groomed, and put into "gorgeous array," then begins a brief fantastic career to which that of *Ruy Blas*, the Lacquey, is a matter of curiously slight importance.

ALEXANDER may have other worlds (dramatic) to conquer, but so far as a gay and gallant hero of genuine romantic melodrama can have it all to himself he stands alone, triumphant. Fortunate is he too in his *prima donna*, whose name, Miss JULIE OPP, as representing a charming "ladye of high degree," is so suggestive, to any Cantab, of the list whereon he himself may have figured as a "Junior Op." Miss OPP is *Katharine de Vaucelles*, a beautiful lady-in-waiting, and, "as everything comes to one who waits," into her arms tumbles *François Villon*, poet, politician, patriot, field marshal, conquering hero, and in fact any number of single gentlemen rolled into one. For dignity and sweetness commend me to Miss OPP as *Katharine*, the proud and loving; but for simulation of scorn and exhibition of violent temper commend me not to JULIE OPP. Impersonating the heroine she falls short of her own high standard, as, by the way, do all persons who give way to over-mastering fury, and so perhaps she may be artistically right after all.

But 'tis with Miss SUZANNE SHELTON, as the boy-coated *Huguette du Hamel*, that the audience sympathise. Hers is a part most important in the drama, a part that "grows upon you," a part that from the first rouses curiosity; for, as *Huguette* madly loves *François*, and as *François* has a soft corner in his heart for her, if he and *Katharine* are to

be united at the last, and everybody to be made happy, as everybody should be in all well regulated romances, then 'tis clear that the weaker vessel, yeapt *Huguette*, must go to the wall. So, opportunely, she, rushing in between *Thibaut* (Mr. LYALL SWETE) and the object of his vengeance, receives the stroke of the assassin's dagger, and becomes, *par excellence*, the heroine of the play. True that *Kate* offers her life to save *François*, but in doing so she is only imitating the example of the dauntless and devoted *Huguette*, who has died to save the man she loves. It is the author who is her assassin, and in making her a martyr, he, having no resource at his command, sacrifices to her all the interest that his other heroine has already, temporarily, aroused. *Huguette* becomes, undoubtedly, the heroine of the piece, though this was never the author's intention. It is this repetition of motive, this poverty of resource, that constitutes the weak point of the drama, and renders the last scene of all so comparatively uninteresting.

It is magnificently placed on the stage, the scenic artists, Messrs. HANN and TELBIN, having given us of their best (as indeed have all concerned in the production), and that it is thoroughly well acted throughout, effectively stage-managed by Mr. REYNOLDS, and fitted with appropriate music by Mr. ROBINS, goes without saying. And that it has come to stay for some time is a fair certainty.

"ONCE ON BOARD THE CUTTER—"

"As you're a bad sailor I won't ask you to come for a cruise, old man," said my yachting friend BACKSTAY, "but just run down to Ryde from Saturday to Monday. I promise not even to get under way, and you'll like the life on board."

I went. I *did* like the life on board—there was a dead calm—feeding and cooking were excellent, the champagne superb.

Dear old BACKSTAY!

Next morning he came into my cabin and said, "Tumble out, old man, and we'll go overboard."

That appeared to me rather a drastic method of taking one's morning bath. I explained this to BACKSTAY, and he laughed and told the Steward to bring me one of those horrible rubber arrangements to tub in. I tried twice to get into it, and finally rolled the whole affair (and myself) over on the cabin floor, entirely spoiling the carpet.

Breakfast over, BACKSTAY suddenly suffered from an inspiration.

"We'll have the cutter out and sail down to Cowes," he said.

So we scrambled over the side into a cockle-shell with a sail in it. I was about to sit beside BACKSTAY in the stern portion, when he said:

"No, old man, I want you more forrard—there"—indicating a bare-board seat, which I found most unsympathetic—"that trims the boat better, and you can get hold of the sheets when I tell you."

I murmured that I didn't want any sheets—a thick blanket, folded over several times, would have seemed much more attractive.

BACKSTAY sat in the stern with the string—I mean ropes—all round about him: a hopeless-looking tangle. The sail went flap! bang! and then suddenly the long stick—boom, I think it is called—came flying over, hitting me unpleasantly hard on the right ear, and hurling my cap into the sea. Of course I had to go bareheaded all the rest of the morning.

Suddenly we heeled over at a frightful angle, and I slid right down to the side. Clutching a rope, I just saved myself from a watery grave.

"Is this—er—is this quite safe, do you think?" I asked nervously.

"Perfectly," answered my host, never taking his eye off the mast, which seemed to me to bend in the most extraordinary way. "Do *you* think our stick is buckling?" he asked; "it's a new one I'm trying. Hope it won't go."

I would have given much to have been able to "go" myself—ashore for choice—especially as the wind was decidedly freshening, and every now and then a small wave jumped suddenly into the boat.

BACKSTAY laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Sit right down in the bottom of the boat, old man. It'll trim her better," he said.

I didn't know what he meant by "trimming," but I looked fearfully at the four or five inches of water swashing about, and then at my best blue serge trousers. However, there was no help for it, and down I sat, giving a little gasp as the cold water first reached me.

A strong breeze suddenly sprang upon us.

"Now we'll go about!" cried BACKSTAY, putting his helm hard up. "Leggo! now haul in your lee sheet—no, no! not that! Haul in your—oh here! catch hold of the tiller, and let me come. Luff!—Luff!" he almost screamed.

Now what would any man—I mean any ordinary business man, as opposed to these buccaneering, "yachtclubby" seafarers—do, under such circumstances? I tried my best—I caught hold of every rope I could see and frantically pulled them all—and even *that* seemed wrong! And when, to crown it all, he told me to take the tiller, and talked that ridiculous nonsense about "luffing," I really felt offended. He ought to have known that that kind of jargon would not appeal to me in the least.

We turned round—tacked, I mean—somehow, but a lot more water came on board and I got the full benefit of it, both in my face when it arrived, and afterwards whilst sitting in it. And then BACKSTAY—who sat dry, *par parenthèse*—exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Isn't this ripping?"

"Dripping, you mean," I replied rather acidly. "When shall we return to the yacht?"

"Oh, plenty of time. We can beat back in an hour."

I don't know what he meant by beating. All I can say is that we never reached the yacht for three mortal hours, and I was starving. That unpleasant experience cost me a new serge suit, an attack of mingled lumbago, rheumatism, and sciatica, and a brand-new yachting cap.

D—ear old BACKSTAY!



THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Recruit. "LOOK 'ERE, MISTER, IT AIN'T NO GOOD. THIS SADDLE WON'T GO ON THIS 'ERE 'ORSE. I GOT IT OVER 'IS 'EAD ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T GET 'IS LEGS THROUGH NOHOW!"

MOTOR QUESTIONS.

WHAT rushes through the crowded street
With whirring noise and throbbing beat,
Exhaling odours far from sweet?
The motor-car.

Whose wheels o'er greasy asphalt skim,
Exacting toll of life and limb,
(What is a corpse or so to *him*)?
The motorist's.

Who flies before the oily gust
Wafted his way through whirling dust,
And hopes the beastly thing will bust?
The pedestrian.

Who thinks that it is scarcely fair
To have to pay for road repair
While sudden death lies lurking there?
The ratepayer.

Who as the car goes whizzing past
At such law-breaking stands aghast,
(For forty miles an hour is fast)
The policeman?

Who hears the case with bland surprise,
And over human frailty sighs,
The while he reads between the lies?
The magistrate.

HIPPODROMAQUATIC.

A WONDERFUL Show at the London Hippodrome. *Phroso* is as much a puzzle for those interested in mechanism as must have been the Monster to the visiting friends of



Joso, the Mysterious Parliamentary Mechanical Figure.

Frankenstein. Odd! But the first moment *Phroso* appeared his face and manner seemed quite familiar to me. The eyeglass was wanting, but the absence of the orchid was fully atoned for by the general orchidness of *Phroso's* movements. In this sketch the figure is eyeglass'd and button-holed *de rigueur*. It is a pity this "Mysterious Mechanical Doll" does not appear in a comic scene of dialogue with some one in Lieutenant COLE's line. *Phroso* is taken too seriously: he is not yet quite accustomed to London society, and his manners are altogether too stiff, though now and again he unbends, on which occasions he reminds us of the strange case of Mr. *Smallweed*, who, after a fit of anger, had to be pummelled and straightened out before he could resume the conversation; and so it is with *Phroso*, who, being a perfectly irresponsible party (and so far the resemblance to Joso ceases), has to be closely watched by his exhibitor lest he should inadvertently tumble off the platform, or take some such serious false step as would damage his springs for life. *Absit omen!*

But *Phroso* is only one among the many attractions in the sort of perpetual-emotional entertainment at the Hippodrome. There are the three fascinating Sisters KLOS in their "Unrivalled Gymnastic Exercises," sometimes far apart, sometimes KLOS together; and there is M. SCHAFER the juggler who, to his own cheek, or rather on his own unaided chin, walks about balancing a sentry-box with a sentry in it; finally giving a marvellous exhibition of SENTRY-fugal force by chucking away the box with a jerk of his head and sending the soldier flying, quite appropriately, between "the wings."

Pretty pigeons play with Mlle. ELLA BRADNA, and the "Statue Dog" belonging to Miss CHESTER, the sportswoman in white, would delight the heart of any artist by its immobility as a setter. This tableau is recommended to the attention of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. These are a few of the shows, eighteen in number, which are dealt out, not in sequence, but apparently according to the exigencies of the moment, so that No. 9 may perhaps follow closely on the heels of No. 2, and No. 4 may appear immediately after No. 8. Thus the entertainment is full of surprises. But the surprise of all is the New Hippodromatic sensation, written by ALICIA RAMSAY and RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA, with music by CARL KIEFFERT, and admirably stage-managed by Mr. FRANK PARKER. Deeds of daring, not words. *Parker verba*: "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

This Hippo-melo-drama is a lesson to all melodramatists. Observe! a drama, well plotted, spiritedly acted, with such a sensation scene in it as could not be attempted elsewhere, is given to a delighted and excited audience (crowded from floor to ceiling) and lasts scarcely twenty minutes! The scene is "set" before the very eyes of the audience, the

"carpenters" rising to the exceptional occasion, as does also the water which bubbles up from the vasty deep, and is, it may be hoped, at least lukewarm, since the entire *dramatis personæ*, ladies and all, including the female villain *Racanola* (capitally played by Miss MADGE GIRDLESTONE, who might be a twin sister of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), have to take headers, and with the horses, plunging in off the bridge, they have, every one of them, to swim for dear life to the subaquarian stables and bathing-machine-dressing-rooms. The whole company gets on swimmingly: everyone striking out his (or her) own line for himself, thus following the noble example of the self-sacrificing authors, who must have struck out their own lines (by handfuls) in order to bring the drama within the necessary limit of time and tide. With pistols banging, guns shooting, dynamite exploding, a Lodore-like mountain torrent rushing down, and from under the earth springs welling up, it is a Fire-and-Water drama which is drawing, as it deserves to draw, all London. Manager MOSS was not in the house, or he would have acknowledged the plaudits *more rotundo*. If there be parched lips among the excited audience, there is not a dry skin among the energetic actors, on whom the Order of the Bath is nightly and daily conferred. It is a performance that goes swimmingly.

THE LOST ART.

AN! the art of conversation—has it fled

With the dead?

Is there no one to appreciate the *mot*

Or to wait with eager eyes

For the wisdom of the wise?

I am driven to surmise

It is so.

For the people of the present never stop

Talking shop;

They have idiotic hobbies which they run,

And they gabble o'er the port

Of their everlasting sport—

Monomaniacs, in short,

Everyone.

Hear the cyclists talking gradients and hills,

Brakes and spills,

Hear them adding on the mileage, till one feels,

As one listens to the sound

With a misery profound,

That one's brain is whirling round

Like their wheels.

Then the chatter of the fishers—how it slips

From their lips!

Rod and tackle, flies and salmon—till you wish

You could drown them in the sea

Or consign them to the Dee,

Where they really ought to be

With their fish.

Nor can golfers boast of any better wit—

Not a bit!

With their bunkers and their caddies and their greens,

And approaches that have rolled,

And the halves that they have holed—

Little tales that should be told

The Marines.

Yes, the art of conversation must have fled

With the dead;

Not a single soul will listen when I start

To converse upon a line

Which is singularly fine

And peculiarly mine—

Ancient Art.

UNDER M.V.C. RULES.

["A new game called Vigoro has been invented, which combines the characteristics of cricket and lawn-tennis. A trial match has been arranged at Lord's, in which many county players are to take part, and Lord HAWKS has announced his intention of introducing it into New Zealand during his forthcoming tour. It can be played all the year round, and, as the ball used is of soft india-rubber, equally well by both sexes. Batsmen, bowlers, and fieldsmen are all armed with racquets."—*Daily Paper*.]

From the "Sporting Man" of Dec. 5, 1910.

... "And so ended the first of the five Test matches. We hold no brief for England, but we feel that it cannot be denied that the better side won. Except for an hour on the first day, when Miss SMITH and Miss ROBINSON were at the wickets, the New Zealanders were completely outplayed. And this, in spite of the fact that the luck went dead against the home team from the outset, for with MACLAREN unable to turn out, and Miss JONES suffering from acute neuralgia, England was by no means at its full strength. Again, during the majority of the three days snow fell heavily, and it is common knowledge that Lockwood is never at his best on a snowy wicket. Indeed, we seriously question the wisdom of the selection committee in playing him. On his day, it is true, Lockwood is the finest bowler in England. The peculiar twist of his racquet which invariably precedes an off-break is a secret which he shares with no other fast bowler. But since it was obvious from the outset that there would be snow, we think the committee should have given the place to Miss BROWN, who rarely fails to do well on any wicket, and is known to have a partiality for the Lord's ground. However, England won. That is the main point, and a victory so decisive will be the most fitting answer to the pessimistic letters which have appeared repeatedly of late in the columns of the Press. Our players may have their off-seasons, but, in view of this victory, it cannot be said with any semblance of reason that English Vigoro is degenerating. The first of the Test-matches has added immensely to the prestige of English Vigoro.

In fielding we still have much to learn from our visitors. The performance of the New Zealanders in England's first innings, and indeed throughout the match, was a treat to behold. Anything finer than the catch by which Miss SLOGGINSO dismissed GILBERT JESSOP it has never been our lot to witness. At first sight the hit appeared perfectly safe. The ball had all the well-known force of Mr. JESSOP's racquet behind it, and, as so often happens with soft india-rubber balls, was swerving nastily. Miss SLOGGINSO, however, though fully thirty yards away, and up



Mabel (soliloquising). "DEAR ME, THIS RELAXING CLIMATE MAKES EVEN ONE'S PARASOL SEEM TOO HEAVY TO HOLD!"

to her waist in a deep drift, nevertheless contrived to extricate herself and arrest the ball on her racquet just as it was about to clear the ropes. A wonderful effort, which brought down the house, together with a small avalanche from the roof of the pavilion.

HIRST and RHODES both appeared a little stale. Playing since January without a break has had its effect on the two Yorkshire cracks, though their deliveries never looked easy. By a curious coincidence each secured his thousandth wicket this season in his first over.

In conclusion we have to thank the committee of the M.V.C. and Ground for their treatment of the Press representatives. The new stoves in the Press Box are an excellent innovation. We

wish we could express equal praise for certain of the other arrangements in force at Lord's. The growing habit of stopping the game at five o'clock for a hot potatoes interval is the curse of modern Vigoro. It annoys the spectators, and is quite unnecessary.

UNDER the head of "Varieties" the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* makes the following statement:

"Temperance has been promoted in the fer de lance, the most deadly snake in the world."

Light, however, is thrown on this dark saying by a subsequent paragraph to this effect:

"The recent eruption has rid Martinique of the French Army by controlling the canteen and substituting coffee, tea, and cocoa for intoxicating drinks."



Customer. "I THINK YOU SHOULD BEGIN TO CHARGE ME HALF PRICE, SHEARS, THERE'S SO LITTLE TO CUT NOW."

Shears. "OTHER WAY ON, SIR, I FANCY. WE OUGHT TO CHARGE DOUBLE. LOOK AT THE TROUBLE I HAVE TO FIND IT!"

THE SCHOLAR GIPSIES; OR, WILD LIFE AT OXFORD.

AN "AMERICAN MOTHER," shocked by the dinginess and dirt of an undergraduate's room at Oxford which she visited in the "Long," asks in the *Times*, "Ought I to subject a lad, after four years of student life at Harvard, in rooms hung with fresh yet inexpensive paper, carpeted with soft-toned rugs, furnished with perfect simplicity, but with regard to comfort and cleanliness, to the squalor of such rooms as I was shown?" Criticism has also been passed on the absence of bath-rooms in the

Oxford Colleges. From the mass of correspondence provoked by these protests we select the following letters:—

O. B. writes:—What can the American lady expect if she selects her University so unintelligently? Such is the cleanliness of the rooms at Cambridge that men are in the habit of taking their meals off the floor. On his last visit to his old college Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT compared it to a new pin. It is surely notorious that both Universities once sported the same colours, but that owing to its objection to soap and water Oxford's ribbon became dark?

S. HOPE writes from the Bodleian:—The American Mother should try again, nearer the Historic building. Cleanliness is next to Bodleyness.

The President of the O. U. B. C. writes:—If the Harvard man comes to Oxford I can guarantee that he will be "tubbed" regularly every afternoon.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE writes:—In our University education we have much to learn from the great free Republic of the West. At Oxford our young barbarians are the slaves of a vicious and obsolete system of enervating classicism. At Harvard every student's room is a "Liberty" Hall.

The American lady's son writes:—I want to point out that the whole thing is a mistake. The Mater doesn't understand. The fact is I was bored to death at Harvard by art-pots and mantel borders, antimacassars and portières, and the kind of things that she likes. I don't want any more of it, and I hope the Oxford people aren't going to get WARING and GILLOW and MAPLE down on my account. To be able to spill cigarette ash about comfortably is my ideal.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford writes:—We have taken the letter of the American Mother so much to heart that it has been decided to examine also in *literæ mundiores*, and to give a degree H. E. (Harvard's Equal) to the undergraduate with the cleanest person and rooms. The *vivâ voce* will include such questions as:—

Good morning, have you etc.?

Detail the reasons why a certain article won't wash clothes.

Explain why a woman looks old sooner than a man.

Complete the chain between *savon* and *savant*.

Why did the person in the famous story very imprudently marry the barber?

Account for the dying GOETHE's plea for more Sunlight.

NATURE STUDY.—*The Stormy Petrol*, a beast of prey originally met with in the Surrey jungle, whence it has spread rapidly over the face of the country. Of a fierce, vindictive disposition, much given to the demolition of old ladies and stray cattle. Very little is known of it beyond its pungent odour, by which it may be traced for many miles.

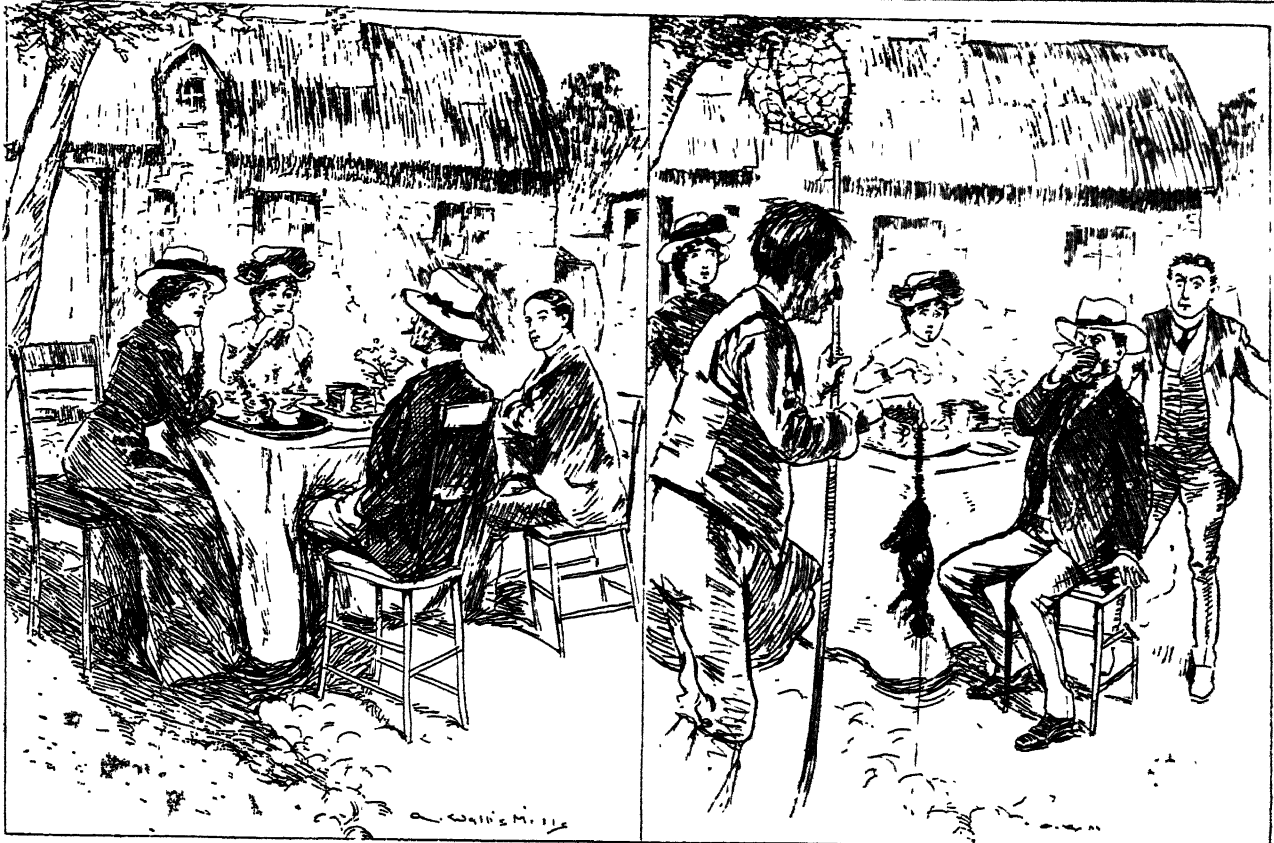
In the French military term for "company firing"—*feu de peloton*—it seems that some explanation is to be found for M. PELLETAN's "blazing indiscretion" at a recent dinner. He must have been fired by the company.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—October 8, 1902.



THE CUNARD SAVAGE.

THE SALT THAT FAILED.



Jack. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE COUNTRY PLACES IS THAT EVERYTHING IS SO PRIMITIVE. THE GOOD WOMAN HERE TOLD ME THAT SHE GOT THE WATER FOR OUR TEA OUT OF THE WELL."

Chuckle-headed farm labourer (thinking to interest the "quality"). "OI'VE JUST BEEN A-FISHIN' ABOUT IN OUR WELL, AND LOOK WOT I FOUND!"

CHARIVARIA.

We are glad to hear that the Korean EMPEROR, who recently died, is now quite well.

The Tobacco War has entered on a new phase. The American and British Companies have now combined to attack the consumer.

This year's Lord Mayor's Show should be a noble pageant, for Sir MARCUS SAMUEL is a Spectacle Maker.

As though times were not already bad enough for artists, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING has now taken to illustrating his own books. The artists are up in arms about it, and it is reported that, by way of retaliation, several intend to take lessons in spelling with a view to writing the text for their own drawings in the future.

Captain WELLS has had the effrontery to refuse to obey the orders of the *Daily Mail* and resign. Onlookers are holding their breath and wondering what will happen.

The Captain, it is said, will insist on a Chief Officer for the City being

appointed, who must be a naval man. Others hold that it is more important that such officer should be used to fire than water. A naval officer who has been under fire would, we should say, be the ideal.

Realism has never been carried quite so far at Drury Lane as in the present drama. One day last week a British shell that was intended to demolish a Boer hut burst prematurely and injured five Englishmen, and the War Office is said to have registered a protest against actual incidents of the War being reproduced.

The fact that no photograph of Miss EDNA MAY has been published in the — since last week is, we learn, due to a misunderstanding in the editorial department. Steps have been taken to rectify the error, and it is understood that several of Miss MAY's portraits will appear as usual in all subsequent numbers.

Despite the close secrecy that was preserved on the subject, information leaked out, before the opening night, to the effect that the author of *The Eternal City* (Mr. TREE's new production) is Mr. HALL CAINE. This gentleman (who lives a retired life in the Isle of Man) is said to have written several books.

THE WORLD'S LOSS.

I FEEL that I was formed to sweep
The heart-strings of the human race—
Nay, more—my power could overleap
The utmost bounds of time and space :
The fires of inspiration play
About my frame from head to heel ;
I feel—well, I can hardly say
Exactly how it is I feel.

Can one suppose no man was meant
To strike a nobler, loftier note
Than that which left the world content
When SHAKESPEARE, or when MILTON
wrote ?

Banish the thought ! The nations cry
For such an one, if such there be ;
Nor shall they cry in vain, for I
Am confident that I am he.

Yet just at present, I confess,
I cannot grant my fellow-men
Hope of immediate happiness
From any effort of my pen—
Upon its point the quivering ink
Hangs impotent in weary doubt,
Because I simply cannot think
Of anything to write about.

"WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT?"

13 ACRES of good Fog to Let up to Christmas.
Apply —

North Eastern Daily Gazette.

A "VERY-NEARLY" STORY.

(Not at all by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

ONCE upon a time—not very long ago—an Eminent Writer met a Modern Child.

"Approach, Best-Beloved," said the Eminent Writer, "come hither, oh 'scruciating idle and pachydermatous phenomenon, and I will tell you a 'trancing tale!"

The Modern Child regarded him with mild curiosity. "Feeling a bit chippy?" he asked, "slight break in the brain-box? Or why do you talk like that?—No, can't stop now, I'm sorry to say."

"But you must, Best-Beloved! You've got to, oh, 'satiabie Chimpanzee! Can't you see that I'm an Eminent Writer, talking in this way on purpose to please you? And you don't even know how the RUDDIKIP got His Great Big Side! Do stop and listen!"

"Oh, anything you like," said the Modern Child, sitting down wearily. "Let me light a cigarette. Now, drive ahead!"

"Down at the back of beginning, oh extremely Precious, there was a little RUDDIKIP. And he was the most 'defatigable creature that anyone ever knew. There never was a creature so specially and 'scusably 'defatigable. And first he grew several Tails, which the 'defatigable RUDDIKIP said were Plain, but all the other creatures said were highly-coloured, and very fine indeed. Then he made many other inventions in the day's work, and sang songs too, and everybody agreed that there never was such a 'defatigable RUDDIKIP, and his little side began to grow—'cause he couldn't help it. 'Cept when he tried a Light that Failed; then he got a hump instead. So, Best-Beloved, the 'defatigable RUDDIKIP pleased all the big people and creatures, and they all shouted out 'Hurrah! Well-done!' just as loud as ever they could shout. Then he said:

"I have pleased the big people; it behoves me to do something for the rising generation of muddled oafs"—which was the way the RUDDIKIP talked after his Side was grown big. So next he said a pretty piece about a most 'strordinary STORKY & Co., but the young muddled oafs only said, 'Pah! Bah! Pooh!'—which hurt the feelings of the RUDDIKIP. 'Sons of the Spuming Spring-tide!' he snorted (and no one knew what was meant) 'I will now turn to the Small Children, and I shall address them in decapitated polysyllables.'

"Wherefore and 'cordingly, oh Best-Beloved, the most and-altogether-beyond-record-'defatigable RUDDIKIP took his little pen, and he wrote. Then they took the writing of the 'defatigable

RUDDIKIP, and put it in beautiful, big black print. For they knew, oh Approximately Invaluable, that this is the kind of talk you like, and that you would thank the RUDDIKIP ever so much for tales written just in this way!"

"Chuck it!" said the Modern Child, as he rose and fled.

THE NEWEST MODEL.

"Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat."

ARMY ORDER. VERY SPECIAL.

War Office, All Fools' Day, 1903.

PAST endeavours to attract recruits of the desired quality and in the numbers hoped for having lamentably failed, the following revised regulations for the conciliation of the private soldier are now issued for the guidance of all concerned.

1. The period of drill shall not exceed thirty minutes *per diem*, to be fixed at such time of day as shall be most convenient to the majority of privates interested.

2. No private having engagements of his own at the time fixed for any drill—all arrangements in accordance with Clause I. of these Regulations notwithstanding—shall be required to attend at such drill.

3. Any private in whose opinion it is likely to rain, hail, or snow during the period fixed for any drill shall be excused from attending on his stating such opinion to the officer or non-commissioned officer in command.

4. Any private who may consider himself aggrieved or insulted by the behaviour towards him of the officer or non-commissioned officer in charge of the drill, may fall out.

5. Any private who is bored by drill may fall out.

6. Privates proceeding to the ranges for the purpose of musketry training shall be conveyed thither—otherwise than by railway—in breaks provided at the expense of the officer in charge of the party, who shall also be required to furnish at his own expense the requisite cornets-a-piston, flags, and beer.

7. Any private finding it inconvenient to himself to attend musketry training shall be excused therefrom. Should he fail in becoming efficient in musketry for any year, his company commander will be severely punished.

8. Every private shall be allotted a separate bed and sitting-room in barracks to himself on joining, to be furnished according to his tastes, but at the public expense. He shall also be allotted a valet to himself, and a housemaid and commissionaire shall be provided for each group of privates at the public expense.

9. Every private shall be provided with a latch-key into barracks on join-

ing. Should he consider it undesirable to return to barracks for any night, he may put up at the best hotel in the town where his regiment is quartered, his bill for supper, bed, and breakfast, but not for luncheon, to be charged to the commanding officer of his regiment.

10. All privates shall be *ex officio* honorary members of the officers' mess. Meals taken there shall be defrayed at the public expense, but light refreshments, cigars, &c., shall be charged to the commanding officer of the regiment.

11. In order to promote good feeling between all ranks of the service, company commanders, or, in the event of their becoming insolvent, their subalterns, shall be required to furnish each private of their respective companies with such pocket monies as he shall see fit.

12. Every private who may be dissatisfied with any of the provisions of this order, or the manner of their being acted on by his officers, may send in a confidential report (A.F. X.X.X. 1001) to the Secretary of State for War, who will at once attend to it.

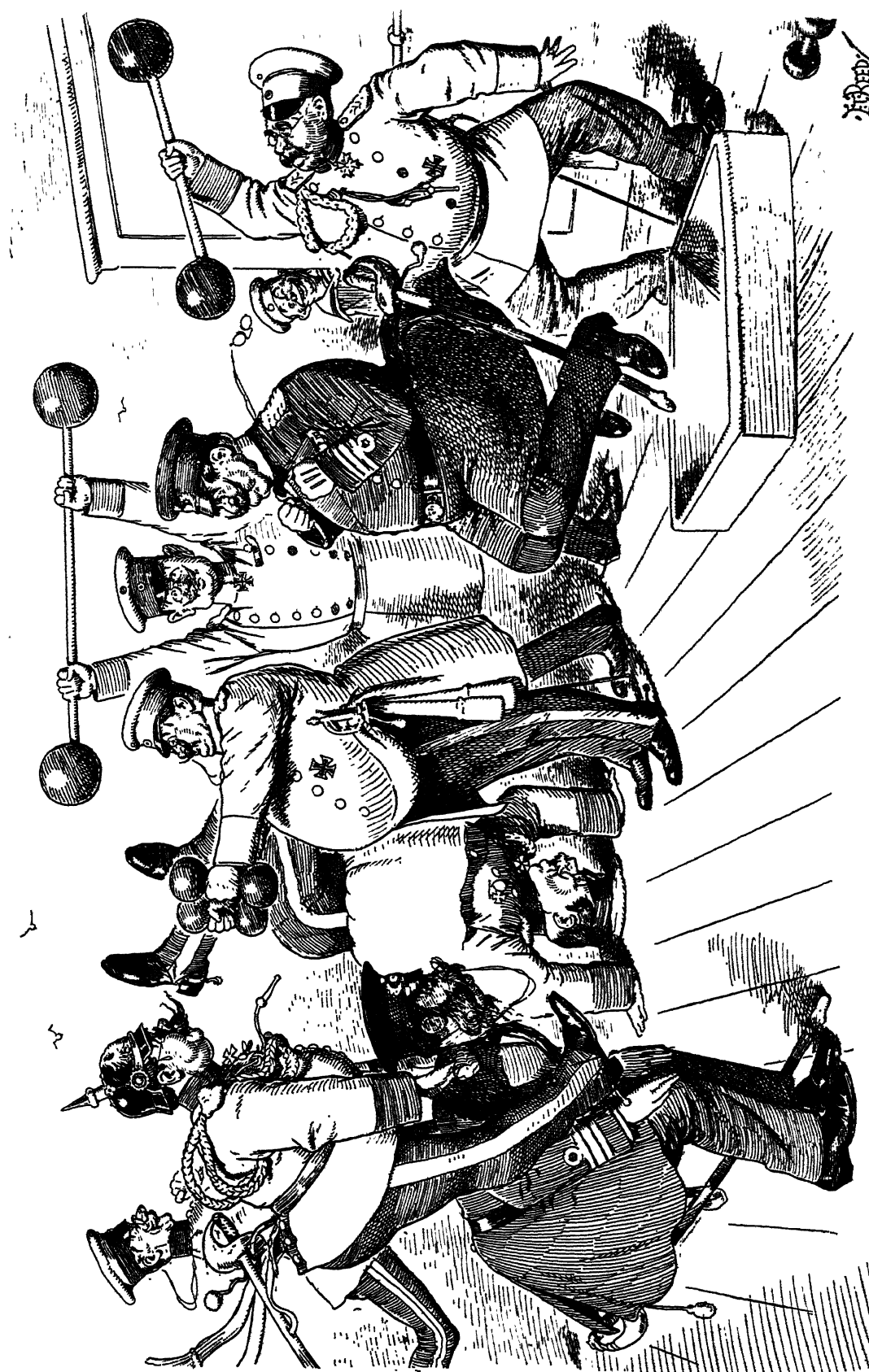
It is desired to impress on commanding officers and their subordinates how important the survival of the private is to the well-being of the Army, and of those answerable for him to the nation. The degrading and detrimental habit hitherto prevalent of treating him as though he were merely a senior public-schoolboy or University undergraduate, and not innately endowed with an intelligence considerably beyond his years, must therefore no longer be tolerated. Commanding officers and others, while in no wise abating their zeal for the smartness and efficiency of the British Army, must not allow such zeal, by over-ruling any of their men's most cherished ideals, to endanger the maintenance on paper of a sufficient number of private soldiers to preserve the peace of the tax-payer.

(Signed) BR-DK-CK.

Secretary of State for War AND
Commander-in-Chief.

THE *Daily Mail* of October 3, in its notice of the new play at His Majesty's, speaks of "Mr. TELBIN's palace, with St. Peter's in the background, and Mr. HARKER's studio, with the Coliseum seen through the wide window." The courtesy of these two gentlemen in lending their respective properties for the purposes of reproduction cannot be too much commended.

SUGGESTION.—Offer a prize for the best verses on tobacco in the form of cigars, cigarettes, or varieties for pipe-smoking. Let the successful competitor receive the degree of "*Bacca-Laureat*."



FOR KAISER AND FATHERLAND.

[' The German Emperor, in an overflow of high spirits, recently compelled the admirals and officers present on the Imperial Yacht to go through a series of gymnastic exercises. As some of them were rather inclined to be portly, it was a piquant spectacle.'—*Daily Paper*.]



THE EFFECT OF THE "PANAMA" CRAZE ON THE
"STOVE-PIPE" HAT.

DUKE, A DRAY-HORSE.

ONLY a horse! But who can well decide
How much was lost when *Duke*, the dray-horse, died?
Mildness inborn and honesty untaught,
Majestic patience and sagacious thought,
Faith that endured and love that knew no end—
Such was old *Duke*, our huge and dappled friend.
Oft have I seen him pacing on his way,
Single, or paired with *Paladin*, the bay,
Now on the level, calm and debonair,
His shaggy forelock tossing in the air,
Now, his neck stretched, his breathing quick and deep,
With pointed forehoofs clawing up the steep,
Till, when the top was won, he'd pause and seem
A mammoth spectre in a cloud of steam.
The little children marked with wondering eyes
His swelling muscles, his gigantic size,
Forsook their sports to flock about his knees,
And pat and smooth him while he stood at ease.
Then *Duke*, refreshed and resolute and gay,
Leaned to his work once more and drew the dray.
How firm his footfalls, while the noisy load
Came rumbling after, struck the echoing road!
How, without effort, mightily he moved,
Joyous and proud and grand and unreprieved;
For all he knew of whips was this in brief:—
They sometimes cracked and sometimes flicked a leaf.
Let others flinch—he could not be afraid
On whose broad back no lash was ever laid.
And when at eve within his stall he stood,
Massive but tired, and munched his simple food,
His body cool, his legs washed down and dried,
His honest forehead in his headstall tied,
While on the air the rhythmic sound was borne
Of steady teeth all grinding at the corn—

If, on his rounds, his well-loved driver came,
Patted his flank and softly called his name,
Straight, making room, he shifted on his bed,
And pricked his ears and lifted up his head,
And, strong in love as in his gesture meek,
Laid his soft nose against the man's rough cheek.
Still, when the slow withdrawing step was heard,
He looked and mutely asked another word;
Then the sound faded and the horse was fain
With one deep sigh to turn and munch again.

Next to this friend, throughout his hours of rest
One little comrade always pleased him best,
A stunted cat, a cat so ink-black
She seemed a blot upon his good grey back,
Where oft in meditation rapt she lay,
Kneading his skin, and purred the time away.
Nor did she fail to bring her kittens all
For *Duke's* approval to the straw-laid stall:
Kind in her purpose, in her method rough,
She seized her vocal offspring by the scruff,
And laid them one by one, an offering meet,
In anxious triumph at her playmate's feet,
Who looked and snuffed and wondered what they were,
And gazed again, but never hurt a hair.

True to the end and staunch, whate'er befell,
Farewell, strong body, gentle heart farewell!
Service and zeal and kindliness and sense—
You gave them all, nor craved a recompense;
But, proud to own and quick to understand
The trifling tribute of a flattering hand,
Toiled at your task with undivided mind,
Grateful for this:—if only men were kind.
So if I let my pleasant fancies stray
Beyond the limit of your earthly day,
Grand as in life, old friend, I see you stand
Cropping sweet clover in a happy land,
Where no hills tire, no granite gives you pain,
But grass grows deep and all is level plain,
With spreading trees to make a green retreat,
And rippling streams to cool your unshod feet;
And not a fly, howe'er the heat increase,
To move your tail or mar your perfect peace. R. C. L.

THEY were talking of a friend whose University career
had not been a distinguished success.

"I saw him the other day," observed first Clubman to
t'other, "and he looked very much aged. As a novelist
would put it, 'his brow was furrowed.'"

"Ah!" observed his companion, "that must have been
the effect of his last examination when he was 'ploughed.'"

Big Game.

[*"Pesth."* (This is a place, not an apposite remark.)—On the estate of
Count ZICHY in Weissenburg a battue on a large scale came off recently in
honour of the Grand Duke NIKOLAUS KONSTANTINOVICH. During the
battue the Grand Duke shot five beaters, while Count ZICHY brought
down four.—*Kölnische Zeitung.*]

THE English sportsman takes his aim
Intent to grass the winged pheasant;
The foreigner thinks all is game:
He drops an h and grounds a peasant.

DEGREES OF LATITUDE ON THE ATLANTIC.—It has been
suggested that the Roman Canonical Law discouraging the
marriage of First Cousins should be applied to Morganatic
Combines. Our American Cousins would then be more
restricted in their opportunities for obtaining "lines."

CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX.

As a place of extreme quiet—not to say sleepiness—it would be difficult to beat Caudebec-en-Caux. It is not so quiet as it was twenty years ago, when the nearest railway station was seven miles away, and at times it is really bustling if two motor cars arrive at once; but on the whole it is still unlike Paris, or London, or places of that sort.

It is not entirely cut off from the world. There is the steamer on the Seine, between Rouen and Havre, and there is the little train on the branch line which will bring you slowly from the junction for Paris. This train goes to and fro four times a day, as the younger waiter of the hotel informs me with some pride. He is a Caudebecois, who has never been further than Rouen. "Mais," says he, in a tone of apology and regret, "*ce n'est pas comme Yvetot. Là il y a huit ou dix trains par jour.*" Yvetot is a small station on the main line from Paris to Havre, and appears to him to be an important junction for European traffic, a sort of Frankfort, or Munich, or Basle.

The rambling inn at Caudebec is clean. As usual in French provincial hotels, *le patron* does very little all day. At times he drives out in a cart. At other times he chats with his acquaintances in the café on the ground floor. But his chief work is to take off his cap to visitors, raising it a little to those on bicycles, and removing it entirely to those in motor cars, being equally polite, however, to all. *La patronne* does everything else. She welcomes the coming, and speeds the parting, guest, directs the waiters, answers the telephone, keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, looks after the café, and manages the kitchen, where she makes omelettes which are superb.

Except fishing, there is not much for the people of Caudebec to do. However, like all their countrymen, they wish for nothing better than to stand on the quay with a rod and line, just as other Frenchmen do in Paris, and Rouen, and everywhere. That they usually catch nothing does not seem to diminish their enjoyment at all. They will stand under an umbrella in pouring rain, still catching nothing. Others, less fortunate, will stand also in pouring rain, enviously watching them catching nothing. One day I saw a patient angler catch a fish six inches long. He admitted that he had been fishing for half-an-hour. It is only fair to state that it had not rained—at least, not heavily—during that time. To encourage him I remarked that he had the advantage of being in the fresh air. "Et puis," said he, "*c'est amusant.*"



Mr. Pipsqueak (more proficient with the "long-bow" than the shot-gun). "YESTERDAY I BROUGHT HOME SEVEN BRACK. NOT BAD, YER KNOW. FIRED ONLY FIFTEEN CARTRIDGES. TO-DAY HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE BIRD. NONE TO BE SEEN."

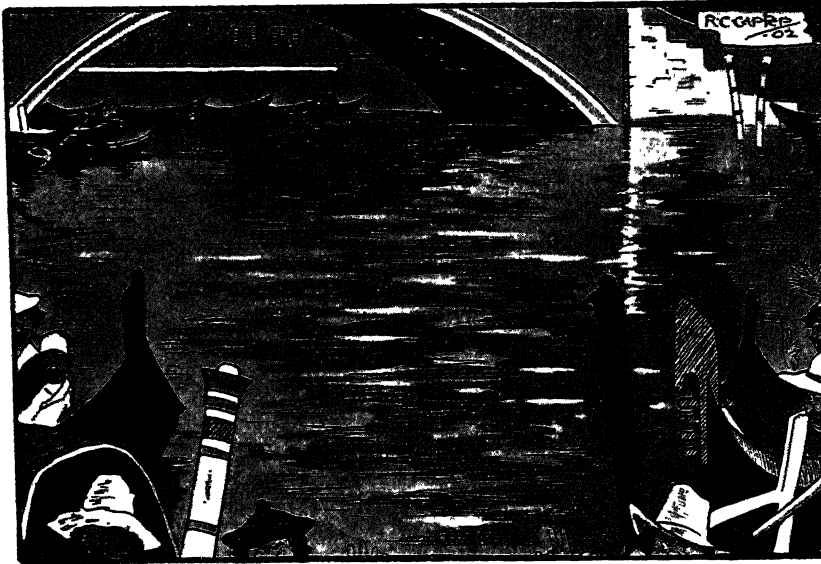
Horrid Boy. "'COURSE NOT. IT'S EARLY CLOSING DAY AND ALL THE SHOPS ARE SHUT UP!" [Mr. Pipsqueak wishes "horrid boys" were shut up also.]

That is about the last epithet I should have used to describe it. I should have chosen *assommant*, but I did not tell him so.

As for the visitors, they make excursions, and they make water-colour sketches, and they make endless amusement during the few fine days of summer for the quiet inhabitants. *Les Anglais* and *les chauffeurs*. What marvellous people they are, strange beings who live ever so far away, further than Yvetot, further even than Rouen, and come to look at the spring-tide rushing, in one wave, up the river from the sea. The excursions are charming, especially on the Seine. But getting on the steamer offers some difficulties. It does not

stop; it only drifts in mid stream, and you are taken out in a small boat and hauled on board by your arms, or your collar, or your neck.

I tried this way of returning one very windy day, from the ferry at Jumièges. The ferryman and his comrade, assisted by the carter, a *garde forestier* and various bystanders, had just got a heavy cart down the slippery slope on one side, and up the steep slope at the other, when the steamer appeared at the bend of the river. There was no one to take me out; I was miles from the railway-station; and the next train did not go for four hours, and the next boat for two days. As I stood helpless, the ferryman's wife, with six children



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. VENICE.

and two dogs, burst out of her cottage, and jumped into the boat. She pulled at the chain of the little anchor; it was immovable. She pulled and pulled, but in vain. She would not let me help her, so I stood on the bank with the *garde forestier*, the six children and the two dogs, and gave way to despair. The steamer was almost opposite us. Suddenly the anchor came up, she screamed "*Embarquez, embarquez*," I was pushed into the boat by the *garde forestier* and the children, and hauled on board the steamer just in time. The landing at Caudebec was much worse, for there the westerly gale and the rapidly flowing tide from the sea produced an excellent imitation of the Channel passage. The steamer bobbed up and down, and the small boat alongside bobbed up and down much more. The boatman held on to a rope like grim death. A fat Frenchman made the first leap and landed safely. His wife followed, and fell on the boatman. Then I stepped down. By this time the narrow space in the bow was completely filled, and we were wedged up against a cross seat, while the boatman yelled "*Passez derrière*" frantically. Then some English ladies jumped down upon us, and a stout old gentleman precipitated himself upon the struggling mass. We clung to each other and got ashore safely, but the Havre and Rouen steamers on a stormy day are not exactly the sort of conveyance for the aged or the infirm.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

Mr. Punch's advice to those who are anxious to get stout. Buy it.

A SUGGESTION.

[*"A propos of marriage customs, the Jakuns arrange matters in a way that might well be copied among some of us. The woman's relatives subject the intending husband to a severe examination in his prospects."*—*Daily Paper*.]

Now that the seaside season is ended, parents and guardians of marriageable girls may probably find it a labour-saving device to supply themselves with fifty or a hundred neatly printed circulars in the following form:—

SIR,—Your marked attentions to my daughter (*name to be filled in, or, in case of divided attentions to two or more daughters, all the likely names*) at (*insert name of watering-place*) having

been reported to me by several credible witnesses, including (*specify them, as for example, "the above-mentioned MAUD," or "my youngest boy THOMAS, who, as you are doubtless aware, is an absolutely fearless amateur photographer"*), I have to request you to fill up the subjoined return, and let me have same by the end of this week without fail, as the matter is urgent.

1. What is your total annual income (if any)? Having regard to the rate of increase of rates and taxes, in how many years do you calculate it will be reduced to nothing?

2. What is the amount (average for last three years) expended by you in club subscriptions, dinner parties, week-end trips to Brighton, soda-water, sundries, and all the other habits you will naturally desire to abandon in case of your marriage?

3. Are you financially interested in either of the following institutions?—(a) Musical comedy; (b) British railways.

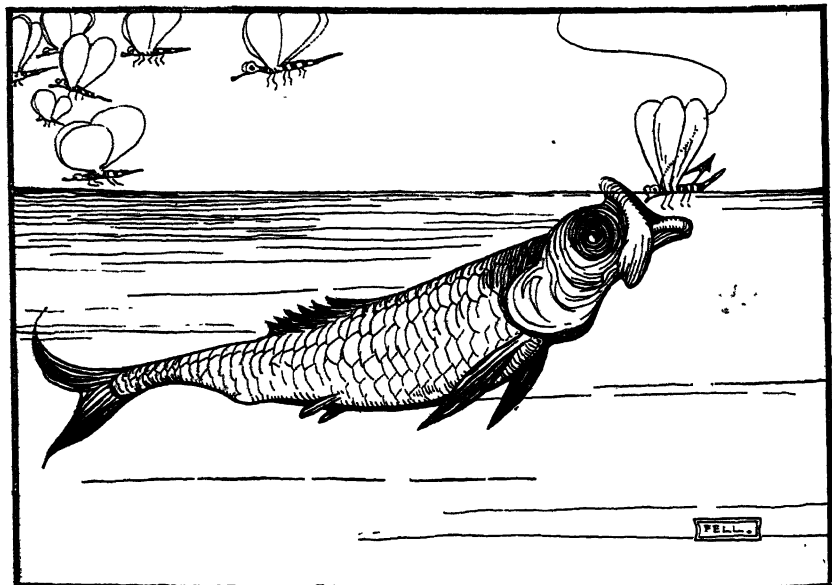
4. Have you any rich bachelor uncles or maiden aunts? How would you describe the degrees of cordiality existing between you and them respectively?

5. Have you any friends at Court, in the extended sense of that phrase?

6. What is your opinion of the proposition, "What's enough for one is enough for two"?

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.,

This circular should be kept under cover until a fitting occasion arises for its despatch. To leave it lying about in the drawing-room would not only be disconcerting to male callers, but might even defeat the object for which it has been prepared.



HE COULDN'T SEE THE POINT OF IT AT ALL!

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

["Charity Blankets, Brown and Grey, per pair, 2s. 11d."—*Draper's Advt.*]

LADY BOUNTIFUL, muffed and furred,
With a gracious smile and a kindly
word,

Drives abroad in her coach and pair
To visit the poor, who are all her care.
Empty-handed she comes not nigh,
Never a door she passes by;
At every cottage her carriage stops,
And charity blankets down she drops.
Blankets brown and blankets grey
Lady BOUNTIFUL gives away—
None of your common or "Witney"
brand,

But specially made and specially planned
By a philanthropic firm, to keep
Poor shivering paupers warm while they
sleep

When wintry storms do howl and blow,
And the world is a desert of ice and
snow.

Lady BOUNTIFUL simply dines
On a score of meats and a dozen wines,
Which JEAMES and JOHN and a well-
trained band

Of silent and orderly menials hand.
Then, wearied out with her works of
love,

She seeks sweet sleep in her room above,
Where a couple of maids with gentle care
Brush my Lady BOUNTIFUL's hair,
Wrap her soft in a silken gown
And tuck her warm in a bed of down.
There she sleeps, as sure she must
Who lives so well, the sleep of the just,
While now and then her thoughts are
blest

With dreams that will not spoil her rest,
And visions about her pillow hover
Of the many shins that her charities
cover.

A cheap and simple route to Heaven—
Charity blankets at two-and-eleven.

EXPLOITING THE FIRST-HAND.

A WELL-KNOWN publisher (whose name shall be kept dark) has thought fit in an advertisement of a novel by a well-known authoress (not MISS MARIE CORELLI, by the way) to say:—

"In London Society, as everyone knows, Mrs. — is one of the most sought after of women. She can thus write of high life upon no mere second-hand acquaintance with it."

So bad an example is pretty sure to be followed, and we may soon expect to see paragraphs framed on the same intrusive model. As for instance:—

MISS AMARYLLIS INTRESHADE is about to give the world a volume of short stories, with the tender passion as the motif of them all. As it is notorious that the authoress is the most proposed-to *débutante* of the Coronation year, she



G. C. STAMPA.

Hostess. "YOU'RE NOT GOING ALREADY, PROFESSOR, SURELY!"

The Professor. "I'M SORRY TO, MY DEAR LADY, BUT I HAVE BEEN WORKING SO LATE ALL THE WEEK I FEEL I MUST HAVE MY BEAUTY SLEEP TO-NIGHT."

Hostess. "THEN I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU. I'M SURE YOU NEED IT, POOR THING!"

clearly writes with an amount of experience that can hardly be excelled or even equalled.

Blacksheep is the title of a forthcoming work by an anonymous author. We understand that as he has *valeted* some of the most gentlemanly scoundrels in Europe a lively and piquant book may confidently be looked for.

LORD LETTEM HAVITT's book on *Mayors I have Met* is in the press and will be ready almost immediately. As Lord LETTEM HAVITT holds the record for freedom of boroughs presented for service in South Africa, it is clear that some entertaining experiences can hardly fail to be recounted.

MR. HIPPO POTAMUS has just completed

the work on animals on which for some years past he has been engaged. As Mr. POTAMUS is himself an awful beast, he writes with first-hand knowledge of his subject.

THE SITUATION.

(After Brooming.)

BY A STALWART RADICAL.

GILBERT JESSOP is spliced,
Black MICHAEL's let loose,
REDVERS BULLER's in Devon,
Lord HUGH's nigh upcurled:
October's well loed,
Brum's playing the deuce,
Mr. ASQUITH's at Leven,
All's right with the world.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN is always welcome in the circulating library or in one's own. His reception will be none the less friendly because his latest effort, *In King's Byways* (SMITH, ELDER), is not a substitute for the old three-volume novel, but is a series of stories, each complete in itself. Of the most difficult art of short-story writing Mr. WEYMAN is past master. The scenes are laid in France in the days when HENRY THE FOURTH was King. There is none to excel Mr. WEYMAN in the art of reproducing the colour and the dirt, the bustle and the loneliness, the sound and the smell of the wicked place. My Baronite delights in the very name of the streets. The Place de Grève, the Chatelet, the Pont au Change, and "the Rue de Tirchasse, where it shoots out of the Rue de Béthissy." During the last hundred years Paris has suffered many humiliations, none more petty or more poignant than the renaming of its streets to meet the passion of the moment. Through these narrow paths Parisians of the seventeenth century wend their ways, for the most part squabbling and fighting, frequently with HENRY of Navarre, all unknown, playing a hand in the game. It is true the rapid succession of pictures is of the two-pence coloured order, dear to boyhood's heart. But in these days of Eternal Cities, Sorrows of Sardanapalus, and similar artificial flowers of fiction, a taste of the good old robust style is refreshing.

Wonderful England is presumably issued by Mr. GRANT RICHARD for the Christmas delectation of children. It is, however, a book of the sort that parents and other elders of the household are exceedingly likely, in assumed absence of mind, furtively to carry off for enjoyment in their private rooms. Mrs. ERNEST AMES has written the verse as well as illustrated it. Both are excellent. But the illustrations in their graphic touch, their brilliant colouring, and their sly allusiveness, are inimitable. Mrs. AMES touches a variety of topics and illuminates all:

"Here 's the great House of Commons,
Where everyone's mind
Is absorbed in some scheme
Of relief for mankind."

My Baronite, interested in the topic, looks for a picture of the House, probably with Mr. WEIR on his legs. What he discovers is a rapid sketch of the Terrace, in the foreground a big red parasol only partially hiding the figure of an Hon. Member and a lady in sea-green dress engaged in deep conversation.

The scene of Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER's latest novel, *Fuel of Fire* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is laid in the district of an exceedingly matter-of-fact town, whose identity is not hidden under the name of Silverhampton. The plot is, however, cleverly invested with an attractive air of romance. The home of the hero, dating back to the Wars of the Roses, was in good old-fashioned manner made the subject of ill-boding prophecy. Thrice it was to be burned down. Twice the fate had been accomplished, and the story narrates how the third calamity was brought about. It is a deftly devised plot, throughout commanding the attention of the reader. But, as usual with Miss FOWLER, the sketches of character and the conversation that sparkles on every page form the distinction of the book. In quite different ways *Lady Alicia* and *Mrs. Candy* are delightful. The latter has qualities that, as happened in Miss FOWLER's first book, recall to my Baronite the touch of the vanished hand that wrote *Adam Bede*. A shrewd observer of human nature, more especially when developed in female form, Miss FOWLER has the gift of wise and witty expression of her impressions. *Mrs. Candy* probably knows nothing of the personnel of the House of Commons. If she had closely studied Mr. WEIR since his entrance on the scene, she could

not more accurately or more trenchantly have described him when on his legs addressing the Speaker. Speaking of herself, *Mrs. Candy* says, "Every drawer and cupboard in my mind is so full of remarks that it simply won't shut, and the more I try to empty it by making the remarks the fuller it seems to get." THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR'S BILL.

... So the king,
Moving as one that goes to meet his doom,
Scarce curious what the end, and slightly bored,
Drew on to that great battle of the Bill.
And by him lightly rode his uncle's son,
That had for battle-axe a crosier's crook,
And on his blazoned shield a running scroll,
"Ware HUGH!" (for so he spelled it, but the sound,
Intoned as he intoned it, called to mind
Brer Fox, in that old REMUS tale, that cried
"Wahoo!"), and lipped his clarion, letting forth
Loud parish voluntaries, and the air
Rocked, and the High Church banners flapped their folds
As at an organ's blast; so well he blew.

But they, the heathen, lying close and low
(For so a common hate had overborne
All lesser difference of each from each)
In hollow places by the river's marge,
Outwashed with windy riot of autumn rains,
Abode the coming of the blameless king;
Being, the most part, heathen not at all
But variously Christian, so they said;
Yet—for they chose to found a heathen league
With less of worship than the heathen use
(Such cleave at least to idols, wood or stone),
Liefer than swear by any Christian creed,
So it were not their own peculiar kind—
Before they followed ARTHUR's way of grace,
Bristling with toll-bars, they would see themselves
Damned. So a common hate had overborne
All lesser difference of each from each.

But of the knighthood some there were that stood
Doubtfully by the king, and spake apart
Of compromise beneath their curving palms,
Or dealt in menace, like Sir FLAGELLANT,
He that was wont to whip the laggards on.
But ARTHUR took his battle-club and cried,
Not boastfully, but with a plaintive voice
Lacking conviction, "O my Table Round!
I am addressed to do this hole in one,
Or let *Ex-Bulger* perish in the act!"
But he, the bold Sir BRUM LE CHAMBERLAIN,
Whom some had held to be the rightful king,
Mused in a trance, wherein the Empire showed
Larger than other creeds, and musing rode
With one spur dangling.

So the knighthood drew
Down to the river's marge; and ARTHUR said,
"I hear the FOWLER at his watery snares,
And shrill Sir FIFE that whistles with his REMS."
Then to his own dear heart:—"Or this or that;
Either the Bill, or I myself, must pass;
But whether that or this, I cannot tell,
Nor care so very greatly, no, not I." O. S.

NEW BOOK.—*Slips that pass in the Night*. By a Sub-Editor of a Daily Paper.

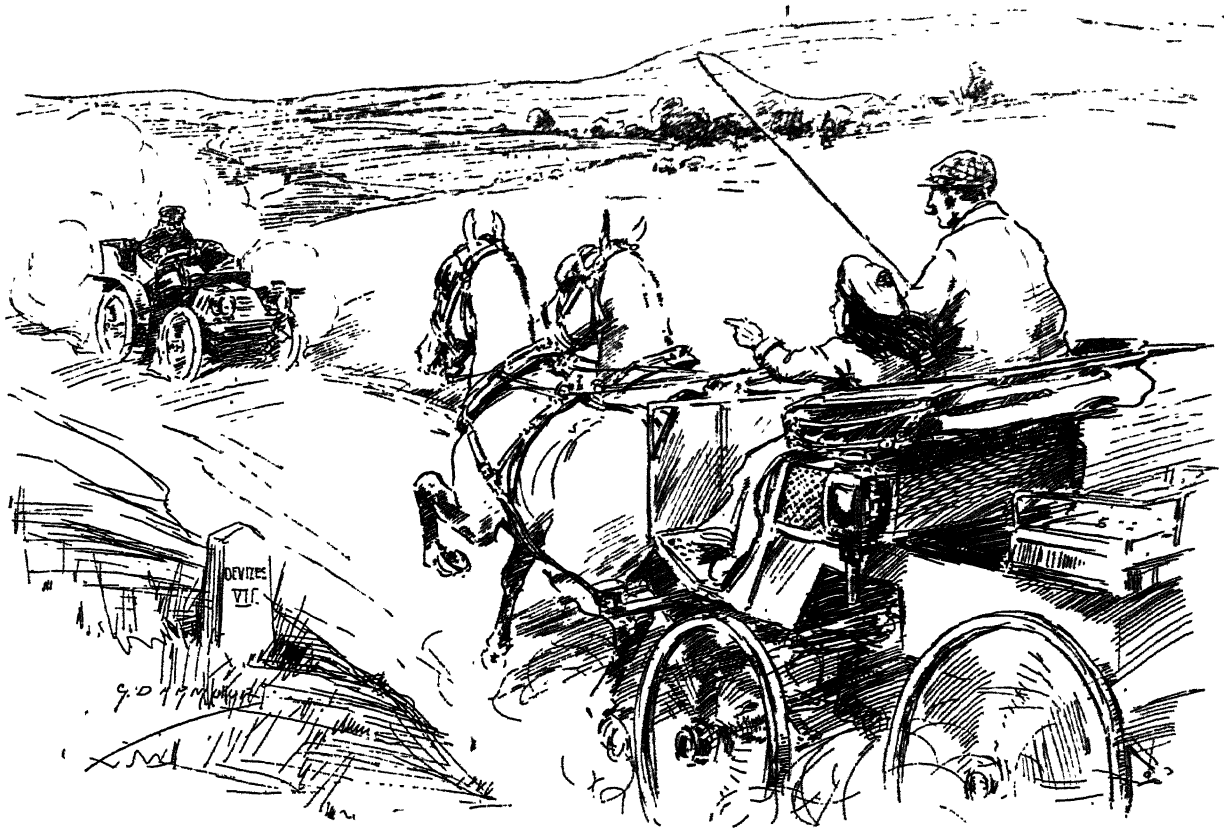


Bernard Partridge.

NO ADMITTANCE.

(Even on business.)

Mr. Br-d-r-ck. "CAN'T ADMIT YOU WHILE IT'S GOING ON. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS."
John Bull. "LOOK HERE. YOU'VE TAKEN MY MONEY, AND YOU CAN'T COME IN."



Little Girl (in carriage, seeing motor for first time). "OH, PAPA! LOOK! THE HORSES HAVE RUN AWAY, AND THERE'S THE CARRIAGE RUNNING AFTER THEM! ISN'T IT FUNNY!"

ROBERT HIGSON, D.F.

[“The inaugural meeting of the Dickens Fellowship was held last night . . . The objects of the Society, as explained by Mr. HALL CAINE, are the promotion of good-fellowship, morality, and truth as expounded by the master writer of the Nineteenth Century.”—*Morning Post*, Oct. 7.]

HIGSON always was a trifle eccentric, but it was a shock to meet him in the Strand attired in a strangely-cut coat, white knee-breeches, and silk stockings.

“Morning, Higson,” I said, attempting to pass him, “fine day!”

“A fine day indeed,” he said, grasping my arm. “A *very* fine day—one of the finest days I ever remember. You will permit me, my friend—my dear, good, kind friend—to offer you some refreshment?”

It appeared to me that Higson must have had some already, and I told him so.

“Nonsense, nonsense!” he cried. “I insist—in the sacred name of good fellowship I insist!—MARY, my dear”—thus he addressed the waitress in the shop into which he had dragged me—

“I’ll trouble you for a steak, two dozen oysters, a bottle of port, and two glasses of brandy-and-water.”

“Don’t keep them,” said the waitress

shortly—not altogether to my surprise, for I perceived that the establishment was an “A.B.C.” depôt.

“Bother!” said Higson, speaking for a moment in his ordinary tones, “that’s the worst of these blessed rules—they’re so hard to keep nowadays—MARY,” he resumed in his former manner, “the solemn time has come for us to part. Let me address you in my best blank verse, reserved for my emotional remarks. Virtue, my dear, virtue alone will bring complete and satisfying happiness. And now I’ll just chuck you under the chin and be off.”

“Come out of this!” I gasped, as the waitress hastily disappeared to fetch the manager, “come out of this, you lunatic—and tell me what fool’s game you are playing!”

“It’s nothing of the sort,” said HIGSON, as we regained the street. “I’ve just joined the ‘Dickens’ Fellowship,’ and I’m ‘promoting good fellowship, morality, and truth as expounded by’ that celebrated author. Look here, I’ve drunk no brandy-and-water for the last hour, and that’s clean against Rule 16. Or shall we have a jorum of punch? Not even that? How am I to live up to my principles if no

one will help me? Look, here are the Law Courts. Shall I go in and give comic evidence? Or would you like to see me fight a cabman?”

“Neither, thanks,” said I. “And I fancy that you’ll find what you term ‘the Dickens’ theory of good-fellowship’ a little difficult to carry out in these days.”

“Oh, no,” replied HIGSON. “You just come and stay with me for Christmas! We shall fill the wassail-bowl, and heap the logs high on the roaring fire, and the dear old chimes will ring out across the snow-covered fields, while the hours pass quickly with snapdragon, blind-man’s-buff, and forfeits—I forget the rest, but it’s very beautiful.”

“Yes,” I said, mockingly, “and you’ll gather round the fire and tell stories and—”

“No, no,” said HIGSON, quickly, “that’s wrong. They’ve altered that rule. We’re not to tell stories, but to read aloud from one of two masterpieces. Our President insisted on this.”

“And what are the masterpieces?”

“*The Christian* and *The Eternal City*. Do have some brandy-and-water!”

This time I consented. I felt I needed it.

HALL-MARKED WITH THE BRAND OF CAINE.



THE announcement of a new play at Mr. TREE's theatre is in itself a sure and certain "draw" for several weeks. If, for many nights and *matinées* to come, His Majesty's be crowded to overflowing, as it was on the occasion of the visit of Mr. *Punch's* Representative, it will be no irrefragable testimony to the success of Mr. HALL CAINE's melodrama, but will simply witness to the popularity of the present management and to the stimulated curiosity of the public which has never yet been treated to the sight of a real live modern Pope "in his habit as he lives," on the stage of any theatre.

A long time ago, at the Lyceum, if this deponent's memory rightly serves him, there was a play called *Sixtus the Fifth*—a name very generally and most perversely rendered as *Fiftus the Sixth*. But in this instance the Cardinal, who was the principal character in the drama, was elected Pope only a few minutes before the fall of the curtain on the last act, so that, to all intents and purposes, as far as the spectators were concerned, the Cardinal remained "as he was" at the commencement of the play and of the Conclave. That occasion was the nearest to the present over-bold attempt, made by CAINE-and-able management, at placing a Pope on the stage, for which not a few there be who would like to haul CAINE over the coals. This imaginary Pope is styled *Pius the Tenth* (a muddle-headed invention, seeing that there has been a Pope PIUS THE NINTH, and that, in all probability, there will be at some future time a Pope PIUS THE TENTH), and in his unreal Pontificate are supposed to happen the stirring events that actually did occur in the pontificate of PIUS THE NINTH.

Let it be at once conceded that Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, to whom the impersonation of this most important figure is confided, plays the *role* with such dignity and true artistic feeling that the influence of the character is recognised and acknowledged—I may even say reverently acknowledged—by the discriminating audience, on whose feelings it would distinctly jar were the actor to come out of the picture and appear before the curtain in answer to the well-deserved plaudits. Others appear in front and bow their acknowledgments, but not so the artistically conscientious impersonator of His Holiness. And he is right. Mr. BRANDON THOMAS makes the part as important as it was intended to be, though it scarcely adds to its truthfulness to represent an Italian speaking Latin with broad English pronunciation; but perhaps this trifle escaped the notice of the learned author at rehearsals. As a matter of dramatic fact a Pope, be he who he may, is absolutely unessential to the plot. A Cardinal Secretary of State, such as was, in the time of PIUS THE NINTH, Cardinal ANTONELLI, would have served the purpose far better, that is, if such a character be wanted at all out of the novel where this eminent ecclesiastic "with a past" might have been left without damage to the melodrama. Excise the Papal scenes and you have a play rather less strong than *La Tosca*, of which in more than one respect *The Eternal City* is decidedly reminiscent.

What is the *Baron Bonelli* but *Baron Scarpia*? Does not the scene where *Roma Volonna*, standing on the right-hand side of the stage, fingers the pistol with gradually strengthening purpose, while her intended victim, *Baron Bonelli*, is seated on the left-hand side of the stage, smoking and talking with his back turned towards her, forcibly recall the situation where *La Tosca*, standing at the supper table ("R.H."), with deadly intent clutches a knife, while *Scarpia* ("L.H."), with his back towards her, is writing at

an *escritoire*? But HALL CAINE, who, as compared with dramatist SARDOU, is "infirm of purpose," unites the lovers in the last scene, and so follows the fashion of what after all—or after HALL—is only old-fashioned Adelphi, or transpontine, melodrama writ large, and here, produced in splendid style at His Majesty's, backed up by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's well-earned reputation, is raised to a higher level as a work of art than if it had been produced, as it might have been years ago, at "Queen VICTORIA'S Own Theatre," then known as "The Vic," where it would have been the right play in the right place.

Mr. TREE, as *Baron Bonelli*, is excellent, *cela va sans dire*, as also is Mr. ROBERT TABER (who always suggests to us what a HERMANN VEZIN, Junior, would be if there were "such a person") as *David Rossi*. On the fair shoulders of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER falls the burden of the drama, and her *Donna Roma Volonna*, "Sculptor, and Ward of *Bonelli*," and, so to express it, "understudy" to the invalided invisible wife of this middle-aged sensualist, is a record in her career, though she is severely overweighted. For is she not pitted against SARA BERNHARDT as *La Tosca*? The surprise of the piece (to a majority, but not to Mr. P.'s Representative) is in the *Bruno Rocco* of that thoroughly sound artist, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. To this character, out of the whole list of *dramatis personæ*, and putting aside Mr. THOMAS's portrait of the Pope as "*hors de concours*," is given the finest chance in the play; and when that chance comes, Mr. BROUGH seizes it and turns it to the very best account. But for him this scene might have been deleted with advantage to the play. Mr. HALL CAINE should be deeply grateful to the clever experienced actor who "has pulled him through." The talented Brough-Bruno family, including his wife *Elena* (Miss FRANCES DILLON), *Francesca*, his mother-in-law (Miss MAY BROUGH), and *Joseph*, *Bruno's* son, Master NOEL COMPTON (a very first-rate small performer with, it may be safely assumed, a promising dramatic career before him), form quite a little domestic drama of their own, and the memory of their happiness and grief, and of the tragic end of the ill-treated *Bruno*, who has in him "more of the antique Roman than the Caine," lingers with us after all is over and we have gone to our restaurants.

The play is magnificently mounted, and, no doubt, the music, specially composed by Signor MASCAGNI, is well worth hearing apart from the play. That this eminent musician's work must be artistically sympathetic and appropriate is evident from the fact that it goes unnoticed by the majority, and though there is just a little too much of unintelligible singing to "music heard without" (it might be "choruses without words"), the accompanying "*melodrame*" never once distracts the attention of the audience from the main action.

THE *City Press*, in defending the Corporation against the attack of Mr. BURNS, M.P., says:—"The charge that 'its public gluttony is as notorious as it is costly' is . . . unfounded. Certain allowances are made to committees for entertainment purposes; and, from time to time, the Corporation, as the mouthpiece of London, welcomes Royalties to the Guildhall." Mr. *Punch* is of opinion that 'mouthpiece of London,' in this connection, is good.

ANOTHER CRYPTOGRAM.—The name *Caliban* has been thought to be cryptographic for "cannibal." That SHAKESPEARE intended this to be the reading of the monster's character is sufficiently shown by the complaint, cleverly assigned to another *persona* for purposes of disguise: "Not a relation for a breakfast."—*Tempest*, Act V.

CANADA AS SHE IS MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Reverting to your recent article under the title *The Great Misunderstood*, let me say that I am so glad that I did not publish my great work on "Canada, Her History, Customs and Resources" before visiting England. As planned, it would have been very unsatisfactory to people with settled opinions, of whom I have met several since landing on your hospitable and interesting shores.

As you are doubtless aware, the old contention that "What is, is" is rapidly giving way to the doctrine that "What is believed to be is is." (It is just possible that there is an "is" too many in that sentence, but as that only increases its metaphysical subtlety I hope the proof-reader will let it stand.) Having this in mind I have recast the materials of my book along new lines and added much that will be received here with placid approval, and in Canada with joyous wonder. By publishing the following prospectus you will confer a great favour on a fellow British subject.

"CANADA, HER HISTORY, CUSTOMS AND RESOURCES."

CHAPTER I.—The discovery of Canada by the French and its recovery by the British—the original inheritors of the earth.

CHAPTER II.—The invention of the tuque and snowshoe costume, with a study of their subsequent effect on "The Ballet of All Nations," as it is still presented in all the capitals of Europe with the original cast.

CHAPTER III.—The geographical position of Canada, with map and historical footnote showing the value of disputed territory when Downing Street wishes to establish friendly relations with Washington.

CHAPTER IV.—A digression in which the author proves conclusively that when the North Pole is finally discovered it will be found to be somewhere near the centre of Canada.

CHAPTER V.—An appreciation of the Roast Beef of Old England and Wiltshire bacon as met with on the hoof in Ontario and the Canadian Northwest.

CHAPTER VI.—An exhaustive paper on Canadian fruits, in which it will be shown to the confusion of the scientific world that apples, grapes, peaches, pears, and plums, ripen within the Arctic Circle.

CHAPTER VII.—Interviews (properly expurgated) with prominent Canadians regarding Mr. KIPLING'S *Lady of the Snows*, and Sir GILBERT PARKER'S



Lady Customer (at Bric-à-brac Shop). "I THINK YOU ARE VERY, VERY DEAR!"

Proprietor. "HUSH! NOT SO LOUD, MISS. MY OLD 'OMAN BE POWERFUL JEALOUS!"

Hudson Bay stories as an advertisement of Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.—The exports of Canada—dealing fully with Sir WILFRED LAURIER, philanthropic millionaires, and several plausible brands of red whisky.

CHAPTER IX.—The imports of Canada, with special reference to younger sons who need a change of venue. Instances will be cited of black sheep pasturing for a few years on the plains of Canada, and then returning to their happy homes with only slight Southdown markings.

CHAPTER X.—Conclusion—Canada's place among the younger nations that can ride and shoot. Assurances of continued loyalty and selections from the best "O-My-Country" poetry of "Canada's lyric choir."

It may interest you to know that I intend to remain in London for some time. To tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid that, when my book is published, popular enthusiasm will run so high that each of my fellow Canadians will want a fragment of me as a souvenir.

Yours warmly, C. A. NUCK.

TO TOM SAWYER.

[MARK TWAIN'S cousin, MR. WILL CLEMENS, a New York journalist, says:—

"Most of MARK TWAIN'S characters were taken from life. *Huckleberry Finn* is MARK TWAIN himself. *Tom Sawyer*, now seventy-five years old, is the proprietor of a prosperous drinking saloon in San Francisco."]

AND are you nearing seventy-six?

I held you as a deathless boy.

And do you dexterously mix

The drinks that give your nation joy?

A bar! how poor a lot for you!

Yet Mr. Dooley keeps one too.

And MARK, how oft does MARK drop in

To talk old Mississippi days,

And join you in a whiskey-skin,

And backward glance with wistful gaze

To those young times ere law was made,

And Injuns lurked in every glade?

My present drink is ginger beer,

So void our taverns of delight.

But ah! if your saloon were *here*,

How would I doff the Rechabite!

How would I quaff, and bless my luck,

The while you yarned of JIM and HUCK!

THE FINAL TEST.

"WELL," I said, "when is it to be?"

PETTIFER sighed gloomily.

"Never," he replied. "Never. It's all off. Absolutely off. We have parted, and for ever. I loved that girl, SMITH, with an asbestos-defying passion to which no words of mine can hope to do justice. We were made for each other, SMITH. She disliked parsnips. I loathed them. We both collected postage-stamps. We both played ping-pong. Our tastes, in short, were identical, and the union, you might have thought, was of the sort that is made in Heaven. But, no. Far from it."

"You appear broken-hearted," I said, at the same time offering him the only consolation within my reach.

"Absolutely. Thanks. When. Not too much soda. Right. Utterly broken-hearted."

"Then why—?"

"I will tell, you. Do you read the—?"

His voice sank to a reverent whisper as he mentioned the name of one of our great halfpenny journals.

"Regularly," I said, uncovering. "It has a circulation five times as large as any penny morning paper."

"It is too true," said PETTIFER.

"Well, I, like you, am a constant reader of that great periodical. It is to that fact that I owe my present misery. A few days since I saw in its columns an article, brief but replete with amusing references to those about to marry. No more, said the writer,

'should marry without previously examining his fiancée with the utmost strictness on the subject of music.'

"Music?"

"Precisely. The idea is that you play selections, and mark the effects. By these means, said the article, thousands of unhappy marriages might be prevented annually. I resolved to try the scheme. The result is as you see. Four days ago—"

"I know," I interrupted hurriedly; "four days ago you were a thing of life and joy, whereas now—! Well?"

"There was a good deal more of it," said PETTIFER querulously; "but that is certainly the gist of what I was about to remark. Well, I tried her first with an extract from SAINT-SAENS. It took her fancy from the first bar. That was a good beginning. Intelligence and a well-balanced character belong to the girl who admires SAINT-SAENS. I proceeded. She seemed pleased with a sonata of BEETHOVEN'S, and positively encored the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*. I gathered, therefore, that she was not only artistic but exceedingly tender-hearted."

"Then why did you—?"

"I am coming to that. On the following day I opened with a few bars of OFFENBACH. To my dismay she was undeniably attracted by them."

"What did that imply?"

"Cunning. Guile and cunning of the worst description. I began to think that the pleasure she had exhibited at SAINT-SAENS and BEETHOVEN might—nay, must—have been a mere veneer. I resolved to stake my all on a final test. Fixing her with my eye, I began to play a little thing of my own, a beautiful little piece in five flats, key of G. Scarcely had I struck the keys, when from the street outside came the raucous strains of a peripatetic barrel-organ. The effect upon LUCINDA—I should say Miss ROBINSON—was electrical. She sprang to her feet, ran to the window, and began to listen with every symptom of extreme pleasure. The ruffian in charge played three airs, all extracts from that idiot Brown's latest comic opera."

"You don't like BROWN?" I queried. BROWN is PETTIFER'S deadliest rival in the world of music.

He ignored the remark.

"When he had finished," he said, "she threw him half-a-crown, closed the window, and requested me to continue. I excused myself coldly, and retired."

"Yes?"

"The same evening I wrote to say that our engagement was at an end, and that, on receipt of a fully stamped and addressed envelope, I would return her letters."

THE LUCK BRINGER.

A MAGICAL stone, purporting to be a copy of a talisman worn by the ancient PHARAOHS, has lately been put upon the market. For the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, it will confer upon the purchaser Success in Business, Fortune in Speculation, Happiness in Home Life, and various other blessings. We append a few quite unsolicited testimonials:—

DEAR SIR,—Your Hokus charm arrived by this morning's post and has already worked wonders. On rushing, as usual, to the station, I trod upon a piece of orange peel, and only fractured my right leg and dislocated my shoulder instead of breaking my neck. This will enable me to enjoy a quiet six weeks in hospital in place of my usual fatiguing holiday. I was proposing overnight to insure myself against accidents to-day, but that expense will now be quite unnecessary, as I can hardly come to grief in this excellent institution, at any rate for the next month or two. I can't sufficiently thank you, but remain

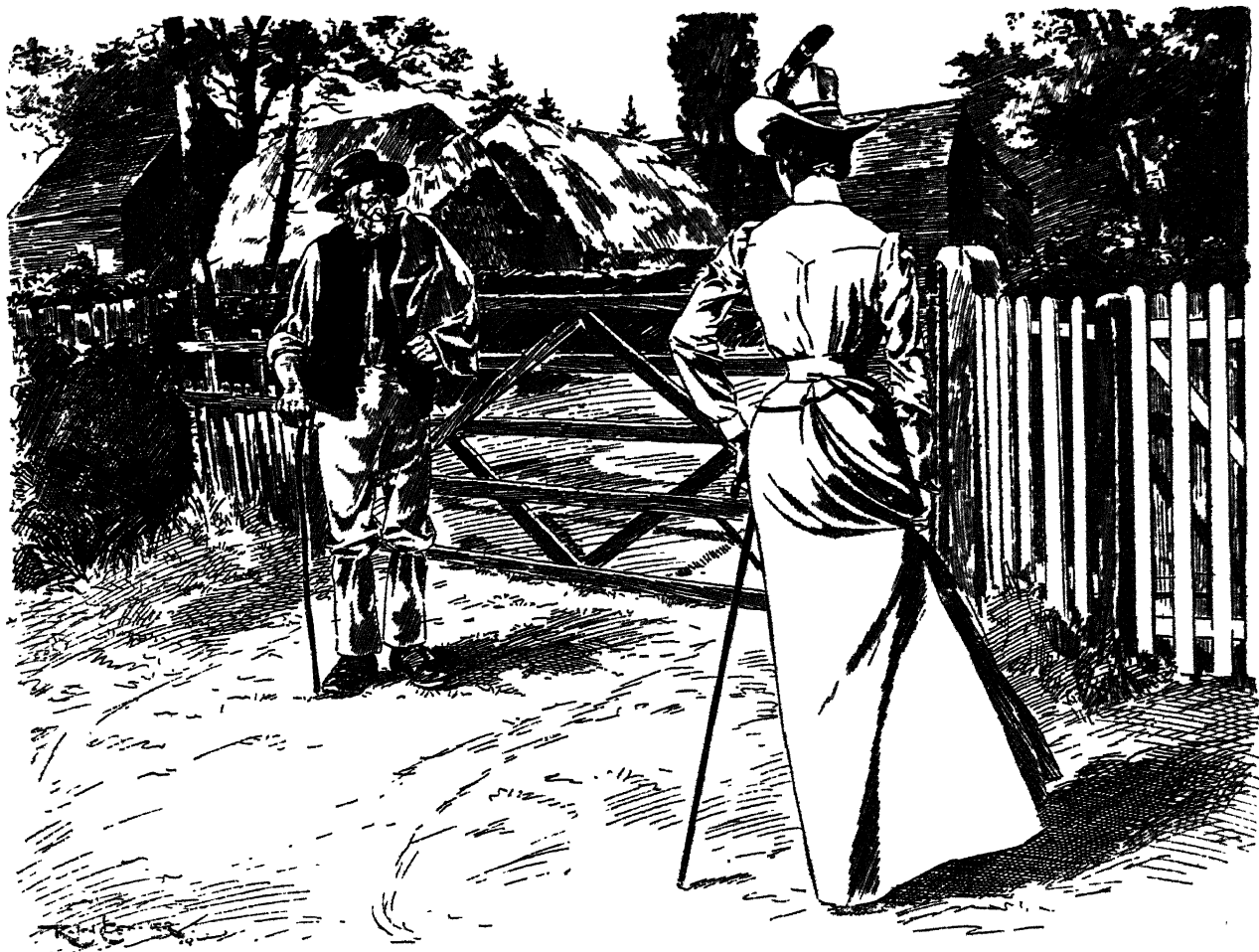
Yours gratefully,

TAPLEY MARKS.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased with the Hokus you have sent me. It has brought me almost within reach of great good fortune several times during the last few days. The very day I bought it I took it out with me to pay a call on an heiress. I proposed to her at once, relying on the talisman, and am happy to say I was *proxime accessit*, so to speak. She only said she loved another, and that my suit was out of the question, as they were going shortly to be married. But she was quite nice about it, though firm. Again, last Monday I backed the winner at 30 to 1, and should have made quite a little pile, only the gentleman with whom I had invested my fiver could not be found. Still, I had the moral satisfaction of seeing how splendidly your charm was working. The next day, too, I almost got a good appointment worth £1,500 a year. I was told that my name appeared among the selected three out of five hundred. And yesterday I just missed the train by a second, when endeavouring to catch the boat express to Southampton. If I hadn't been wearing the Hokus, I'm sure I should have missed it by quite a quarter of an hour, and I had a splendid run for my money. I could give many other instances, but these will show that I have good grounds for believing in the wonderful efficacy of your discovery. Please make any use you like of this testimonial.

Your sincere well-wisher,

SELOMON GULL.



"I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ABOUT AGAIN AFTER YOUR LONG ILLNESS, JAKES."

"THANKEE, MARM, THANKEE! BUT I BE THAT OLD, 'TWARNT 'ARDLY WUTH THE TROUBLE O' GETTIN' WELL."

SIR,—Your luck-bringer is a perfect cinch—in fact it overdoes it some. I have just got engaged to three summer-girls at once, and I guess I'll have to get you to fix things straight. I am mailing the contraption back to you so as you can adjust it right along.

Yours,

EUGENE P. VAN TOZER.

Newport, U.S.A.

Miss AMELIA MIGGS is much obliged for the arfcrown okus you ave sent me. She as at once give notis to the missis and broke orf with her young man. i cannot bemean myself to suchlike and ham now goin to bee a lady.

Yours waiting for the luck

too turn anny minit,

AMELIA MIGGS.

Indian Medical Student (after attending a lecture by a famous Theosophist).
"Sir, you should go to hear him. He is the most eloquent man I ever heard. He spoke for three hours and never thought once."

MR. PUNCH'S COUNTRY RAMBLES.

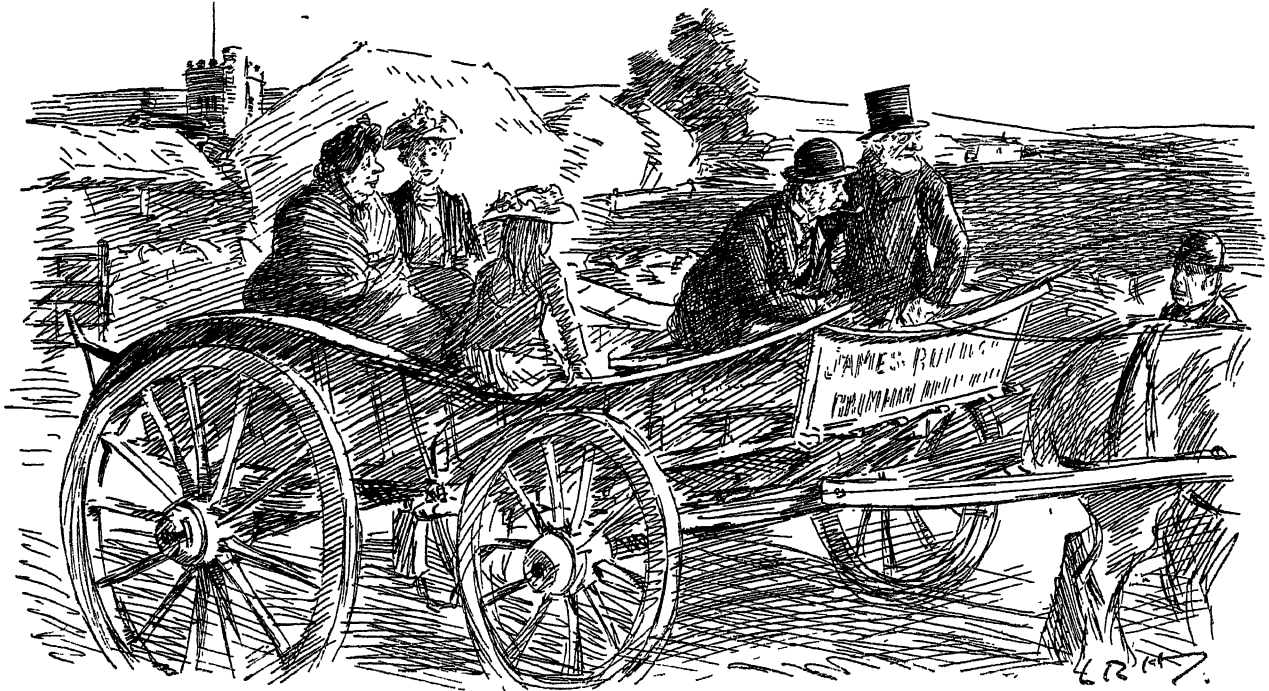
(With acknowledgments to the
"Daily Chronicle.")

A MEMORABLE afternoon may be spent by taking the train to Muggleton, and walking from there by way of Mudford, Sloppington, Stickborough-in-the-Marsh, Drencham St. Swithuns, and Swilling-spout to Poddleton-on-the-Slosh. The whole district is full of memories of the great Honce family (before it migrated into the towns). Quite a number of mute, inglorious MILTONS are buried in Poddleton churchyard, but a few people may still be seen in the market-place on Saturdays.

Route of Ramble.—Alighting at Muggleton Station (too much reliance should not be placed upon the elocution of the local railway porter) leave the refreshment room resolutely on the left (as you will need to keep your intelligence clear), and proceed in a north-north-east-half-northerly direction along a winding lane, until Mudford Beacon appears in the rear. Then turn back

across six meadows and a ploughed field, following alternately the bed of a stream and the right bank of the canal until Sloppington is reached. From there follow the boundary line between the counties of Mudshire and Slopsire as far as Stickborough: from two to seven miles further on (according to the best local computation) lies Drencham, where is a remarkable pump. Leaving this landmark southwest-by-west, veer sharply to the left twice, and pursue a zig-zag course. If, at the twenty-second field, you are not within easy reach of Swilling-spout it will be because you are incapable of following this brief chronicle. From the last-named place the nearest way to Poddleton is through the railway tunnel. It is not public, but persons have sometimes succeeded in getting through. Poddleton is nine miles from a station, but an omnibus walks the distance occasionally, when the horse is not required for funerals or other purposes.

Length of Ramble.—Doubtful. Has only been done in sections.



Passer-by. "WHY, WHEREVER BE GWOIN', JARGE, THIS TOIME O' DAY?"

Jarge. "OH, WE'M A-GOIN' INTO THE TOWN TO ZEE THIS 'ERE COMET AS THEY TELLS ABOUT!"

[Wednesday, October 8.—*Daily Mail* announced that "To-night and to-morrow night PERRINI's comet is expected to be at its best and brightest."]

JOURNALISM À LA MODE.

THE duel between General PERCIN and M. POLLONAI, at Ville d'Avray last week, must surely mark an epoch in journalistic "enterprise." Here is an account of the combat culled from the *Evening News* :—

"The men were anxious to fight out their quarrel without other witnesses than the seconds and the doctors, so they drove out from Paris to M. GAST's villa in two swift automobiles, which, they thought, left all the journalists behind them."

Vain thought! They reckoned without the strategic genius of the modern Pressman. For the report goes on :—

"There is, however, a wall which overlooks the garden of the villa in which the two men fought, and in this wall was perched a reporter of the newspaper '*La Presse*'!"

Happy newspaper *La Presse*! Happy journalist, securely perched upon a neighbouring wall to witness this heroic conflict! It is an exquisite picture—the two elderly gentlemen scudding away from Paris on panting automobiles, the reporters hot-foot after them, and one, out-running his fellows, or perhaps led by some diviner instinct, "perched" on his wall and calmly noting the details of the fray. Was ever combat between fire-eaters rendered more completely, more adorably ludicrous?

But the precedent set by that journalistic strategist on his wall will not be allowed to die. He has set the pace, as it were (like the poor General's automobile), and others must follow. Thus, the following items of news may be expected to figure ere long in the enterprising columns of the same journal which secured a report of the PERCIN duel :—

"Monsieur TEL, the celebrated scientist, died at his house in Passy last night. Every effort had been made to keep his approaching decease strictly private, and the house was guarded by police. One of our reporters, however, contrived

to secrete himself under the bed, and while there was able to note down upon his cuff the last speeches of the dying man. The deceased, who appeared to feel his position acutely, said . . ."

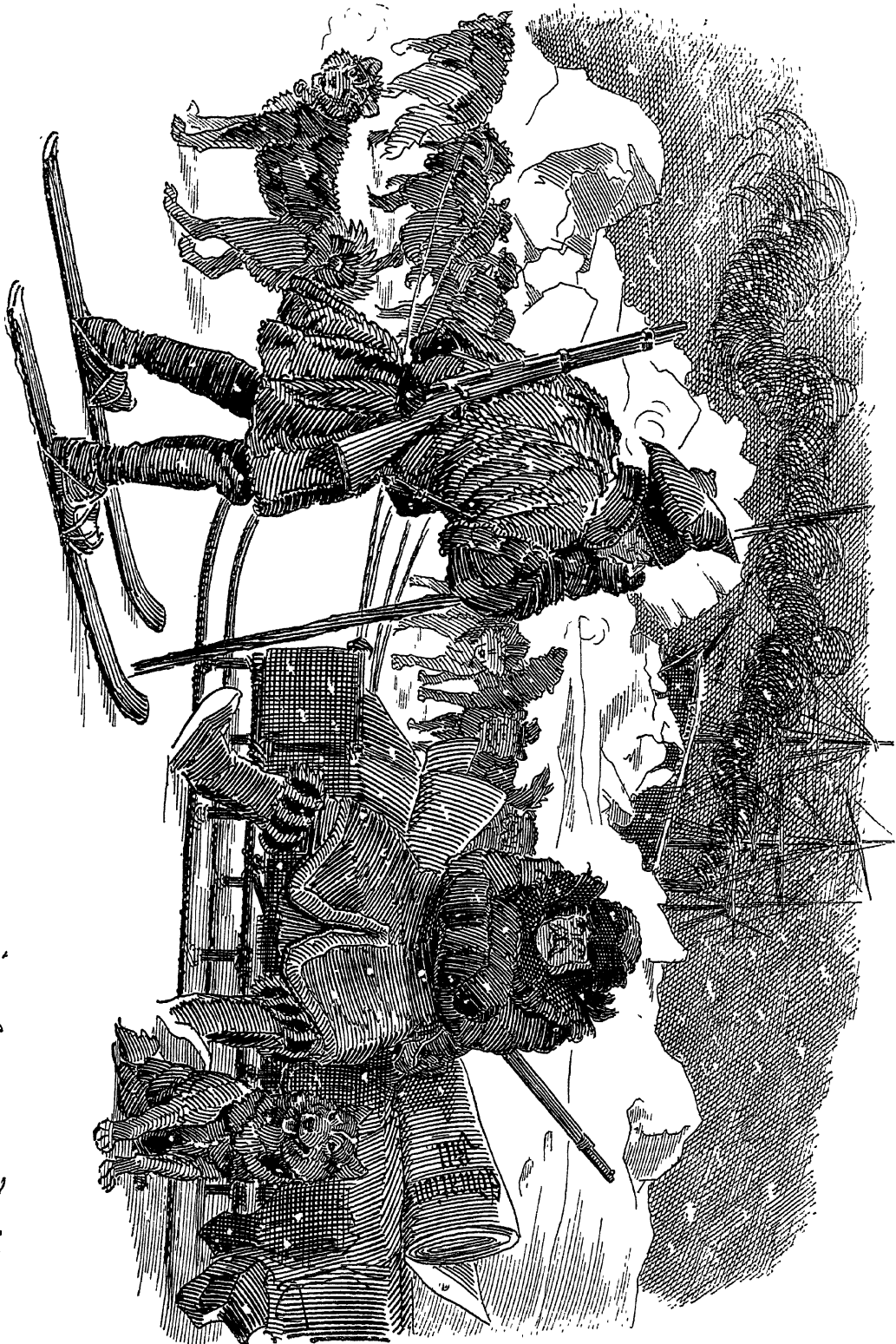
"The marriage of M. BLANC with Mlle. ROSE took place at the residence of the latter's parents yesterday. The wedding was very quiet, owing to the recent death of the bride's uncle, and the Press were not admitted. Our Representative, however, by peeping through the keyhole, was enabled to secure a view of at least a part of the ceremony, and his description is as follows. The bride wore . . ."

"The reconciliation between M. and Madame FANFAN is now understood to be complete. No statement has been issued to the newspapers, but our Representative, by climbing on to the roof of an outhouse which commands a view of their sitting-room, and using an opera-glass, was able to ascertain that the pair are now apparently upon the most friendly terms. . . ."

"The President of the Republic dined quietly with his family and a few friends at the Elysée last evening. It was announced that the occasion was quite private, but a member of our staff, disguised as a gentleman, contrived to figure among the guests, and was able to note down the conversation on the back of the menu. The President said :— . . ."

The circulation of the fortunate journal which is able to command the services of this resourceful staff should attain colossal proportions.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—We understand that Mr. BALFOUR, who, as everybody knows, is a disciple of HOBBS, has employed his truncated holiday in putting the finishing touches to a new work entitled "*Cupidity and the Place-hunters*."



Henry Vernon. 3000.

A FINAL EFFORT.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "DO YOU THINK WE SHALL GET TO THE POLE?"

RIGHT HON. JAMES CHAMBERLAIN. "WELL, SPELL IT 'P.O.L.' AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF WE DID."

RIGHT HON. A. B. (with keen sense of humour). "HA! HA!"

THE SO-SO STORIES.

I.—HOW THE CAMILLE GOT HIS HUMP.

Now this is the tale of how the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE—got his big Hump, which he still has and is likely to keep.

You must understand that the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE—used to live on ink, not nice blue-black dichroic ink like we have at home, but nasty French ink, and he had a 'normous Geyser pen and a 'rific hairless paper pad, and he used to sit down and write 'mendous articles (which is Magic).

And one day he got tired of ink and thought he'd take to water instead—although he might have tried red ink, which is a beautiful medium to write in, being as red as scarlatina and much more wholesome. But this obstinaceous pertinaceous farinaceous (aren't they beautiful long words, Dearly Beloved?) CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE, remark—said he would have water and plenty of it, and so he set out to walk to the Mediterranean Sea.

Now while the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE was walking across France in the direction of the Equator, Dearly Beloved, they caught him and made him a Minister of Marine (which is also Magic), but all he said was "Humph," and he pursued his solitary strategic way towards the Mediterranean Sea.

When he got to the Mediterranean Sea he was so 'scruciating hungry that he insisted on having a Punch—which is a meal some hours later than Lunch, Best Beloved—and while he was there he rose to his feet and exclaimed in a voice of thunder and lightning, "Why shouldn't the Mediterranean Sea, which I observe basking in refulgent prosperity, pacification and dampness all around me, belong entirely to the Land of Frogs and French polishers?"

This is the way that Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLES always talk.

And everybody at the Punch said, "Just so."

But exactly at that moment old Father BULL stomped in.

"What were those words," he asked in a stentorian whisper, "that smote upon my auscultant auriculars?"

This is the way that old Father BULL always talks.

And the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE, you must remember, Dearly Beloved—said it again.

"All right," said old Father BULL, and he thought no more about it, but when the CAMILLE got home he was spanked by his uncle the HANOTAUX, with his hard, hard hand; and he was spanked by his older uncle, the DELCASSÉ, with his harder, harder port-



JOSEPH'S SURFACE UNRUFFLED.

Wilhelmina Harcourt. "‘PRETTY FANNY’S WAY,’ INDEED! I HOPED HE’D LOSE HIS TEMPER! IT’S ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN ME USE A ‘QUALIFYING ADJECTIVE’!"

folio; and he was spanked by his third uncle, the LOUBET, with his hardest, hardest ruler; and although he said he never said it, he went away into "Scurity," which is a very dark place, with the most 'mendous 'normous and 'rific Hump you ever saw, Dearly Beloved.

THE STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY.

[“Lord KITCHENER might be a great general, but he certainly did not understand women.”—*Lady Lecturer at Leith.*]

To what end, asks *Mr. Punch*, more in sorrow than in anger—to what end this brilliant career, these laurels, the gratitude of a nation, if the hero proves after all to be no more than an ordinary man? In the interests of efficiency it must not be allowed that our general officers should fail to understand the fair sex! A thousand times no. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in offering for consideration the following paper, to be passed by all officers superior to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

1. Give a brief account of (a) EVE and the apple, or (b) HELEN and the siege of Troy; describing as shortly as possible the effect of either on the world's history. Draw your own conclusions.

2. To whom was the name GLORIANA given? Mention any contemporary ladies of military instinct to whom this *sobriquet* might be aptly applied.

3. What reasons are there for supposing that a battle-field is specially suited for pic-nics?

4. Explain why, in the event of disagreements between the wives of the Colonel and a Captain, it is advisable for the Captain to exchange, and state the advantages he will gain thereby.

5. What course would you pursue in a half-finished campaign if a lady assured you that your conduct was a series of errors? Would you begin it all again? Give your answer in moderate language.

6. Are you in favour of adding to the training of cadets an authorised course of drawing-room instruction? If so, what form should it take?

7. What military or prophetic significance has the phrase "Monstrous Regiment of Women?" If none, what does it mean?

8. Explain the importance of the postscript, and estimate the relation of a woman's words to her thoughts: (a) when she means to conceal them (b) when she tries to express them.

9. Give the contexts of the following passages, with short critical notes:

"Woman is not undeveloped man,

But diverse . . ."

"Woman is at once the delight and the terror of man."

"To the Ladies, formerly our superiors now our equals!"

THE REMOUNT MAN.

(A War Office Portrait.)

HE wasn't a man of exceptional nous,
 But he gave his whole time to the job;
 He mayn't have been an Admiral Rous,
 But he knew a mule from a cob;
 He never did justice to himself,
 For his duties overtasked him,
 And he frequently missed the actual gist
 Of the questions that we asked him.

He was only the very roundest peg
 Stuck fast in the squarest hole,
 But you mustn't conclude from that, I beg,
 That he wasn't a worthy soul.
 We found him fixed in a fourth-floor flat,
 When the war cloud burst around him,
 He was doing his best, like all the rest,
 So we left him where we found him.

HOW TO GET ON.

NO. I.—PRELIMINARY.

THERE seems to be no doubt about it: Britain is waking up. This condition, of course, like almost all other striking and important events, dates from the moment when Lord ROSEBURY inscribed upon his banner the magic word Efficiency. To be sure, he did not enter into particulars. So much condescension could not reasonably be expected from one who is raised far above the ordinary frailties, jealousies and ambitions of mankind, and who, moreover, has attained that exalted position by a long course of severe work, by an ascetic abstinence from the mere amusements, pleasures and frivolities of men, and by a punctilious devotion of all his energies to the public good. All that such a man can do is to utter something resounding, something that will appeal to the man in the Tube as well as to the man in the street, or the automobile, or on the platform, or even in the home. Then the minor lights come along, the Vice-Presidents of the Liberal League and other orators, and Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, and even Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and (in the intervals between expressing their supreme but affectionate contempt for one another) they—well, you would suppose they'd fill in the outlines, so to speak, of the great man's vast design, tell us all definitely where we fail and why we fall short; why the Germans are beating us in commerce, the French in railways, the Russians in diplomacy, and the Americans in every possible department of human activity. But, Heaven bless you, that's just what the minor lights don't do.

First of all, as is proper enough, they tell us that we are the most magnificent people in the world; that we have done, and are constantly doing, deeds that no other nation could even attempt to imitate; that we are magnanimous beyond belief; that it is impossible to contest either our virtues or our universal supremacy in all those matters that make nations truly great; that foreigners hate us because we are too successful—but that, by the way, there is one point that must be mentioned, one question on which we need to wake up, and that is the great, the paramount, question of Efficiency. That if we do not promptly become efficient we are lost; that other nations are efficient, and have therefore gone ahead of us; that our War Office is both incompetent and a hotbed of favouritism; that our Army can never be what it ought to be until our officers are totally different from what they are; that our Navy is under-manned, under-gunned and under-boilered; that our business men are sunk in sloth; that our public schools

cannot teach; that our elementary education is absurd; that our Cabinet Ministers are mere dilettanti, and that, in short, so miserable is our condition that, unless something immediate is done, we shall plunge into an abyss of ruin from which no amount of tardy wisdom will avail to extricate us. And the audience, which has cheered the first part of this speech with exaltation, applauds the final portion with a proud but gloomy enthusiasm, and goes home to bed with a stern resolve to make all the others efficient, or to die in the attempt.

Next morning, JONES, who has been reading the speech, meets BROWN in the accustomed suburban railway carriage which daily takes them to the City:—

"I see," says BROWN, in the tone of a man announcing the loss of a battle or the collapse of Westminster Abbey, "I see these confounded Americans have done us out of another contract for bridges, and the Germans, curse them, are simply shoving us out of China."

"Of course they are," says JONES; "but what else can you expect? We're not efficient, and I quite agree with Lord What's-his-name that until we are we're bound to go to the dogs."

"True for you," says BROWN. "We've got to wake up."

Thereupon JONES hastens to his office, reads a few letters, gives a few orders, and dashes down by a mid-day train to his favourite golf-links; while BROWN, after a heavy lunch, snores away the afternoon in an armchair in his private room; and both of them return home in the evening complaining of the severity of their labours, and thanking Heaven that they are not as Americans or Germans are.

However, I have said enough to show that, with all this talk of efficiency and waking up and changing our methods and wiping out reproaches that for some reason or other seem to be clinging to us, we may be brought face to face at any moment with almost revolutionary changes in all our departments of life. It will be the object of this series of articles to show men how, even under these altered conditions, they may still attain success in a variety of professions and occupations—in short, how they may become efficient.

HUMANITY AND THE HOOLIGAN.

THOUGH the hobnail of the Hooligan is painting Lambeth red,
 Though his belt is chipping pieces from the law-abiding head,

Though policemen in infirmaries are racked with gastric pain,

He is still alive and kicking,—for the law must be humane.

Now and then by district magistrates he's "bound to keep the peace,"

Or is given a month's hard labour—"for this sort of thing must cease,"—

Though that only gets his muscle up to do the same again,
 We have got the consolation that the law is quite humane.

So the gently nurtured Hooligan still tramples when he can
 On the unprotected stomach of the unoffending man,
 Or bestrews the street with fragments of constabulary brain,
 For it's only to the Hooligan the law is so humane.

Cutting a New Acquaintance.

Major Longi'th' Bow. I met a Brahmin once with "JOHN SMITH, London," carved on his back. You see he was standing motionless in one of those pious trances which nothing is allowed to interrupt. In this state he was found by a cheap-tripper, who took him for a statue and cut his name as usual.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Captain (to Brown, who, owing to illness of one of the team, has been dragged in to play at the last moment). "COLLAR HIM, YOU FOOL!"



"THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT."
THE ONLY ONE WE KNOW.
(With Apologies to Mr. Crossman.)

SHALL FICTION DIE?

In answer to the fears that have been expressed in the *North American Review* on the above question, Mr. Punch proposes from time to time to publish outlines of plots with a view to preventing the threatened decay of this splendid industry.

No. I.—THE NOVEL OF AFFAIRS.

Hero . . . ARTHUR PONSONBY, a handsome young engineer.

Heroine . . . LETTICE QUAYLE, a beautiful and virtuous waitress in the employ of the Aërated Bread Company.

First Villain . . . Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Second Villain . . . Mr. SCHWAB (of the Steel Trust).

Deux ex Machina . . . The Maelstrom.

Mr. PONSONBY, after a lover's quarrel with the fair LETTICE, goes off in a temper to Monte Carlo. There he naturally loses all his money, and is about to blow his brains out when Mr. SCHWAB emerges from behind a convenient olive-tree and bids the young man stop. Then, as agent for Mr. MORGAN, Mr. SCHWAB offers the young engineer £5,000,000 for his services for one year. PONSONBY accepts the offer and swears a

frightful oath to fulfil all Mr. MORGAN's orders for that period. Mr. SCHWAB pays the hero £5 on account and then reveals the awful plot. Mr. MORGAN has been refused a front seat at the Delhi Durbar, and has resolved to ruin England in revenge. He engages PONSONBY to alter the course of the Gulf Stream by erecting a huge barricade off the coast of Florida. Thus the Gulf Stream is to be diverted from the British Isles to Norway, and Great Britain will become a second Iceland. As our hero has pledged his word, in spite of his agony of mind he must carry the work through. However, he discovers an error in Mr. MORGAN's calculations. The Gulf Stream is diverted and the Trust King pays our hero the balance of his little account. But the Gulf Stream is sucked in by the Maelstrom, and emerging from it, runs south, lapping all round the English Coast and converting England into a semi-tropical country. Mr. MORGAN in despair drowns himself in the Maelstrom with a full confession in his right boot. ARTHUR PONSONBY is created a Peer under the title of Baron MAELSTROM, because he has rendered it unnecessary for the British public to wear overcoats in August. He marries the waitress at Westminster Abbey, and Mr. AUSTIN publishes an aërated ode in honour of the occasion. Mr. SCHWAB, when last heard of, is earning a precarious livelihood by pruning the County Council cocoa-nut palms in the Strand.

It is hoped that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS will certainly purchase the dramatic rights in order to secure the "Drowning Millionaire in Maelstrom" scene for Drury Lane.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

WELL, old man. Back again! Had a good time?

Worse luck! Oh, ripping!

Playing well?

Top of my game. Driving like a blooming hurricane. Why, there's a hole there—496½ yards it is—and I drove it in two.

You didn't!

I did, honour bright.

Well, all I can say is you're a bigger—I mean a longer driver than I thought. But—what were you down in?

Let's see. Six, I think it was. Or seven. I forget.

Shocking bad green, though, and I was off my putting. But anyhow, I know I was hole high in two.

H'm!—did you say four hundred, or three?

Four. Four hundred and ninety-six yards. In two.

That's practically five hundred. Any wind?

Not a breath.

Two hundred and fifty yards a shot. Why, that's more than I—more than even EDWARD BLACK—by-the-by, what ball were you using?

Ball? Oh, er, one of those rubber-filled things. Forget which.

Ah! That proves it.

Proves what?

Why, the *Daily Mail*. It's right for once. It said the other day that those Yankee balls don't make any difference except to short drivers. So if it makes all that difference to you—

All what difference?

All that difference. I'm not good at subtraction sums when they run into three figures. But anyhow it proves—

D'you mean to imply that I'm not a long driver?

I don't imply. I know. I simply say that it proves—

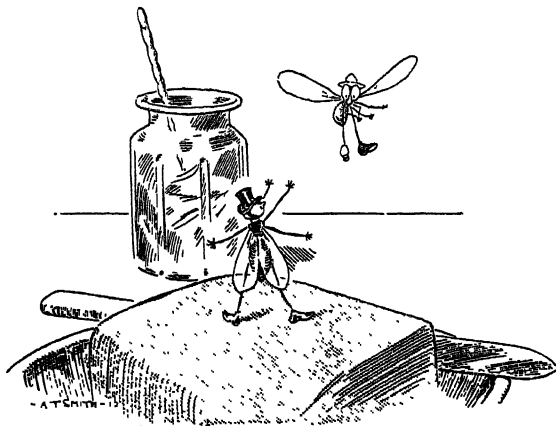
Look here; if you know so much about it, why don't you go in for the *Golf Illustrated* exam.? It's open to all leading amateurs. Of course they have asked for your opinion?

As a matter of fact, no, they haven't.

But—

You don't mean to say so! I thought from the way you talked—

Well, you weren't far wrong. Mind! I don't pretend to be one of them yet. But if *you* can make one of those golf balls bounce two hundred and fifty yards, why, we're all going to be leading amateurs—as long as we can afford 'em.



OVERHEARD AT A MOST ENJOYABLE LUNCH.

Epicurean Fly (indignantly). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR! WIPE YOUR BOOTS BEFORE ALIGHTING ON THE BUTTER. YOU'VE JUST BEEN WALKING IN THE ONION PICKLE!"

BOZIANA.

IN a second article on "Boz and Boulogne" I regretted that DICKENS had not given his Pickwickian heroes a trip on the Continent, and still more heartily regretted that a book entitled *Pickwick Abroad* should ever have been written by one G. W. M. REYNOLDS. "This book," I am informed, "is very rare, but has some value, as solving one of the most disputed of all known jokes. In CALVERLEY's celebrated examination paper on *Pickwick*, Question 12 is 'Anythink for air and exercise,' as the wery old donkey observed ven they roke him up from his death-bed to carry ten gentlemen to Greenwich in a tax-cart.—Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in the 'Pickwick Papers' to have been made by a (previously) dumb animal, with the circumstances under which he made it. This," continues my correspondent, "has quite the Sam Weller flavour (the only one in the book as far as I could see which has), and I have known a dozen or more of people searching *Pickwick* again in despair to find it. CALVERLEY rather unfairly put it in quotation marks, but did not give its source. It was with the greatest joy, therefore, that I accidentally ran into it in REYNOLDS's *Pickwick Abroad*."

My correspondent adds that neither Sir WALTER BESANT nor Professor SKEAT, with whom BESANT was bracketed for the "Calverley Pickwick Prize," knew anything about the source of this quotation. The Hon. W. WARREN VERNON, in some interesting and amusing notes on CALVERLEY's questions, admits that "the Donkey quotation is not to be found in *Pickwick*," and proceeds to give the three instances, therein mentioned, of dumb animals being temporarily gifted with speech. The first is what "the Polar bear said to himself when he was practising skating"; the second records what "the parrot said," etc.; and the third is given by Sam to Mr. Pickwick, when, as an inducement to the latter to see Arabella the bride, with her husband Nathaniel Winkle, he said, "If you know'd who was near, Sir, I rayther think you'd change your note, as the hawk remarked to himself with a cheerful laugh, ven he heard the robin redbreast a-singing round the corner."

Mr. VERNON writes that CALVERLEY's question was probably "invented" by that eccentric humourist "as a trap." It was no invention, but CALVERLEY slyly picked out the one good thing in *Pickwick Abroad* and "somewhat unfairly" used it.

From France I have received an interesting letter à propos of what I may term the villégiature of CHARLES DICKENS at Condette, the little house pointed out to me as his, though it is not mentioned by him in his letters, and, as far as I can judge, only indirectly alluded to. M. HURET LAGACHE, now eighty years of age, for over forty years Maire of the Commune of Condette, and for eleven years President of the Chamber of Commerce at Boulogne, writes, in a private letter, from which I have permission to make this extract:—

"CHARLES DICKENS, le célèbre écrivain, a habité la maison de M. BEAUMONT-MUTUEL"—(this is the "bungalow" that I visited last September near the Château d'Hardelot)—"il y faisait en 1864 son séjour favori et y restait, de temps en temps, une période de 8 jours; il a laissé quelques souvenirs parmi quelques habitants, et vous les trouverez quand vous viendrez y habiter."

Although I had not intended saying anything further at present on this subject, yet, as the short papers of September 17 and October 1 seem to have attracted so much attention in various quarters—judging, that is, by the amount of correspondence to which "Boz and Boulogne" has given rise—I have felt it due to all those interested, to fill up as far as possible the outlines already given with such definite and trustworthy information as has been subsequently communicated to

"A PROGRESSING PILGRIM."



The Norton 1902.

Lady (engaging a Maid). "WAS YOUR LAST MISTRESS SATISFIED WITH YOU?"
Maid. "WELL, MUM, SHE SAID SHE WAS VERY PLEASED WHEN I LEFT!"

TO THE AUTHOR OF "DOLLY GRAY."

I AM bidding you good-bye, Mr. COBB,
And I'll gladly tell you why, Mr. COBB:
I've had more than I can bear
Of that "murmur in the air"
We are "hearing everywhere," Mr. COBB!

Never mind the soldier's feet, Mr. COBB,
And "their uniforms so neat," Mr. COBB!
If we "needed" you to go
"To the front to fight the foe"—
Were you right to be so slow, Mr. COBB?

"Good-bye, DOLLY, I must leave you,"
You have told her day by day,
Adding sadly three lines later
That you can no longer stay!
But your parting's been so lengthy
That the Army's done its job!
Still it's time you started somewhere—
Good-bye, Mr. COBB!

SPLENDOR IN MENSAS.—Last winter we had tennis in tabular form. Why not try tabloid tennis? As the world grows older and simpler it concentrates everything into tabloids. The Indian drug bhang might do as an ingredient in concocting the tennis tabloid. Each player takes two (thus, bhang-bhang), which, when swallowed, produce giddiness, incipient apoplexy, dishevelment, facial distortion, groveling, and all the other outward phenomena of the real thing. The players continue to take the tabloids till cured.

MOTTO FOR THE "D-Y M-L."—"All's well that ends Wells."

KITTY IN BORDERLAND.

I DON'T know how long *Kitty* has been running at the Duke of York's Theatre, with crowds running after her to see her *Marriage*, but, judging by the laughter, the rapturous applause, and the enthusiastic recalls at the end of every act, whereof I was a witness a few nights since, the nuptials of this very clever young lady, as represented to perfection by Miss MARIE TEMPEST, bid fair to be indefinitely prolonged, although, to my astonishment, I saw, in the hall of the theatre, an illuminated notice of another entertainment now in preparation by Mr. CHARLES FROHMANN. Why? Can there be any doubt as to the popularity of *The Marriage of Kitty*? It is a really funny, "frenchy," of course (ahem!) and very ingenious farce, played by such a quartette of thoroughly conscientious comedians as, whether in London or in Paris, where the original was produced, it would be difficult to match in any combination. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is in deadly earnest as *Sir Reginald Belsize, Bart.*; Mr. GILBERT HARE, cool and alert, as *John Travers, Kitty's guardian and solicitor*; Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, most amusing as the hysterical "society" lady *Mme. de Semiano*, and Miss MARIE TEMPEST at her best as the light-hearted, spry *Katherine Silverton*.

Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX, adapter of this somewhat frisky and risky French farce, has done his work well. There are moments in these "rapid acts" when comes a sudden unexpected touch of pathos which saves the merry, unscrupulous heroine from the charge of heartlessness, and not only gives pause for a moment's serious human interest in the midst of improbable farcicality, but redeems the action from the category of ordinary French farces, whose drollery lies in their irresponsible recklessness. Miss TEMPEST is the life and soul of the piece *par excellence*, but for that matter, as a friend at my elbow put it, "Aren't they all 'lives and souls' of the piece?" They are.

Honi soit qui mal y pense, and those who miss seeing this lose a fair chance of a hearty laugh.

THE COMING NATIONAL SPORT.

How fortunate for England, with her "muddled oafs," striving ingloriously at the effeminate game of football, that a new exercise is forcing itself upon us which will call forth the energetic daring of veritable heroes of romance! And for this exercise the sole qualification is to be an ordinary pedestrian in contact with a motor-car. For, granted the presence of but one motor-car, think



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Jones (at 7 A.M.; he has been invited to go cub-hunting at 9.30 A.M.). "HOW FAR IS IT TO DITCHAM, MY MAN?"

Rustic. "BEST PART O' SIX MILE BY THE ROAD, SUR. BUT IF YOU TAKE THE SHORT CUT OWER THAT STILE IT'S NOBBUT FOWER!"

Jones. "ER—THANKS—I'M IN PLENTY OF TIME, I THINK!"

of the countless adventures with which it may provide the pedestrian in the course of a single morning stroll. What feats of strength and agility, what prodigies of valour will he be driven to perform or ever he reach his home in safety!

He may be chased along the road at hurricane speed, and at any moment find it necessary to leap aside, across a ditch or over a hedge. The motor-car may explode at his very feet, bursting into flames, and discharging at him boiling water and oil, passengers and machinery.

With several motor-cars simultaneously at work his experiences may be indefinitely varied, and will prove invaluable

to him hereafter as a soldier on the field of battle.

The equipment of a pedestrian should consist of a helmet and coat of mail to protect him against the missiles mentioned above; a life-belt in case of the tardy discovery of a pond or river the other side of a hedge; and grappling irons for use when a tree or high wall is the only route available.

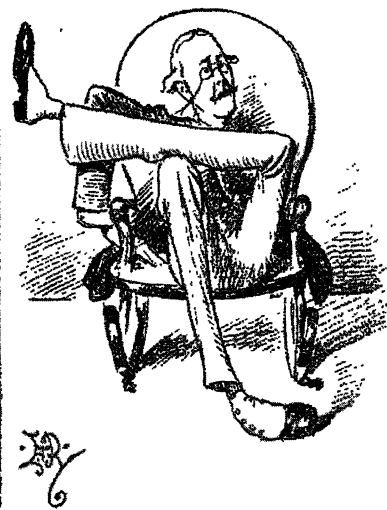
Here, ready to our hands, are the materials for a manly and glorious national sport. It rests with the men of England to avail themselves of its matchless advantages, or basely to shelter behind the police regulations and give the motorist "in charge."

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

VI.—MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

THE very knocker of Mr. BALFOUR's residence in Carlton Terrace proclaims his æsthetic tendencies, being formed from an old Houbraken niblick. As the door flies open we are ushered by several dunie-wassals, clad in the picturesque Whittinghame tartan, through a tapestried vestibule, catching a glimpse as we go of rare prints after MONTE CORVO, FILOMAYOR, and SAN BORNO, and of the set of splendid silver-mounted caddies presented to Mr. BALFOUR by the freeholders of the Bass Rock. As we enter the library—a spacious apartment upholstered in lapis lazuli faience, with a portrait of Mr. GIBSON BOWLES as *Cassandra* over the fireplace—Mr. BALFOUR's sinuous pose as, engaged in not reading the papers, he reclines gracefully in an American rocking-chair, reminds us of the famous statue of *Laocoön*, and an allusion to the resemblance at once places us on a friendly footing.

"Yes," observes Mr. BALFOUR, in reply to our unexpressed query, "my first love was philosophy, but my keenest interest is now centred in psychics, music, golf and automobility," and as he nodded to the window we



"Yes, my first love was philosophy."

could hear Mr. BALFOUR's new 45 H.P. q. f. Napier snorting in its stall. "But the claims of politics are undoubtedly urgent."

Discreetly evading this painful topic we asked the Premier what authors had influenced him most.

"Oh, undoubtedly, HORACE HUTCHINSON, TOM MORRIS, and WAGNER," and here Mr. BALFOUR softly whistled the closing scene of the *Götterdämmerung* with

marvellous accuracy and *verve*. "I suppose you have heard," he added, "of the extremely graceful compliment paid to me by the authorities at St. Andrews? They have actually raised my handicap to ten in recognition of my elevation to the Premiership. Yes," added Mr. BALFOUR, "golf undoubtedly tends to promote the comity of nations. The Grand Duke MICHAEL, as BEN SAYERS observed the other day at North Berwick, is a most enthusiastic player, and I myself recently appeared in a Russian illustrated paper, driving off



"Lord Balfour beim Lawn-Tennis-Spiel."
St. Petersburger Herald.

from the tee with the legend 'Lord BALFOUR at the game of lawn tennis.'"

We congratulated Mr. BALFOUR on this unique distinction. Did he find time, we queried, to keep up his music?

"Ah!" sighed the eminent statesman, "how I regret the old days in which I used to attend the meetings of the Handel Society, and sing thorough bass alongside of HERBERT GLADSTONE. Music is indeed a wondrous moral emollient. I still play the pianola at rare intervals—CHAMBERLAIN admires my touch vastly—but the fact is I am obliged to devote my scanty leisure almost entirely to physical recreation." Here Mr. BALFOUR lifted a gigantic bar-bell, weighing some 250 lbs., from the floor with surprising ease, and held it at arm's length for several seconds before laying it down. "Bartitsu is also a great solace. I no longer feel the slightest dread of SWIFT MCNEILL when I am walking home at night from the House." A yawn from the Premier, perceptible enough although concealed with more attempt at thoroughness than in the House, warned us that our time grew short.

"You will spend the Christmas recess in Scotland?" we asked.

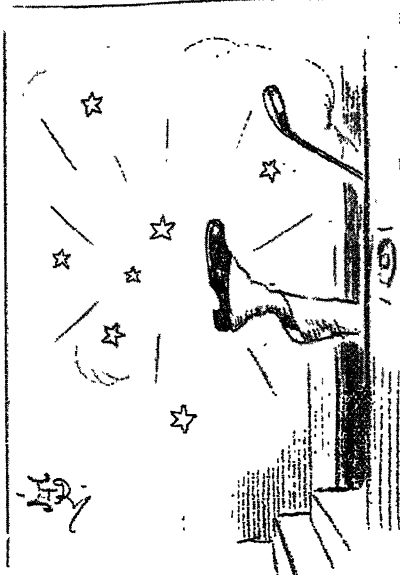
"Ah yes, at home. 'Turn again



Here Mr. Balfour lifted a gigantic bar-bell.

WHITTINGHAME' is what the bells ring for me."

"And the Education Bill——" we began—when Mr. BALFOUR rose to his feet and moved the closure with characteristic ease. There seemed to be no comment on this situation, and we prepared to leave. Mr. BALFOUR, however, who believes in speeding the parting guest,



"And the Education Bill," we began——

accelerated our departure by placing us on a tee in the middle of the hall mat and driving us from the door.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. II.—THE ARMY.

BEFORE we plunge into the subject of this paper it may be well to see if we can acquire some notion, more or less precise, of what the Army really is. On this, as on other points, opinions differ. For instance, my young friend, LOFTUS CARBERRY, who has recently been gazetted to a second lieutenancy in one of the three distinguished and brilliant regiments of our Household Cavalry, looks upon the Army as a repository of steel cuirasses, helmets, long swords, jack-boots, and profuse gold and silver ornaments. He sees himself in imagination mitigating the rigours of life at the Albany or Knightsbridge Barracks or at Windsor, by a strenuous round of dances, dinners, race-meetings, and jaunts on the river Thames. He is, he knows, an inhabitant of a world in which men envy him his radiance, women sigh for his glances, and tradesmen compete for the honour of his custom. In time, say in six or seven years, these delights may pall, and he can then send in his papers and live on the glory of his past and such revenues as may remain to him—but in the meantime the life is satisfying and easy, and of course he likes it. If you question him about some other officer, one of the thousands who do not belong to the Household Brigade, his answer will show that the honest fellow takes but little interest in so humble a creature, being very properly convinced that His Majesty's forces depend for merit, efficiency and distinction on those regiments that immediately guard His Majesty's body—and after all he isn't by any means sure that the Empire couldn't get along very well without the Foot Guards.

Take, on the other hand, Captain WILLIAM MARCHANT, of the Loyal South Blankshire Regiment, now stationed at Aldershot. His interest, too, is bound up with his regiment, but he is hardly so exclusive. He swears by the infantry in general and by his own little lot in particular, but he sees certain advantages in cavalry, and has been known to speak with enthusiasm of sappers and gunners. Still, he is apt to grumble—what hard-working conscientious officer would not?—when he sees staff appointments on active service and other honorific positions awarded to nincompoops like CARBERRY, or even to Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who may have condescended to take up fighting as a temporary amusement, and to grant the lustre of their coronets to the vulgar realities of a campaign.

If you listen to General Sir HERCULES DEMISIZE (I omit the interminable initials that follow his honoured name and indicate his orders) certainly you'll come to the conclusion that though, no doubt, the Army was better in most respects some thirty or forty years ago, there's not the least question that nothing could well improve it now. Who doesn't know old Sir HERCULES, the whitest-haired, the fiercest, the most rakishly top-hatted and the most tightly frock-coated general officer in existence? Things have gone well enough with him—that's certain. His medals (he served at a time when medals and mentions were, perhaps, less common than they are now) attest his fighting capacity. To be sure he lost his head at the now forgotten fight of Blundernaghar, but he kept up his reputation for strong language and personal valour, and eventually won the battle. Now that he has retired, no man is in greater request at public dinners, and it was at one of these that I recently had the privilege of listening to him as he responded on behalf of the Army. Here is a fairly accurate report of his remarks, so far as I could gather them between his clearings of his throat:—

"Hum—brrrm—hum! ought to be very grateful to you, Mr. PRIME WARDEN and gentlemen, brrrm-hum, toast of the Army which, hum, proud to respond. Many things, brrrm, said about Army at present day, but, hum, venture to

affirm the soldiers of His MAJESTY not less worthy of encouragement than they always were, brrrm-hum. Good deal of, hum-hem, nonsense talked about Army. Must march with the times, of course, but, brrrm, make sure first that we're marching with, hum, right times and not with wrong. Make Army larger and spend more money on it, every cause for dissatisfaction, brrrm-hum-hem, disappear. Have got best officers and soldiers in the world, but too few of them. Fit to go anywhere and to do anything. Battle of Waterloo won on playing-fields of Eton. Some compensation for hardships of soldier's life to find, hum-brrrm-hem, work appreciated by so distinguished City Company."

There you have, in brief, the views of General Sir HERCULES.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMORALISATION OF ROBERT.

[Lord ONSLOW has addressed a remonstrance to his fellow-magistrates on the subject of the attitude of the police towards the drivers of motor-cars in the wilds of Surrey. Among other things he contends that "the effect upon the police of constantly acting as spies must be demoralising." The following verses are affectionately inscribed to Colonel L-W-N, of the Surrey Bench.]

Bill Sykes addresses the Earl of Onslow:—

MELUD, yer got 'em on the 'op!
Yer Surrey mites is much to blime,
Lettin' the self-respectin' cop
Go slippin' inter pawths o' shime.

Mind yer, I 'm not agin the beaks,
They goes as strite as they ken see;
They ain't no bloomin' set o' freaks,
But mostly 'uman, sime as me.

My tistes is simple like a bibe's,
I pads the 'ighway, 'eel an' toe,
I loathes yer scorcher's noisy gibes,
I scorns yer giddy lokermo.

But when I 'm on a thinkin' job,
An' wants ter sniff a bit o' breeze,
I 'ites ter see a copper's nob
Bobbin' abaht be'ind the trees.

It 'urts my feelin's as a bloke
What loves the peaceful country wys,
When Niture's charms is mide a cloak
Ter screen a hambush packed with spies.

What's wuss—an' 'ere I blime the beak—
I sees a simple artless rice
Put on ter ply the shidy sneak
And lose their hinnercense an' grice.

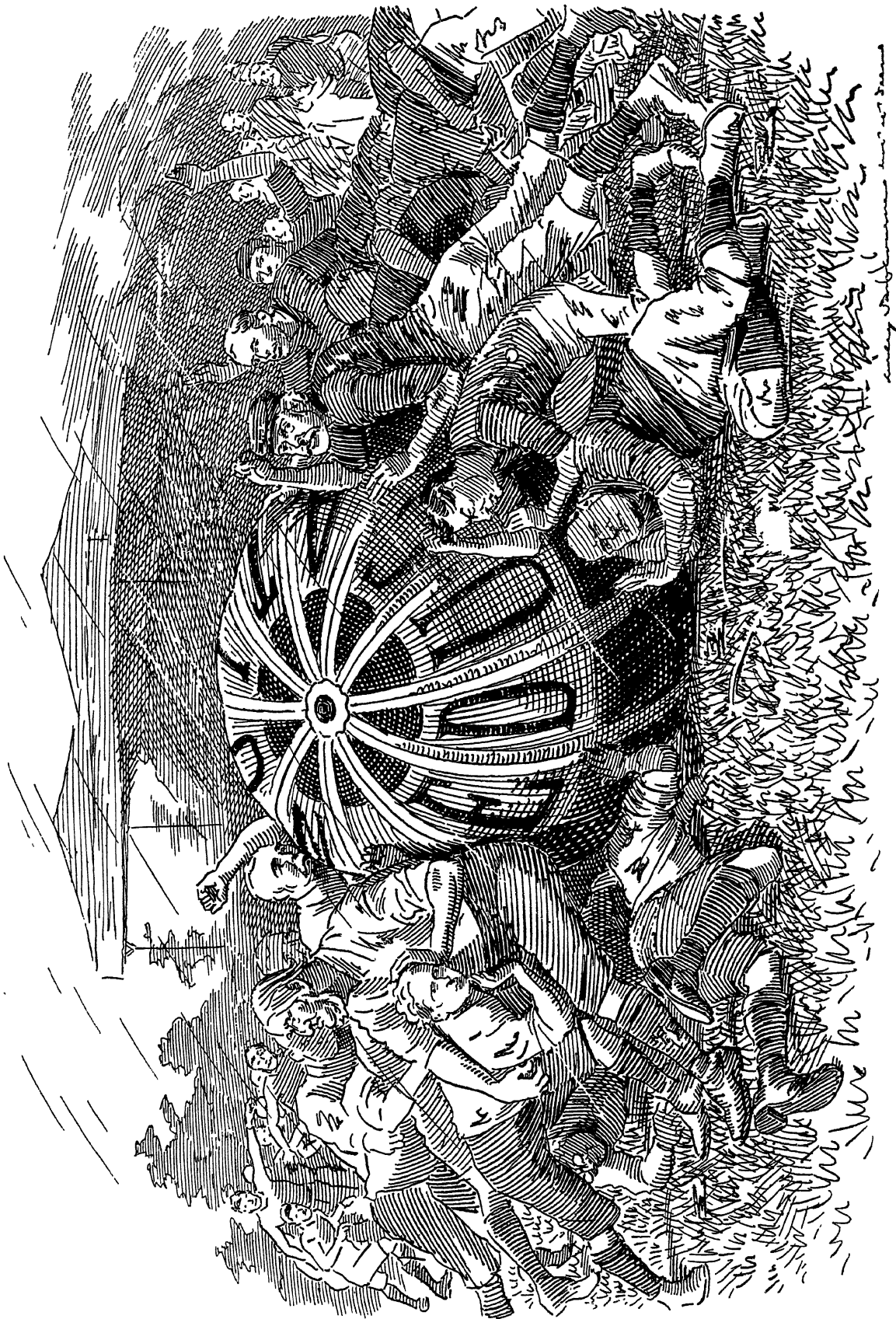
Yer never knows where things 'll stop
When once ver tikes ter low deceit;
Yer starts in life a honest cop,
An' ends with rubbers on yer feet.

Yer gits ter 'ave a crawfty heye
Prahlin' at nights rahnd harear-stairs,
Shiftin' yer slops from dy ter dy
Ter nick a hartist hunawares.

Melud, I sees it clear as glawss;
So, if yer wants ter use my nime,
Tike it, and sive a decent claws
From slippin' dahn the pawths o' shime.

O. S.

JUST AS IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.—Last Friday our KITCHENER was sent off to India in charge of the Cook.



THE PARLIAMENTARY "PUSH-BILL."



CUB HUNTING.

Excited Individual (galloping up to Master). "I've SEEN THE FOX! I've SEEN THE FOX!"
Master. "INDEED! PRETTY CREATURE, ISN'T IT?"

AT THE FOOT OF THE LETTER.

[In his address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on October 14, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN advised his audience to: "Read fewer novels, pore for a briefer time over newspapers, dwell longer and more intimately with the poets."]

"RHYMES are a nuisance," soliloquised the Poet-Laureate, as he sat at work in his study. "There's only 'bedward' to rhyme with EDWARD, and that is no use. 'Whenas His Gracious Majesty King EDWARD, wearied with cares of sovereignty, goes bedward'—rather too prosaic, I'm afraid. Let me see—"

His study door was flung open, a somewhat shabbily-dressed stranger entered unannounced, and seated himself comfortably in the best arm-chair.

"Found you at last!" he said. "ALFRED, old boy, you really ought to hang out a sign, 'Epics finished while you wait. Ode-maker by Royal appoint-

ment.' Had no end of bother to run you down, I assure you!"

"Really," began the Poet-Laureate, "you have the advantage of me. Might I enquire your name and business?"

"Name? Well, for such pals as you and I are bound to be, 'BUBBLES' is enough, I reckon. 'Good old BUBBLES'—that's what they call me at the—well, where I'm best known. Snug little crib this of yours, ALFRED. By the way, any of that Royal sherry on tap? Or a whisky-and-soda will do, if you like—BUBBLES isn't particular, bless you."

Mr. AUSTIN rose from his chair in some indignation. "Will you have the goodness to explain yourself?" he said. "What is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion?"

"Unwarrantable intrusion?" cried BUBBLES, slapping his leg and shouting with laughter; "well, that's rich, that is! Fairly collars the crumpet, that

does—when you asked me here yourself!"

"I asked you!" cried the Poet. "Never—never! Perfect quiet and seclusion are imperatively necessary for such work as mine! I should never dream of asking you here, Mr.—er—BUBBLES! There must be some mistake!"

"You bet there isn't," replied his guest. "I heard you gas at Edinburgh the other day."

"Oh, and you came to thank me for my advice?" Mr. AUSTIN said, somewhat mollified.

"You can put it in that way if you like. I heard your advice, Sir, and I resolved to act upon it. First point, to read fewer novels. I haven't opened one since."

"Excellent!" said Mr. AUSTIN.

"Second point—to pore for a briefer period over newspapers. Ten minutes

with any one of 'em lasts me for a week, I find. Third point—to dwell longer and more intimately with the poets. That's why I'm here; couldn't do better than put in a month or two with you as a start, I thought. My luggage will be up from the station presently."

"I am so sorry that my house happens to be full," said the Laureate. "But there is another poet of whom you may have heard. His name, I believe, is KIRLING. Will you go and dwell intimately with him, please? You are—er—just the kind of man he loves. Let me give you his address."

THE END OF EVOLUTION.

["Mr. T. H. HOLDING, Editor of the *London Tailor*, lecturing on Dress at St. James's Hall, observed, 'We have reached finality so far as the dress of the English gentleman is concerned. The trousers of to-day will not only be the trousers of the next fifty or sixty years, but of the next one hundred million.'—*Daily Mail*, October 16.]

SINCE HERACLEITUS, long ago

His maxim *πάντα ῥεῖ* propounded,

And those who held a *status quo*

To be maintainable, confounded,

Prophet and poet, sage and don—

Wherever speculation ranges—

Unite in ringing changes on

The theme that all creation changes.

Tout lasse, tout passe: you have by rote,

No doubt, the shining lines of SHELLEY;

Or, failing them, can aptly quote

Some parallel from Miss CORELLI.

And all bewail the lot of man

Who by no method of insurance

Can foil the universal ban

That robs achievement of endurance.

"Where once was Troy stand cornfields
now;"

And HOMER from his mute and chill
lips

Sends forth no word to tell us how

He likes the *Odyssey* of PHILLIPS.

Vixere fortes: but they flit;

JOHN BURNS succeeds to CAIUS GRAC-
CHUS,

As ROSEBERRY succeeds to PITT,

And HORACE HUTCHINSON to FLACCUS.

Yet 'mid this maze of shifting sands,

This crude kaleidoscopic welter,

One institution rocklike stands,

One solid structure gives us shelter.

Though asses stamp where JAMSHYD
reigned,

Though needle-guns give place to
Mausers,

Finality has been attained

In one department—that of TROU-
SERS.

O triumph of the tailor's goose,

Destined to last for endless æons,

Though sculptors greet thee with abuse,

We hail thee with ecstatic pæans.



"It is rumoured that at His 'Majesty's, Mr. Hall Caine's play will be followed by another Shakspeare production."—*Daily Paper*.

For man, whom disappointment dogs,

Whose other works demand correction,

Here sets on his immortal togs

The seal of absolute perfection.

(To be continued below.)

"CONTINUATIONS."

[A Variation on the same theme.]

JUST think of this, all ye who wear

The current trouser, and forswear

Kilt, knickers, pants and fancy dresses

With which Man now and then digresses!

The nether-garment you and I

Most generally dignity—

In final form we now may fix it

('Tis Mr. HOLDING's *ipse dixit*!)

He says the trousers of to-day

For fifty years have come to stay,

Nay more, for sundry occult reasons,

They'll last one hundred million seasons!

'Tis almost too good to be true

From the financial point of view

(The pair in which I now am sitting

Are much more shiny than is fitting!)

With no more tailors' bills to—owe,

While countless winters come and go,

Life will be easier, but I tremble

To think what folks will then resemble.

I shan't be here then, but no doubt

My son's heir's heir will walk about

Arrayed in his paternal riches,

This venerable pair of breeches.

Imperishable as they'll be

And bagged with each successive knee,

These tenth-transmitted bifurcations

Will be indeed "continuations!"

THE UNATTAINABLE.

ONE day last week, my wife, dear MARIAN, suddenly said to me:—

"ADOLPHUS, yesterday at the DE SMITHS, I heard some men saying that people with small incomes—under seven hundred a year—were entitled to certain rabbits."

"Rebates, my love," I murmured, endeavouring to read the *Times*.

"Well, what does it mean?"

I tried to explain, but dear MARIAN was not exactly quick at seeing the intricacies of the Income-Tax Act. I told her airily that women did not understand these things, and then she replied rather tartly:—

"Well, do you?"

So like a woman! Did I? Why of course I did. Every man does.

"Oh, then, you can get back our rebate. Now you must do this, ADOLPHUS, and I can have a new winter dress out of the money. I insist!"

So I tried a fall with the Income-Tax Commissioner. Before proceeding any farther, I may remark that it was I who took the fall.

I sought an interview at the Commissioner's office, and explained that as my total income did not exceed six hundred per annum, I desired a rebate.

He smiled in a far-off way, and handed me a blue-lined paper to fill up.

I bit a new quill and started in.

"You had better read the 'Instructions' first," remarked the Commissioner drily.

I nodded, put down my pen, and read:—

"This form is not applicable to any year prior to the year 1898—9."

Then followed:—

"Order No. —."

"A — allowed for — to —."

"State whether you are widow or spinster, and what is your Registered No."

Here I broke off—"Dear Sir," I said in tones of mild expostulation, "I have no registered number. I am neither a cabman nor a convict."

The Commissioner looked severe, and silently waved me to go on, by brandishing his pen.

I went on:

"Where Repayment is not claimed

"Yes," I said, "but it *is*; I do claim repaym—"

"Proceed," he said, inexorably.

"—the form sent with the last order of repayment should be used . . . Application should be made to the Secretary of Inland Revenue (Repayments Branch), Somerset House, for another form—"

"Another form!" I groaned, and

passed a silk handkerchief over my aching brow. Then I nerved myself to fresh effort and read on :

"In making the application the date when the last repayment was obtained should be stated, and the official number of the order." I paused.

"You quite follow?" asked the Commissioner, blandly.

"Ah—oh—perfectly. The simple eloquence of this essay is quite touching," I replied. Then, with a murmured apology to the Commissioner I took my coat off, loosened my collar, and once more settled to work.

"Particulars of Total Income from every source, whether taxed or not. For instructions see back."

I saw back.

"(1) No claim for Repayment of Income Tax can be allowed unless made within three years after the end of the year of assessment to which the claim relates: 10th sec. 23rd Vict. cap. 14."

I could not forbear a look of gentle reproach at the Commissioner.

"I am fond of light literature," I said, "but as to 23rd Vict. cap. 14, well, somehow or other I don't seem to have read this work. Will you kindly enlighten me as to—"

"Read on," came the stern reply.

I accordingly resumed.

"(2) Set forth fully in divisions Nos. 1 and 2 every source of Income. The Income of a married woman living with her husband is deemed to be his Income."

Must endeavour to impress this upon dear MARIAN when I get home.

"Where the Income is from occupation of Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments—"

Here my head began to swim, but to the best of my recollection the ensuing words were:—

"—and money invested, to be treated as separate Income, Interest, Ground Rent, Annuity or other Annual Charge, or whether Male or Female, or if otherwise, state how and which, giving dates and reasons for such answer."

Here I called a halt.

"Sir," I said respectfully, "assuming that I answered all these conundrums right—I merely say *assuming*—are there any other requirements that must be fulfilled before receiving my small rebate?"

He put his finger tips together and replied glibly:—

"You must produce all counterfoils of the dividends you have received during the past three years—"

"All?" I gasped. "Why, I daresay half of them are lost!"

"Yes, all," he replied grimly. "Then we shall require a certificate from your solicitor that he has paid the Tax which has to be deducted from your annuity



Our Amateur Romeo (who has taken a cottage in the country, so as to be able to study without interruption). "ARISE, FAIR SUN, AND KILL THE ENVIOUS MOON—"

Owner of rubicund countenance (popping head over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, ZUR. BE YOU A TALKIN' TO OI, ZUR?"

cheque, a certificate from your bankers that they have paid the Tax on the coupons they have collected, a certificate—"

But I waited for no more. I stood before the Commissioner, a reckless and a desperate man.

"Sir," I said, "perhaps you will, in addition to these modest requisitions, permit me, on my own behalf, to add a certificate of my birth, and a short history of the honourable career of my parents; a certificate of my last re-

vaccination, a recommendation as to my moral worth from the clergyman of my parish, and the written testimony of the village postmaster that I have paid for a dog licence. Life, dear Sir, is altogether too fleeting a thing for the recovery of overpaid Income Tax. May I take this paper away with me? Thank you—it will serve to remind me of many happy hours—or is it days?—spent in your pleasant, if perplexing, company."

And snatching up my coat, I fled from the Presence.

MICKY MURPHY—MILITIAMAN.

[*A propos* of the heated difference which has arisen between the KING's uniform and theatrical etiquette, the *Daily Mail* reports:—"The only time I was asked for a seat in the dress circle," said one manager, "was by a spruce sergeant in the Life Guards. 'Certainly,' I said, 'I have G. 14 left, and you'll be sitting next a Militiaman.' 'Not me,' said the Lifeguardsman, and he walked away."]

Most people call me MICKY; MICHAEL MURPHY is me name, Militiaman's me callin', an' Oi 'm proud, Sorr, ov th' same. Some thinks Oi 'm not a military koind ov lookin' man, "Oi wasn't built for looks," says Oi, "Oi 'm on th' foightin' plan."

They say me clows don't fit me—or else Oi don't fit me clows,

"'Tain't the clows that make th' man," says Oi, "as ivrybody knows."

Chorus.

Private MICHAEL MURPHY, MICKY, Sorr, or MOIKE, It's all th' same to me, bedad, call me phwhat yiz loike. Oi 'm not th' bhoy to take offense about me Christyun name, But don't say that a sowldier's not th' owner ov th' same. Th' medal Oi 'm a-wearin' ov Oi didn't git for fun, Nor yit for dhrinkin' beer all day, nor baskin' in th' sun. Oi got it, Sorr, for bein' a man—as ivrybody knows, So just for pace and quiteness sake, plaise don't insult me clows.

Phwhin they says to me, "MICK MURPHY, are yiz all roight for th' front,

Do yiz feel that yoor a man enough to bear th' battle's brunt,

Will yiz volunteer to go and foight yoor counthry's enemies, Or wud yiz rather shtay at home an' take it at yer ease?"

Did Oi hesitate a moment, Sorr, or falther for reply?

Was it Private MICHAEL MURPHY said he felt afear'd to die?

An' phwhin he shmelt th' battle's shmoke an' heerd th' cannon's roar,

Wus MICKY MURPHY to th' rear or wus he to th' fore?

An' phwhin things wonct wur divlish bad, did MICKY run away,

A-sayin' softly to hisself he 'd foight annuther day?

Or did he fix his bay'net on and make, Sorr, for th' foe?

Oi 'd loike to see th' mane shpalspane that dares to answer, "No!"

An' now Oi think Oi 've finished all Oi wanted for to say, Oi thank ye for th' attintion ye 've bin koind enough to pay, To wan that 's not a crack Hussar, nor yet a shwell Lifeguard,

Wid chist a-shwollen out wid proide an' stuffin' be th' yard! Oi 'm but a poor Militiaman, an' MURPHY is me name,

Me coat mayn't fit, but don't forgit th' medal on th' same!

Chorus.—Private MICHAEL MURPHY, etc.

Our Old Friend, the Gnu.

["The 1st (Royal) Dragoons have brought home for presentation to the KING a curious animal captured in the last drive of the war against DELAREY. It is called wildebeeste, and its body resembles that of a mule with head and horns like a cow, the mane of a horse, and the beard of a goat. When disembarked this morning it attracted much attention."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.]

WE shall expect next to read:—"A curious animal has recently been captured in India and sent to England as a present by an Indian Potentate. It has a ponderous, unwieldy appearance, with heavy rotund legs and massive skin, but its most curious feature is a long active proboscis, which it can use to pick up objects from the ground. It is called "elephant," and on being landed it was followed by a number of small boys and others.

OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY.

J. M. BARRIE's *Quality Street* is a delightful specimen of domestic comedy in four acts, playing from half-past eight till five minutes past eleven. If the long speeches, which are neither in keeping with the character of the play, nor with that of the winsome heroine who has to deliver them, were considerably abbreviated or simply omitted, there would be no doubt whatever about the quality of the remainder after subtraction of the quantity. To quote the words of the old operatic ballad, "As I view these scenes so charming," and behold a crowded house deeply interested in every actor and in every word (excepting the long speeches aforesaid) of this simple, wholesome story of a quiet life in (as I suppose) a garrison town in Somewhereshire, thus dramatically told and artistically acted, it occurs to me to question the need of "problem plays" and sensation, and to answer my own enquiry, made "but for the satisfaction of my thought," with the reflection that the Theatre, as an amusement, is bound to cater for all tastes, and that "CHARLOTTE" going on "cutting bread and butter" would soon become a very monotonous personage.

As *Valentine Brown*, the brisk young gentleman who is something of a country squire, something of a poet, something of a business man, something of a doctor, a little of a private soldier in a—presumably—Hussar regiment, who loses an arm, which—again presumably—he has left at Waterloo, ultimately becoming a highly decorative warrior who has won his commission by his gallantry in the field, and wins his fair bride by the lack of it at home, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is to the manner born, his quiet pathos being well contrasted with his buoyant high spirits. As the conceited young officer *Ensign Blades*, in a hideous uniform, Mr. VANE-TEMPEST distinguishes himself by his assumption of fatuity, and might have stepped out of one of DICKY DOYLE's illustrations to THACKERAY's *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*.

Mr. STANLEY BRETT as *Lieutenant Spicer* has little to do except to resemble as closely as possible, allowing for difference of uniform, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as *Captain Valentine Brown*; and so well does he contrive this that more than one among the audience thought that there was a surprise in store, and that, somehow, *Brown* and *Spicer* were to be mistaken for one another and would come to be muddled up with *Miss Phæbe Throssell* and *Miss Susan Throssell*, who exist only in the person of *Miss Phæbe* as representing two single ladies rolled into one.

Mr. BARRIE is unpardonable for letting us see Mr. SHELTON the *Recruiting Sergeant* (nameless) only once for a few brief minutes in the First Act. Is he the sweetheart of buxom *Patty of the First Act*, merrily played by Miss ROSINA FILIPPI, or is he not? What is he? Why does the gallant but nameless *Sergeant* disappear? Has he been killed in battle, and being nameless in the bill, have the authorities been unable to include him in the official list of killed or wounded? If so, *Patty of the Third Act* should be sad. Has he deserted the Army and his *Patty*? *Patty of the Third Act* should be indignant.

At the end of the piece curiosity concerning the fate of this recruiting Sergeant remains ungratified. Up to the latest moment not a few who know the ways of dramatic authors, and who may remember the "surprise packet" in the last scene of a military play at the Haymarket, will expect to see the nameless Sergeant, having made a name for himself, return, in full uniform, his manly breast covered with medals, with no arms and only one leg, wheeled on in a triumphal bath-chair by *Patty of the Last Act*, henceforth wife of Field Marshal the Duke of BRANDYANDWATERLOO. This neglect of an old soldier is sad: better to have brought *him* in and to have cut out the superfluous speeches. But then it cannot be—



Bobby has just finished a long story, full of terrible adventures with wild animals which he had met and vanquished while out on the common with Nurse the previous afternoon.

Surprised Father (after waiting in consternation for the finish). "Now, you know, BOBBY, THERE IS NOT ONE WORD OF TRUTH IN THAT WHOLE STORY. DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS VERY WRONG TO TELL UNTRUTHS?" Bobby. "YES, DADDY."

Surprised Father. "THEN WHY HAVE YOU JUST TOLD SO MANY?"

Bobby. "I—I ONLY WANTED TO—TO KEEP UP THE CONVERSATION!"

and the Nameless Sergeant remains the hero of a Twenty Line Regiment. The little school boys, with Master GEORGE HERSEE at their head, are capital, as are also the little school girls, and the whole pupil-teaching scene, with the dance and spinet, is delicious.

Miss MARION TERRY's simple *Susan Throssell* is a delightfully perfect piece of comedy. A character that might have been so uninteresting—for in itself it only interests at all through its sweet sympathy—here stands out sharing the honours with the heroine. And, as the heroine, can you find me a sweeter, more pathetic, merrier, sadder, more altogether charming *Phæbe Throssell* than Miss ELLALINE TERRISS? No; not possible. There'll never be another to play this part, double, double toil and trouble as necessity may (and I hope it won't) require. But why, O why does this charming actress allow herself to be overburdened by these BARRIE-tone lengthy speeches, which may be all very well for him to write into a novel, but for which there should be "No admittance, not even with 'business,' in this play? There are certain 'lengths' to which, even for the sake of author BARRIE, MISS ELLALINE should not go, and "these be of them." To all the other ladies concerned in this there is nothing but praise to be given, as also to Mr. Stage-Manager FRANÇOEUR.

A FACER.—When last Thursday evening Mr. O'DONNELL so pugnaciously confronted Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, the Question was whether "the Eyes" or "the Nose" were likely to "have it." Fortunately, neither.

LITERARY "INTELLIGENCE."

It is rumoured that the December Number of the *Lady's Realm* will contain a detailed account of how the Durbar Ceremony was carried out at Delhi next January. The article will be written by a Countess's Cousin.

The statement published by a contemporary that the first sentence of Mr. HENRY JAMES's forthcoming novel is to be serialised in America, and will run for a year in the pages of a popular magazine there, is not wholly correct. The sentence, being somewhat shorter than usual, will appear in six monthly instalments only.

We hear that Messrs. S. R. CROCKETT and IAN MACLAREN have recently completed new novels, and that English translations will be published simultaneously.

Royal and Ancient Records.

THE *Glasgow Evening Times* displayed the following headings on the occasion of His MAJESTY's visit to North Berwick:—

VISIT TO THE GOLF COURSE.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE TOWN.

This, of course, constitutes a new record, the old one standing at about 330 yards.

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Oi 'm not th' bhoy to take offense about me Christyun name,
But don't say that a souldier's not th' owner ov th' same.
Th' medal Oi 'm a-wearin' ov Oi didn't git for fun,
Nor yit for dhrinkin' beer all day, nor baskin' in th' sun.
Oi got it, Sorr, for bein' a man—as ivrybody knows,
So just for pace and quiteness sake, plaise don't insult me clows.

Phwhin they says to me, "MICK MURPHY, are yiz all roight for th' front,

Do yiz feel that yoor a man enough to bear th' battle's brunt,

Will yiz volunteer to go and foight yoor country's enemies,
Or wud yiz rather shtay at home an' take it at yer ease?"

Did Oi hesitate a moment, Sorr, or falther for reply?

Was it Private MICHAEL MURPHY said he felt afear'd to die?
An' phwhin he shmelt th' battle's shmoke an' heerd th' cannon's roar,

Wus MICKY MURPHY to th' rear or wus he to th' fore?

An' phwhin things wonct wur divlish bad, did MICKY run away,

A-sayin' softly to hisself he'd foight annuther day?

Or did he fix his bay'net on and make, Sorr, for th' foe?

Oi'd loike to see th' mane shpalpane that dares to answer,
"No!"

An' now Oi think Oi've finished all Oi wanted for to say,
Oi thank ye for th' attintion ye've bin koinde enough to pay,
To wan that's not a crack Hussar, nor yet a shwell Lifeguard,

Wid chist a-shwollen out wid proide an' stuffin' be th' yard!
Oi'm but a poor Militiaman, an' MURPHY is me name,
Me coat mayn't fit, but don't forgit th' medal on th' same!

Chorus.—Private MICHAEL MURPHY, etc.

Our Old Friend, the Gnu.

[“The 1st (Royal) Dragoons have brought home for presentation to the KING a curious animal captured in the last drive of the war against DELAREY. It is called wildebeeste, and its body resembles that of a mule with head and horns like a cow, the mane of a horse, and the beard of a goat. When disembarked this morning it attracted much attention.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

WE shall expect next to read:—"A curious animal has recently been captured in India and sent to England as a present by an Indian Potentate. It has a ponderous, unwieldy appearance, with heavy rotund legs and massive skin, but its most curious feature is a long active proboscis, which it can use to pick up objects from the ground. It is called "elephant," and on being landed it was followed by a number of small boys and others.

OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY.

J. M. BARRIE'S *Quality Street* is a delightful specimen of domestic comedy in four acts, playing from half-past eight till five minutes past eleven. If the long speeches, which are neither in keeping with the character of the play, nor with that of the winsome heroine who has to deliver them, were considerably abbreviated or simply omitted, there would be no doubt whatever about the quality of the remainder after subtraction of the quantity. To quote the words of the old operatic ballad, "As I view these scenes so charming," and behold a crowded house deeply interested in every actor and in every word (excepting the long speeches aforesaid) of this simple, wholesome story of a quiet life in (as I suppose) a garrison town in Somewhereshire, thus dramatically told and artistically acted, it occurs to me to question the need of "problem plays" and sensation, and to answer my own enquiry, made "but for the satisfaction of my thought," with the reflection that the Theatre, as an amusement, is bound to cater for all tastes, and that "CHARLOTTE" going on "cutting bread and butter" would soon become a very monotonous personage.

As *Valentine Brown*, the brisk young gentleman who is something of a country squire, something of a poet, something of a business man, something of a doctor, a little of a private soldier in a—presumably—Hussar regiment, who loses an arm, which—again presumably—he has left at Waterloo, ultimately becoming a highly decorative warrior who has won his commission by his gallantry in the field, and wins his fair bride by the lack of it at home, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is to the manner born, his quiet pathos being well contrasted with his buoyant high spirits. As the conceited young officer *Ensign Blades*, in a hideous uniform, Mr. VANE-TEMPEST distinguishes himself by his assumption of fatuity, and might have stepped out of one of DICKY DOYLE'S illustrations to THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*.

Mr. STANLEY BRETT as *Lieutenant Spicer* has little to do except to resemble as closely as possible, allowing for difference of uniform, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as *Captain Valentine Brown*; and so well does he contrive this that more than one among the audience thought that there was a surprise in store, and that, somehow, *Brown* and *Spicer* were to be mistaken for one another and would come to be muddled up with *Miss Phæbe Throssell* and *Miss Susan Throssell*, who exist only in the person of *Miss Phæbe* as representing two single ladies rolled into one.

Mr. BARRIE is unpardonable for letting us see Mr. SHELTON the *Recruiting Sergeant* (nameless) only once for a few brief minutes in the First Act. Is he the sweetheart of buxom *Patty of the First Act*, merrily played by Miss ROSINA FILIPPI, or is he not? What is he? Why does the gallant but nameless *Sergeant* disappear? Has he been killed in battle, and being nameless in the bill, have the authorities been unable to include him in the official list of killed or wounded? If so, *Patty of the Third Act* should be sad. Has he deserted the Army and his *Patty*? *Patty of the Third Act* should be indignant.

At the end of the piece curiosity concerning the fate of this recruiting Sergeant remains ungratified. Up to the latest moment not a few who know the ways of dramatic authors, and who may remember the "surprise packet" in the last scene of a military play at the Haymarket, will expect to see the nameless Sergeant, having made a name for himself, return, in full uniform, his manly breast covered with medals, with no arms and only one leg, wheeled on in a triumphal bath-chair by *Patty of the Last Act*, henceforth wife of Field Marshal the Duke of BRANDYANDWATERLOO. This neglect of an old soldier is sad: better to have brought *him* in and to have cut out the superfluous speeches. But then it cannot be—



DAVID WILSON (1902)

Bobby has just finished a long story, full of terrible adventures with wild animals which he had met and vanquished while out on the common with Nurse the previous afternoon.

Surprised Father (after waiting in consternation for the finish). "Now, you know, Bobby, there is not one word of truth in that whole story. Don't you know it is very wrong to tell untruths?" Bobby. "Yes, Daddy."

Surprised Father. "Then why have you just told so many?"

Bobby. "I—I ONLY WANTED TO—TO KEEP UP THE CONVERSATION!"

and the Nameless Sergeant remains the hero of a Twenty Line Regiment. The little school boys, with Master GEORGE HERSEE at their head, are capital, as are also the little school girls, and the whole pupil-teaching scene, with the dance and spinet, is delicious.

Miss MARION TERRY's simple *Susan Throssell* is a delightfully perfect piece of comedy. A character that might have been so uninteresting—for in itself it only interests at all through its sweet sympathy—here stands out sharing the honours with the heroine. And, as the heroine, can you find me a sweeter, more pathetic, merrier, sadder, more altogether charming *Phæbe Throssell* than Miss ELLALINE TERRISS? No; not possible. There'll never be another to play this part, double, double toil and trouble as necessity may (and I hope it won't) require. But why, O why does this charming actress allow herself to be overburdened by these BARRIE-tone lengthy speeches, which may be all very well for him to write into a novel, but for which there should be "No admittance, not even with 'business,' in this play? There are certain "lengths" to which, even for the sake of author BARRIE, Miss ELLALINE should not go, and "these be of them." To all the other ladies concerned in this there is nothing but praise to be given, as also to Mr. Stage-Manager FRANÇOEUR.

A FACER.—When last Thursday evening Mr. O'DONNELL so pugnaciously confronted Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, the Question was whether "the Eyes" or "the Nose" were likely to "have it." Fortunately, neither.

LITERARY "INTELLIGENCE."

It is rumoured that the December Number of the *Lady's Realm* will contain a detailed account of how the Durbar Ceremony was carried out at Delhi next January. The article will be written by a Countess's Cousin.

The statement published by a contemporary that the first sentence of Mr. HENRY JAMES's forthcoming novel is to be serialised in America, and will run for a year in the pages of a popular magazine there, is not wholly correct. The sentence, being somewhat shorter than usual, will appear in six monthly instalments only.

We hear that Messrs. S. R. CROCKETT and IAN MACLAREN have recently completed new novels, and that English translations will be published simultaneously.

Royal and Ancient Records.

The *Glasgow Evening Times* displayed the following headings on the occasion of His MAJESTY's visit to North Berwick:—

VISIT TO THE GOLF COURSE.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE TOWN.

This, of course, constitutes a new record, the old one standing at about 330 yards.



A BLANK DAY.

Host. "I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, BUT I FEEL SO SAVAGE THAT IF AN INFERNAL HEDGEHOG GOT UP I'D LET DRIVE AT IT!"

JAPANEASY SLUMBER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see in a column of "Science Notes" a statement that the Japanese have a method of inducing sleep which has a great reputation in their country. It consists in the application of pressure to the carotid arteries, so as to stop the flow of blood to the brain. I have no doubt that you, as the universal physician, will be familiar with this remedy, but you may have thought it too drastic for habitual employment. If not, may I supply you with one or two similarly infallible cures for other ills to which flesh is heir?

Mumps.—In this distressing complaint there is a marked swelling of the glands of the throat. It can be cured in the following manner. Make a loop in a long cord and place it round the patient's neck in the vicinity of the parts affected. Then pass the free end of the cord over the branch of a tree and pull. No mumps can resist this treatment.

Headache.—The apparatus for curing this is almost equally simple, and no family should be without it. It consists merely of a wooden block, and an axe of convenient size. The patient assumes a prone position, with his head upon the block, and the axe is applied to the back of the neck below the seat of pain—which it removes.

Chilblains.—The remedy for these inflictions is of a homœopathic nature. The toe, or other affected part, is plunged into a freezing mixture until sufficiently frostbitten. If the operation is performed with skill the toe will ultimately drop off, and the chilblain will come with it.

Consumption.—This grave disease demands more stringent treatment. The lungs being rendered partially useless, the remedy consists in a return to the gill-breathing habits of our early aquatic ancestors. The patient should be com-

pletely immersed in water, and kept there until gills make their appearance through the change of habitat, when he will be found to need no further medical attendance.

The Japanese are a progressive race, but I think it my duty to show that in medical science the European is still in advance of them.—Yours obediently, KILBY KEWRING, M.D.

ADVICE GRATIS.

[A correspondent of the *Daily News* suggests that, to prevent desultory reading, each library should have a literary adviser, to indicate the line of reading visitors should prefer.]

CARNEGIE, while our grateful thousands crowd
The libraries your lavish purse endowed,
There lacks one boon to make the gift complete—
A monitor to guide our aimless feet.
Our faulty taste he carefully should note,
And give at once the wholesome antidote.
With MILL's stern logic such a one might foil
The cult of BOOTHBY or of CONAN DOYLE;
CAINE and CORELLI should alike be banned,
And TUPPER once more flourish in the land.
And should a sentimental housemaid crave
Novels whose baneful pages would deprave,
Leaving such culpable requests ignored,
He would supply—say, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.
Or if an urchin, meriting the rod,
Applied for *Snarleyow* or *Sweeney Tod*,
This tactful guide would counteract his wiles
With blameless LUBBOCK, or with SAMUEL SMILES.
So shall we foster in the youthful mind
A love of reading of the noblest kind;
And only to our libraries admit
A chastened public—few, perhaps, but fit.



“THE KING OVER THE WATER.”

[Next Saturday, October 25, the return route of the Royal Procession, after leaving Guildhall, will be by London Bridge to the Surrey side of the river, and by Borough High Street, Borough Road, St. George's Circus, over Westminster Bridge to Buckingham Palace.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.,

House of Commons, Thursday Night.

—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Secretary of State for India, Captain of Deal Castle, this afternoon strolled across Palace Yard all unknowing what fate had in store for him. He was thinking of the coming Durbar, and agreeing with himself that since he could not be at Delhi his King and country would be moderately well represented by his young friend, GEORGE, Lord CURZON. It is the opening day of the Autumn Session, specially summoned to deal with the Education Bill. India will not have a look in, except for the Budget. That afar off. To-day not a cloud of official care skirts the sunlit heights of GEORGE'S happiness.

Four hours later he was sitting on the Treasury Bench in imminent peril, "not knowing," as Mr. FLAVIN said, "what hour might be his next."

The incident arose, as similar ones do in House of Commons, without a note of warning. Irish Members in carefully planned state of unrest. REDMOND *ainé* and JOHN DILLON are on the seas, bound for United States with intent to hand the hat round. Nothing so helpful to them as a flare-up in Commons. As at country fair the opening of the show is heralded, and pennies gathered in, by beat of big drum, so a row on floor of House would give bold advertisement to the eleemosynary mission. Trial made by several hands in varied ways. SWIFT MACNEILL, the accustomed hot potato in his mouth, wrangled with the SPEAKER. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully dressed, attacked the Chief Secretary. REDMOND *cadet* blustered in his noisiest manner. These were old Parliamentary hands. O'DONNELL, a young colt, beat all, including BANAGHER.

After four-hours-and-a-half sufferance of a performance grown tiresome by iteration, PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure. SPEAKER rose to submit question. Irish Members insisted O'DONNELL should be heard. To that end, when he, in defiance of the SPEAKER, proceeded to deliver his speech, they drowned his voice in turbulent roar. O'DONNELL went on shouting, wildly waving his arms. Suddenly, at a bound, he leaped across Gangway and took up position behind Front Bench, frightening at the life out of Dr. FARQUHARSON, thinking at the moment of the mountain he owns in Scotland, forsaken that he might attend Autumn Session and discuss Education Bill. O'DONNELL'S movement obligingly made so that, being at closer quarters, PRINCE ARTHUR might profit by his observations. His compatriots below the Gangway, more than ever insistent that he should be heard, roared the



RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

"Give me Rhussia, Misther Speaker. Give me Rhussia!"

(Mr. D-l-ny.)

louder. PRINCE ARTHUR was standing at Table, his lips moving in inaudible speech. Also the SPEAKER on his legs at the Chair; O'DONNELL meanwhile dancing the hornpipe of Donnybrook in dangerous proximity to FARQUHARSON, who more than ever regretted he had left his mountain home.

Though no whisper of what PREMIER was saying floated above the storm,



"As a native of Uganda, Sir——"

(Mr. Tim H-ly.)

everyone knew he was moving suspension of the Dancing Dervish opposite. At sight of him O'DONNELL'S fury exceeded bounds. Dashing to the left, clear of the benches and of hands put forth to hold him, he leaped down Gangway and sped across floor, making straight for Treasury Bench. Was he going to seize the Mace and, swinging it shoulder high, make a clean sweep of right honourable occupants?

Here became apparent GEORGE HAMILTON'S dilemma. Passing up to the Clerk's chair to hand in his Resolution, PRINCE ARTHUR, instead of returning to his old place, dropped into seat at lower end of bench. This accidentally, in some sense appropriately, left the Captain of Deal Castle on the ramparts, represented by the upper and otherwise unoccupied end of the Treasury Bench. Between him and PRINCE ARTHUR sat three other Ministers. O'DONNELL, making his way between the Table and the Treasury Bench to a position in which he could conveniently shake his fist in the face of the PREMIER, halted just opposite the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

Wilder grew ecstasy in the Irish camp. Louder their roar of insistence that O'DONNELL should be heard. As for that hon. Member, he, waving his arm like a windmill that has taken an overdose of bhang, shrieked what was presumably denunciation of PRINCE ARTHUR and all his works.

Nothing more remarkable than the composure of His Majesty's Ministers in these extra-Parliamentary circumstances. Here was a wild Irishman suddenly projected in their midst, his clenched fists almost brushing the tips of their noses. Possibly there was a gleam in their eye, a stiffening of their right arm, showing they were ready for final emergency. For the rest, they sat impassive, regarding the whole procedure as a usual sort of thing, such, for example, as bringing in a Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR, at whose countenance the clenched fists were more especially directed, with sublime courtesy leaned forward in attitude of closer attention to the hon. gentleman's remarks, an effort made necessary by the uproar of his compatriots, anxious that he should be heard.

This all very well for right hon. gentlemen a little lower down; for the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, with O'DONNELL'S knees actually pressing against him, his breath flaming in his face, contiguity was a trifle close. But the courage of the HAMILTONS was not lacking. It is true there was an almost imperceptible indrawing of the knees, a slight movement aside with polite intention to give the visitant more room for oratorical effort. Otherwise LORD GEORGE

did not flinch, though like FARQUHARSON, now breathing more freely on the other side, he thought fondly of his deserted home of Deal Castle with its moat, its long bridge, and its immunity from Irish Members.

Business done.—Mr. O'DONNELL goes on the rampage and is suspended.

Friday night.—C.B. sits in seat of Leader of Opposition, storm-tossed after Channel passage, but filled with large content. The Liberal Party are once more re-united and own his undivided sway.

"Lo the winter is past, the rain (i.e. the war) is over and gone. The flowers of unbroken brotherhood appear on the earth. The time of the singing of birds (the Autumn Session) is come: and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Here C.B. turned to the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seated on his right hand, gazed with benevolent solicitude on his peaceful countenance, and thought tenderly of his last week's speech at Ebbw Vale. All the same he looked wistfully at HICKS-BEACH's empty place on the Treasury Bench, and mused on the happiness of being able to regard Parliamentary strife from an irresponsible back seat.

"Wasn't it ROSEBERY who said there are two happy epochs in the life of a



THINKING OF HARCOURT.

Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"
(Lord R-s-b-ry.)

statesman, one when he receives the seals of office at the hands of his sovereign, the other, suprema satisfaction, when he returns them? By the way, TOBY, dear boy," he continued, "I have been enjoying myself in the Recess by reading something else than Blue

Books. For one thing read *In Memoriam* over again. Been struck by illustration of the saying that a poet is also a prophet. You remember the verse:—

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
'Does my old friend remember me?'

Written nearly forty years ago, you see its direct bearing upon the politics of to-day. The first line is plainly a reference to ASQUITH's phrase about ploughing the sands. Lee shore was evidently in TENNYSON's mind. Exigencies of metre compelled him to leave out 'shore,' and the printer spelt lee with an a. The reference conveyed by the man ploughing his own furrow and musing on former friendships is too obvious. There leaps to the eye a picture of ROSEBERY resting by his one-horse plough wondering what the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD is thinking of at the moment."

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

THE LOVE-BIRDS.

(A Ministerial Duet to be sung at public dinners and places where they report.)

Joseph.

O ARTHUR, I cannot control

My soul,
When I ponder the virtues that be
In thee,

Which are none the less great
That it's only of late
That the same were discovered by me,
J. C.,

That the same were discovered by me.
In the seats of the mighty you sit,
Like PITT,
And the dignified office endow
Somehow

With a charm and a grace
Which are new to the place—
The greatest of Premiers thou,
I vow—
The greatest of Premiers thou.

Arthur.

Your compliments, JOSEPH, I find
Too kind,

And much they embarrass me, too,
They do,

For believe me, dear JOE,
I most certainly know
That if any deserve them, it's you—
It's true,

That if any deserve them, it's you.
The greatest of statesmen you are,
By far,

Since the Empire began to be run,
Bar none,

I honestly hold
That in you there are rolled
FOX, CANNING, PITT, father and son,
In one,
FOX, CANNING, PITT, father and son.

Together.

O, wiser than serpents are we,
You see,
We've drunk of Pieria's rill
Our fill;

War, peace, education,
The work of the nation
We'll manage with excellent skill—

We will,
We'll manage with excellent skill.
Whatever you say I'll endorse,
Of course;

Alone we will evermore shun
To run,

And the one still approves
What the other one moves,
While the other commends what the one
Has done,

While the other commendeth the one.
So fond and so loving are we!
So much hand-in-gloving, you see!

So billing and cooing
And how-do-you-doing
And winning and wooing
Are we!

THE COMET.

LAST week we started out in glee,
The boys and BERTHA, Aunt and me,
Across the village green to see

The Comet;
Some people really must be blind,
Or only give it half their mind,
It isn't difficult to find—
Far from it.

JACK found one in "The Lady's Chair,"
And BERTHA, with her nose in air,
Descried a couple in "The Bear"—

I backed her.
While Auntie, dazzled by the view,
Stepped in the ditch before she knew,
It took us twenty minutes to
Extract her.

With stars and comets on the brain,
Two figures vanished up the lane,
A better view—of course—to gain,

But whether
It was that Auntie missed her sleep
Or found the lane a trifle steep,
She sulked, because we would not keep
Together.

We found the others looking black,
But though they made a joint attack
Their darts we managed—back to back—

To parry;
They voted finding comets slow,
I found the time too short, I know,
Too short, and much too sweet, and so
Did HARRY.

THE Turin International Exhibition of Decorative Art has awarded special honour to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. This latter body must not be confused with the Boer Generals' Touring Syndicate.

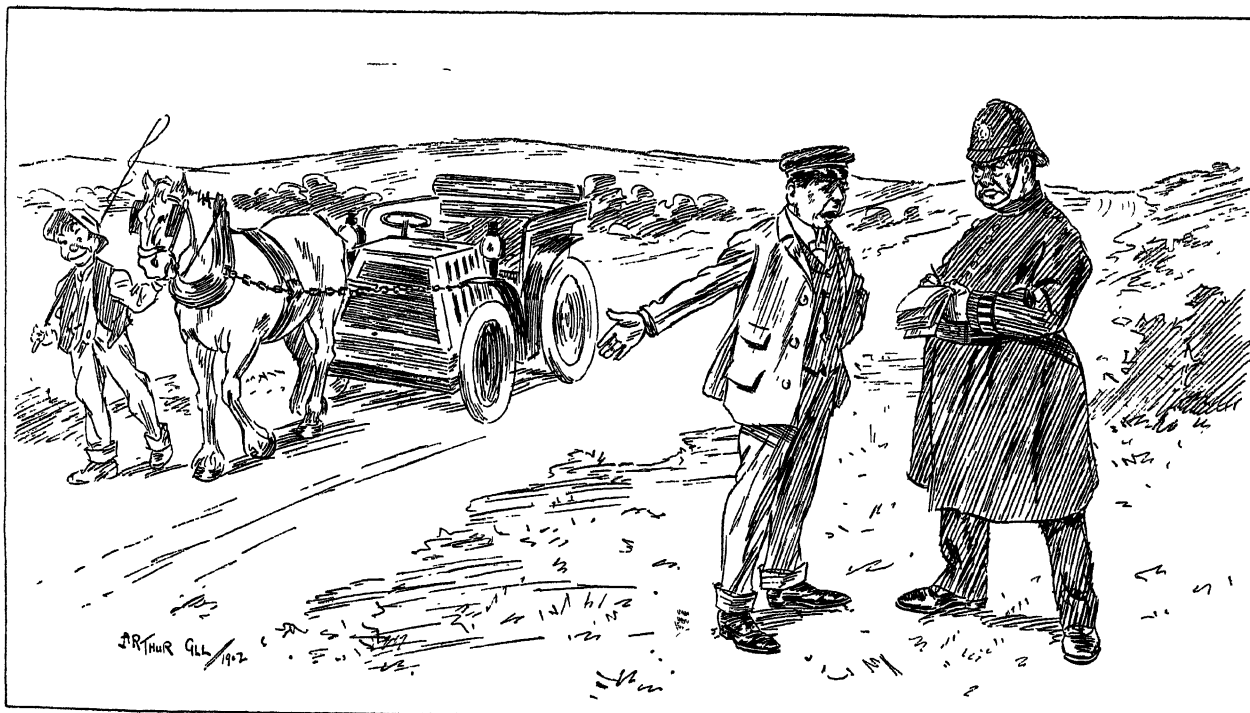
WAITING FOR BIGGER GAME.

A Study of Rural Police Methods.

"W'y, I REMEMBERS THE TIME W'EN I'D 'AVE STOPPED THAT FOR FURIOUS DRIVIN', AN' I RECKON IT'S ONLY GOIN' ABOUT A PALTRY FIFTEEN MILE AN HOUR!"



"AR! NOW THEM CYCLISTS IS PUTTIN' ON A FAIRISH PACE! SUMMAT ABOUT TWENTY MILE AN HOUR, I S'POSE. BUT 'TAINT NO BUSINESS O' MINE. I'M 'ERE TO STOP MOTOR-CAWS. WOT HO!"



"'TAINT NO USE TELLIN' ME YOU'VE BROKE DOWN! STANDS TO REASON A MOTOR-CAW COIN' DOWN 'ILL'S BOUND TO BE GOIN' TOO FAST. SO WE'LL PUT IT DOWN AT ABOUT THIRTY MILE AN HOUR! YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, SIR, HIF YOU PLEASE"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—"If the work of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS offered no better entertainment, it would always be at least an admirable touchstone of criticism. It has become the fashion to take its qualities, good or bad, for granted; actual appreciation of them, with a view to the readjustment of verdicts, is quite rare. Mrs. CRAIGIE has suffered more than most authors from the trick of the *solenne epitheton*. It matters nothing to some of our judges that her latest book, *Love and the Soul Hunters* (FISHER UNWIN) shows a notable advance in humanity; they will still describe it as solely distinguished by a 'hard, glittering brilliancy.' Because she abjures all 'pathetic fallacies,' and refuses to fling the hearts of her people in your face, therefore she must be found to have no feeling. This is the kind of credit that a writer wins for the possession of that most rare gift, a genius for irony—in its right Greek sense of understatement.

With the vivacious wit of her earlier volumes Mrs. CRAIGIE has now combined some of the emotional seriousness of *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange*, but freed from the half-suspicion of artificiality which qualified the charm of those later volumes. Her new characters are artificial only in the way of romantic selection. However capricious in the choice of her types, she here realises the thing imagined. *Prince Paul*, *Felshammer*, *Rachel*, *La Belle Valentine*—not one of these is a character familiar to experience; yet in each case the author justifies herself of her creatures; she makes them always alive and believable. *Felshammer* is a surprising revelation. You think at first that this is to be a second *Melchior* out of BROWNING'S *Colombe's Birthday*, or else, less subtly conceived, the usual loyal henchman of Mr. SETON MERRIMAN'S *The Sowers*. He is nothing of the kind: he is of spontaneous birth, excused from all extraction; the most 'impossible' of men, yet always appealingly probable.

If a fault can be found in the book, it lies in a certain lack of regard for proportion in the analysis of subordinate characters. The past career, for instance, of the rather unessential *Lucie* is detailed with needless prolixity. One might indeed be tempted to say that, while Mrs. CRAIGIE is over-busied in giving its own atmosphere to each of her figures, the larger atmosphere, along with that sense of values by which distances and degrees are established, seems at times to have eluded her. This suggestion of a somewhat dispersed energy may, of course, be consonant with the intention that underlies the title. The *Soul Hunters* are many: the chase is over a wide country; no single dominant figure absorbs attention; and the only Hunter that rides straight is out of the finish. Personally I think that the title is the least happy feature of the novel; for if *Love* is here contrasted with the worldly Hunting of Souls, it is curious that the most unscrupulously professional of all the Hunters wins the love of the best Soul in the book. But this is an inconsiderable blemish, if blemish at all, in a work of astonishing resource and most engaging charm."

Miss BESSIE HATTON has the gift of actually seeing fairies—of course not in the flesh, but in the gossamer. In *Pilgrims of Love* (TREHERNE) she makes them known to us grosser mortals, who find the acquaintance charming. Of

the eight Pilgrimages, my Baronite, essentially earthy, chiefly delights in *Sibyl's*, and *Lemuel's* in search of the sea, which, alack! ended in his being frozen to death on a starlit night on Hampstead Heath. The neglected starveling had been reading the poems of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, a pleasure Miss BESSIE HATTON has evidently shared. He finds in the preface that the poet is dead and buried at Birchington-on-Sea. *Lemuel* resolves to go and find the grave and lay on it a garland for memory and love. The journey of the little waif through the crowded wintry streets, his spending of his last sixpence on a couple of sprays of lilies of the valley, and his finding rest under the stars, is told with touching pathos. *Sibyl's* pilgrimage, which also has human interest in it, is narrated with equal daintiness of touch and poetry of feeling.

It is some time since the Baron read a work of Mr. B. L. FARJEON'S, and therefore *The Mystery of the Royal Mail* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) is as a stranger specially welcome. The Baron may be permitted to advise the sensation-loving reader to curb his impatience concerning the appearance on the scene of the *Royal Mail* itself, as it arrives very late; but better late than never; and the interest that is excited in the first chapter is well sustained up to the very end.

Interesting and amusing to all, but to theatre-goers especially, will be found Mr. JOSEPH HATTON'S first number of a series entitled *Cigarette Papers* (ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co.). In this our Facetious JOSEPHUS pleasantly sketches Sir HENRY IRVING'S career from earliest childhood up to the present time. 'Tis not so much the cigarette papers that are of value, but the good tobacco that is rolled up inside them, of the best Hatton brand. "Cigarette papers," when filled, must end in smoke, that's the pity of the title; and they absolutely require puffing in order that the consumer may enjoy them as the Baron is likely to do. Too late to change their name now. This paper is well illustrated by W.

H. MARGETSON. Perhaps as both Sir HENRY and 'JOHNNIE' TOOLE are so fond of the salubrious Kent Coast resorts, any future number that deals with either of these celebrities may possibly be illustrated not only by MARGETSON but by Ramsgateson and Westgateson. THE B. DE B.-W.

The Editorial We?

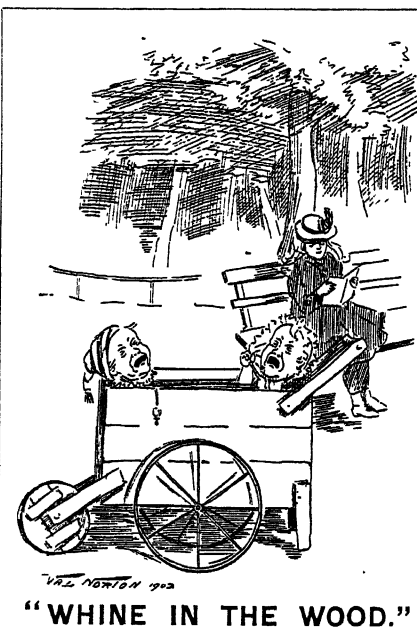
Mr. Punch has been pained to observe the following placard:—

THE FREE LANCE.

ARE WE GOING TO THE DEVIL?

Mr. Punch does not know the answer, but he thinks that such very private heart-searchings should not be made public in this way.

AT THE HIPPODROME.—Before *Phroso* retired from this place of amusement he should have completed his (or its) entertainment by performing on a musical instrument. The "Man-doll" might appropriately have played the Mandoline. In future a more effective costume than evening dress for the Man-Doll would be a uniform with a dol-man.



"WHINE IN THE WOOD."

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

I.—CHANCE AND THE IDLE.

(A study of the manners of the higher classes as revealed in MR. JONES's latest comedy "Chance, the Idol," at Wyndham's.)

ACT I. SCENE—Lady MARY NOBODY'S private sitting room in the Casino Palace Hotel, Monte Carlo. Lady M. is reclining in an easy chair, yawning with the elaborate boredom invariably displayed by the aristocracy on the modern stage. To her enter excitedly Mr. ALAN LEVER-SAGE, her nephew, a youth of five-and-twenty.

Alan (in tragic accents). Lost again!

Lady M. My dear ALAN, what is the matter?

Alan (crossly). Nothing. Nothing. Only I've lost my last sixpence.

Lady M. (languidly). Poor fellow! We really ought to have taken you away from Monte Carlo last week. Only there was the SNOOKSONS' dinner party to-morrow. We couldn't miss that!

Alan. Well, what's to be done?

Lady M. (yawning). I don't know. You must marry Miss KENNETT, I suppose. It's a nuisance for you, of course, but DOUCE KENNETT's a nice girl. (Explanatorily) DOUCE is French for sweet, you know. And she's very well off.

Alan (gloomily). Suppose she refused me?

Lady M. Of course she won't refuse you. What on earth would become of young men in good society if young ladies with money refused to support them? The situation would be intolerable.

Alan. I dare say you're right. But it's rather awkward. The fact is I've already promised to marry someone else.

Lady M. (calmly). Has she any fortune?

Alan. That's the worst of it. She hasn't.

Lady M. Then I don't think we need consider her further. You must propose to DOUCE KENNETT at once.

Alan. Very well, Aunt MARY. But it's hard luck on me. I like the other girl much better. (Servant brings in card on salver.) Good Heavens!

Lady M. (languidly). Who is it?

Alan. The other girl. ELLEN FARNDON.

Lady M. (shocked). How very indecorous of her! Young women without fortunes really ought to stay at home and not turn up at expensive Riviera hotels in this way. (To Servant) Show her up.

[Exit Man, returning at once with ELLEN FARNDON, a young person with an "intense" expression, a vibrating voice which in moments of emotion appears to come through her nose, and a dark dress of unattractive material.

Ellen (advancing impulsively towards him). Oh, ALAN! (Stops short, seeing Lady MARY regarding her fixely through a lorgnette).

Alan (taking hand gingerly). Er—how do you do? Miss FARNDON—Lady MARY NOBODY.

Lady M. (icily). My nephew has just told me of this regrettable entanglement, Miss FARNDON. I think it right to inform you that he has given up all intention of marrying you.

Ellen. But he gave me his word.

Lady M. (haughtily). You may be sure my nephew would not break his word—unless there were something substantial to gain by it. But as you have nothing for him to live upon—

Ellen (eagerly). But I have, I have. I have just had some money left me. I came to him at once.

Lady M. (more kindly). You did quite right, my dear. That of course makes a difference. What is the amount?



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

RETIRING TO A RUSTIC BENCH, WHILE STAYING AT MUDHOLE-BY-THE-SEA, IN ORDER TO SMOKE A QUIET CIGAR IN THE GLOAMING BROWN HAS QUITE A SHOCK, ALSO MRS. B., WHO APPEARS SUDDENLY IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE. [N.B.—Figure-heads are all very well in their proper position.

Ellen. Oh, a great deal—nearly two thousand pounds!

Lady M. (severely). My dear young lady, I am afraid you have a very imperfect acquaintance with the value of money. No one could hope to support my nephew on the interest of two thousand pounds. The idea is preposterous.

Alan (generously). Oh, come, Aunt MARY, two thousand isn't so bad. We couldn't do much with the income of course, but we might get along for a bit on the capital.

Lady M. I could not sanction such an arrangement. As your aunt I regard a capital of ten thousand pounds as essential to your happiness. Twenty would be better. But I might give my consent to ten. Two thousand I consider quite derisory. My nephew owes nearly that already.

Ellen (meekly). It seemed a lot of money. And it would pay his debts.

Lady M. That is true. And I cannot imagine a more suitable use for you to make of your legacy than to pay my nephew's debts with it. But as that course would leave you no means of supporting him afterwards, it could hardly be considered as a preliminary to marriage. Good evening.

[Exit ELLEN dejectedly.

ACT II.—SCENE the same. TIME—the following afternoon.

Lady M. and ALAN discovered lounging over novels.

Lady M. (smothering a yawn). Have you spoken to Miss KENNETT yet?

Alan. Not yet.

Lady M. My dear ALAN, why not?

Alan. Well . . . I did mean to this morning, but somehow I felt a delicacy about it.

Lady M. (indulgently). Foolish boy, this shilly-shallying is unworthy of you. When anyone in our class pays a young lady the compliment of marrying her for her money, he owes it to her to make the proposition with suitable alacrity.

Alan. Very well, Aunt. I'll see about it later. *[Returns to his novel.*
Enter ELLEN FARNDON. She looks flushed and triumphant.

Lady M. Miss FARNDON! This is unseemly. This pursuit of my nephew almost amounts to persecution.

Ellen *(more vibrant than ever)*. I didn't mean to persecute him. But I find I have more money than I thought last night—considerably more. So I came to tell him.

Lady M. *(mollified)*. Ah, that's different. But I trust the increase is something appreciable?

Ellen. I have now eight thousand pounds.

Alan *(impulsively)*. My darling!

Lady M. Really, ALAN! *(To ELLEN.)* That certainly sounds more promising. How was the increase arrived at?

Ellen *(blushing)*. I have been gambling.

Lady M. Naughty child! But how clever of you! To have won six thousand pounds since breakfast is really most praiseworthy. *(Languidly)* Really it is extraordinary what a faculty for money-making the lower classes have! There must be something in blood after all!

Ellen *(eagerly)*. And I may marry ALAN now?

Lady M. *(cautiously)*. Not now. After tea, perhaps—if you can make another two thousand by then. Ten thousand was the figure I named, I think?

Ellen. Won't eight thousand do?

Lady M. *(firmly)*. Ten thousand. Not a penny less. We have marked him down very low as it is. *(Relenting)* You might become engaged on eight thousand if you like.

Alan *(eagerly)*. Oh, yes, I think we might do that.

Ellen *(ecstatically)*. How good you are! *[Embraces him.]*

Alan *(complacently)*. I always try to do the square thing.

Lady M. There, there, that will do, child. Go back to the rooms now. You may return for tea. *[Exit ELLEN.]*

Alan *(in a burst of generous emotion)*. I'm so glad it's to be ELLEN, not Miss KENNETT. I really am quite fond of her.

Lady M. I dare say it's all for the best. But DOUCE KENNETT is the better match. She has a hundred thousand pounds at least.

Alan *(sighing)*. It seems an awful lot of money to give up!

Lady M. And I suppose Miss FARNDON's relations are impossible? But of course you needn't know them.

Alan *(firmly)*. I shan't. *(Both become absorbed in their novels again. Presently re-enter ELLEN, haggard and desperate. She sinks into a chair.)* ELLEN! What has happened?

Ellen *(in her most vibrant tones)*. I have lost—lost everything!

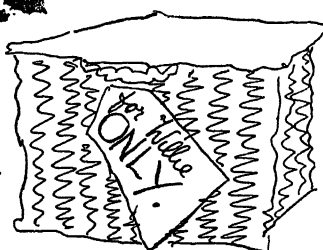


Dear mother

I am putting to tell you that our tomme is a cad cos e ad the last amper all for im self And did int give me a bit of cake but I was cort with a girl from the Achle the other side of the lane and both was etun the Choclets you sent e was caned fort and did cry so so I dont mind mitich the boys here think boys a bit dotty (this means soft) wot goes with girls I am sendin some drowes duni all by myself the boys here thinks Im a genius

Your Lovin Son
Willie

P.S. Please lable next amper for Willie only.



CHAS. FARN.

Lady M. Really, Miss FARNDON, this is inexcusable. Just after becoming engaged to my nephew, too!

Alan *(peevishly)*. How did you manage it?

Ellen *(hopelessly)*. I don't know. I backed red and it turned up black, I suppose. Or I backed black and it turned up red.

Alan *(sympathetically)*. That's what always happens to me.

Lady M. *(sternly)*. And have you nothing left?

Ellen *(tragically)*. Nothing!

Lady M. Wicked girl! This comes of your deplorable indulgence in gambling.

Ellen *(feebly)*. But you didn't mind my gambling so long as I won.

Lady M. Of course not. Roulette, when you always win, is perfectly respectable. It becomes practically a branch of commerce. But to lose money by gambling is vicious.

Ellen *(meekly)*. I didn't mean to lose.

Lady M. Very possibly. But I cannot accept good intentions as a satisfactory substitute for settlements. Of course your engagement to my nephew must now be considered at an end.

Ellen *(beseechingly)*. ALAN! You don't think that?

Alan *(lamely)*. Well . . . er . . . I don't see what else we can do. Of course I want to do the square thing. But a fellow must have something to live upon.

Ellen *(diffidently)*. Couldn't you get some work?

Lady M. *(with disgust)*. Work! my dear girl! *(Impressively)* WE NEVER WORK!

Alan *(more kindly)*. My aunt means that people in our position in society are not expected to earn their living. It isn't done.

Ellen. But I didn't know you had any particular position. LEVERSAJE isn't an aristocratic name.

Alan *(shocked)*. But the NOBODYS! Everyone has heard of the Slopshire NOBODYS! And Lady MARY is my aunt.

Ellen. But I don't want to marry your aunt.

Alan. No, no, my dear ELLEN, it's quite impossible. I belong to the Idle Classes. For me work is out of the question. You must go back to your father and I must marry someone else.

(Curtain.)

CHARIVARIA.

THE Boer Generals have returned from their collecting tour. The British contribution of three millions still heads the list.

It is announced that the Royal Yacht is to be fitted with telescopic masts. Will the work be undertaken by the same firm that makes our patent collapsible torpedo-boat destroyers?

In view of the decision that *The Eternal City*, at His Majesty's, is to be followed by a play of SHAKESPEARE's, "An Admirer of HALL CAINE" (said to be Mr. HALL CAINE himself) writes to say that SHAKESPEARE's play would have had a better chance if it had preceded Mr. CAINE's play.

A prisoner has found a way of getting even with the Bench. At Maidstone last week a sailor, before being sentenced to three years' penal servitude for burglary, made a forty-five minutes' speech in his own defence.

County Court Judges are insisting on solicitors wearing gowns, and now comes the announcement that six leading members of the profession will shortly give a skirt dance at a concert to be held in aid of a legal charity.

As November 9 falls this year on a Sunday, it has been suggested that the Lord Mayor's Show might appropriately be held on November 5 instead.

A new rule in Ping-Pong has been promulgated. It concerns the service, which many had declared was going to the dogs. England, Wales and Scotland, as a whole, are in favour of the new rule, but there is some anxiety as to what the attitude of Ireland and the Colonies will be.

The British Government has received a politely-worded communication from the Russian Government proposing that direct relations of a non-political character may be established between Russia and Afghanistan "with regard to frontier matters." In a politely-worded reply the British Government is enquiring whether "frontier matters" will include the shifting of the frontier of Russia-in-Asia from one side of Afghanistan to the other.

Mr. CORSER, of Worship Street, has been ordering the destruction of pirated songs. As between Corsairs, this hardly shows a proper *esprit de corps*.



Son of Shooting Tenant (whose coverts have just been drawn blank). "I SAY, MISTER HUNTS-MAN, IF YOU WANT TO FIND A CUB, I THINK WE HAD BETTER GO TO THE HEAD-KEEPER'S COTTAGE; I HEARD HIM TELL DAD THAT HE HAD DUG THEM ALL OUT OF THEIR HOLES. I SUPPOSE HE IS KEEPING THEM AS PETS, YOU KNOW!"

A British force in Somaliland has discovered that though the Mad Mullah may not be responsible for his actions, yet he fights them well.

And the Mad Mullah is said to have nicknamed our Foreign Minister the Mad Muddlah.

People are still asking why the operations in Somaliland were under the direction of the Foreign Minister. Why not? The matter was foreign to him.

Meanwhile, Viscount CRANBORNE has assured us that reinforcements are on the way, and when these have met with a reverse, through inadequate numbers, arrangements will be made for further reinforcements.

The rumour that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is dramatising the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is unconfirmed. It is probable, however, that a ballet, founded on some of the leading incidents of section *Bosk-Bunkum*, will be presented at one of the Music Halls.

A distinguished journalist has informed the public that he invariably jots down ideas—to be subsequently worked up into articles—at the moment of their occurrence. In illustration of the good results of this practice he states that an idea, which was afterwards worth five guineas, once came to him when he was washing his hands. Fired by this example, several journalists have made arrangements for taking a complete bath.

A FRACTIOUS PARTY.

[On Wednesday night the Prime Minister, in declining to give the Irish a day unless a motion should be put down under the official auspices of the Opposition, alluded to the Irish Members as a "section" of the Liberal Party. Interrupted by a protest, he substituted the word "fraction," an elementary term in arithmetic. This was regarded by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR as the language of insult. An attempt is here made to reproduce this gentleman's attitude of mind.]

SIR, there are words that leave behind
A singularly nauseous flavour;
Like caviare, in the general mind
They yield a salt and bitter savour;
Whether conveyed in heartless jest
Or in the nervous heat of action,
They tend to sear the victim's breast—
And such is "fraction."

Viewed by itself the word is void
Of all that might offend the feelings;
It is, in fact, a term employed
Largely in calculative dealings;
But in its context, as applied
To Ireland—I could mention cases
Where men, for lesser cause, have died,
Shot in their traces.

Strange force may lurk in trivial terms;
Take *cochon* (pig)—a harmless title,
At which your Frenchman frankly squirms,
Deeming its sense profoundly vital;
Old friends again have gone their ways,
And ties been rent of man and brother,
Through such a simple-sounding phrase
As "You 're another!"

Now, what, Sir, did the Premier do?
In seeming innocence of heart he
Was pleased to call our patriot crew
A "section" of the Liberal Party!
Is that a name with which to seal
A race that flouts the so-called Lion;
Leaders of Men, like SWIFT MACNEILL
Or BILL O'BRIEN?

We come of blood uniquely Celt,
A self-contained and single nation,
So recognised by ROOSEVELT
(When he declined our invitation);
We are the orb, the perfect thing;
The rest are "sections"; we enlist 'em
To serve as satellites and swing
Around our system.

"Section" forsooth! He chose the term,
No doubt by way of vile derision,
As used for bits of frog or worm
Demanding microscopic vision!
Then in the lexicon of shame
He found new filth for our detraction,
And from a "section" we became
A vulgar "fraction."

Now, MR. SPEAKER, let me say
How we, the types of cool decorum,
We love—none better—to obey
The rules that guide this noble forum;
But there are words that wound too much
And will not brook supine inaction;
And "section," Sir, is one of such,
And so is "fraction."

O. S.

A KISS AND A BLOW.

If an American Minister's dictum be true that "a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything," then, one of these days, or nights, MR. FRANK STAYTON, author of *Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss*, ought to make a name as a playwright, or better, as a dramatist; and the other FRANK, MR. FRANK CURZON, who, being lessee and manager of the Avenue, is the party responsible for the selection of this play, will also hit upon some work of dramatic talent or genius that will take the town by storm and atone for this "Kiss and nothing more."

From "other lips" belonging to comedians less clever than MISS ANNIE HUGHES, FLORENCE ST. JOHN, ELLIS JEFFREYS, NANCY CLIVE, aided by Messrs. FRANK MILLS, SCOTT-BUIST, G. BERNAGE, and SOTHERN, the somewhat commonplace dialogue would probably not have commanded the attention respectfully accorded to it by an audience conscious of the author having given to four acts what could have been effectively told in one.

Nil desperandum, MR. STAYTON, and, as *Cardinal Richelieu* hath it, "There's no such word as fail!" "No," quoth MR. F. CURZON aside, "there's no such word; there's the thing!"

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

[An American scientist has come to the conclusion that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose their beauty.]

O PHYLLIS, once no task to me was sweeter
Than, grasping my enthusiastic quill,
To hymn your charms; erratic though the metre,
It gained in fervour what it lacked in skill.
But now, alas, those charms are like to vanish.
Without preamble duty bids me speak.
The rumour runs that you are learning Spanish,
And also—simultaneously—Greek.

Those eyes, to which I loved to dash off stanzas,
No longer gaze, as erstwhile, into mine;
They're fixed on *Quixote's* deeds, or *Sancho Panza's*,
Or rest upon some *Æschylean* line.
Or, as you spell *THUCYDIDES* his speeches,
Your face assumes a look of care and pain.
O PHYLLIS, heed the moral that it teaches,
And cease to run the risk of growing plain.

Shun, I implore, the vampire Education.
Be guided by my excellent advice.
You owe a solemn duty to the nation—
Simply to give your mind to looking nice.
Learning may be acquired, but beauty never;
Dry books, believe me, were not meant for you.
Be fair, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
If brains are wanted, I've enough for two.

"The Donation of Constantine-Morley."

MR. JOHN MORLEY (presenting the late Lord ACTON's collection to His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Chancellor of Cambridge, for the University Library). I deliver this as my Acton deed. (Gratefully to the Duke) "For this relief much thanks."

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire (graciously). For the present (thanks) you may consider the matter shelved.

[Exchange courtesies, and exeunt severally.]

NEW NAME FOR A POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER.—MR. MANX BEERBOHM.



A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Russian Bear still in Manchuria). "I SAID I'D GO, AND—HERE I AM!"

THE SO-SO STORIES.

II.—HOW THE CAMPBELL JOINED THE BANNERMAN.



N the middle of the High Old Times, Dearly Beloved, there was a bright and bumptious flag-wagging Dingo-Jingo called the BANNERMAN, who lived on the right bank of the Hyphen River and fed on khaki, krumpets, kordite, and everything that began with a K. And he had a neighbour, a canny, clump-soled Ikki Tikki Inglandas named CAMPBELL, who lived on the wrong bank of the River Hyphen, Dearly Beloved, eating shamrocks and leeks and other green and gollopshous things washed down by streams of fact.

Now there was also, Dearly Beloved, a large and unwieldy monster called the

Tory-Lory, with a huge majority and an unruly tail, which ate up everything it could stick its teeth in. When it could not catch Boers and Bulls and sich, it was reduced to eating PERKS and PRIMROSES, and when it could not catch them its Mummy told it to eat Ikki Tikki Inglandas. And this brings us to the story, Dearly Beloved.

One day the Tory Lory was more than usually hungry and appetitional, so he went out to see what he could find to fill his vacuous and voluminous interior withal, and opening his left eye (like this, Dearly Beloved), he caught sight of CAMPBELL on one bank of the River Hyphen and BANNERMAN on the other. Then the Tory Lory stroked his capacious waistcoat and 'smacked his lips and approached his unconscious and deglutitious quarry simultaneously on both sides of the river at once.

Now up to that time, Dearly Beloved, the CAMPBELL and the BANNERMAN were not good friends at all, and they used to call each other most 'fensive and 'probrious names across the salt and



Campbell and Bannerman in their trim and tumfy tabernacle.

succulent surface of the River Hyphen. The Dingo Jingo used to call the Ikki Tikki Inglandas a Double Dyed Dopper, and the Ikki Tikki Inglandas used to retort by calling BANNERMAN a Union Jackass, which was very wrong, Dearly Beloved. But when they saw the Tory Lory approaching with a voracious expression on his benign but beefy countenance, they both spontaneously sprang into the river, uttering loud cries of apathetic indignation.

Now, just at this moment, when they were both simultaneously sinking for the third time, Old Man SMOOTHER was paddling along in his light green Westminster canoe, with a 'digious twopenny tube of Seccotine, and he leaned out on one side and pulled in CAMPBELL, and he leaned out on the other and pulled in BANNERMAN, and he unscrewed the 'digious tube of Seccotine and stuck them firmly together. And when he saw what Old Man SMOOTHER had done, the Tory Lory moved off into pastures new, because, although his genial gastric juices could manage CAMPBELL or cope with BANNERMAN one at a time, the two together were too much for him. And now CAMPBELL and BANNERMAN live happily together in a trim and tumfy tabernacle in the shadow of the Caucus tree.

I've never been to Chesterfield,
Nor yet to Primrose Hill;
But the CAMPBELL and the BANNERMAN
Can go there when they will.
Yes, week-endly from Waterloo
Great Pullmans, black and gold,



Bannerman and Campbell, with the Tory Lory coming on both sides of the river.

Go rolling to the Durdans
With their imperial burdens
(Roll down, roll down to Durdans).
O, I'd like to see the Durdans
Some day before I'm old.

I've never seen a Muggywump,
Nor yet a Boerophil
Ophilling up a Cabinet,
And I'spose I never will,
Unless I join a trio
And come out of the cold,—
A Tabernacle Trio
(*Maestoso ma con brio*)
PRIMROSE and PERKS and me, O!
O, I'd love to see that trio
Some day before I'm old.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. II.—THE ARMY.

(Concluded.)

LAST week I tried to show you what certain people, whose views I set out, really intended when they spoke of the Army. I should not do justice to my subject if I failed to refer to what was said by an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. As you know, he sent a shudder of alarm through the country by denouncing outside influence and favouritism as the twin banes of the War Office and the Army. Nobody is quite sure what he meant, and, like a wise man, he proposes to choose his own time and place for making further explanations. But in the meantime various opinions are put forward. One observer imagined a War Office and an Army controlled by the monstrous regiment of women. Pall Mall and the House of Commons were pictured as entirely subservient to petticoats, withholding promotions until they were countersigned by the plump and jewelled hand of a charmer, pushing incompetence steadily along when it happened to shine with the reflected light of a woman's eyes, and depressing honest merit because it happened to know nothing of elbow-gloves and lovers' glances. It was a lurid description, and we may be permitted to hope that things are not really so bad as all that. Still, if a certain experience of human nature teaches one anything it is this,—that the support and encouragement of women are not to be neglected even by the sternest soldier. Don't we all know, for instance, of at least one Colonel of a regiment—some of us know more—who, in spite of the ferocity of his moustache and the gruffness of his voice, is entirely dominated by his wife? Any officer who fetches and carries for her, who attends her parties with regularity, and helps her little plans, and generally shows himself to be both serviceable and agreeable—well, what-

ever else may happen to him, it's quite certain he'll never be noted with a bad mark in any private report the Colonel may have to make. And there are others.

There is that magnificent old martinet, General FURBELOE. He's six feet four in his stockinged feet, and there's a wild red scar right across his aggressive face. He was the best athlete, the hardest rider (when he could find a horse to carry him), and the wildest liver of the whole Army in his young days. Now he's a mere puppet in the hands of Lady FURBELOE. She selects his staff, sees to it that his name is kept constantly before the public, writes all the telling parts in his speeches, and keeps him hard at the work of worrying the War Office. She's a good friend to her friends—but Heaven help the unfortunate officer who falls under her capricious censure. She pursues him with a deadly malignity that leaves him no rest, and wherever she can put her private bar across his avenues of promotion you may be sure that she will execute the job with particular neatness and despatch.

The obvious moral is this:—If you come within the General's military scope, get into good terms with the lady. And why not—after all? She's not a bad sort, if you know how to take her.

Ought soldiers to be bookworms? Ought they to bother their heads with JOMINI and HAMLEY and the rest—or ought they simply, the mass of them, that is to say, to keep on in their old light-hearted, sporting, polo-playing way? The pundits, of course, are all for the books, but I'm not so sure. What is the use, after all, of the pundits and the public talking big about reforming the army and making it neces-

sary for an officer to devote his time strictly to his professional work, sparing such leisure as he can for the study of military literature—what, I ask, is the use of all this chaos and welter of talk unless you can change the nature of the British public itself? The British public doesn't love devotion to work; it detests studying books—and you can't expect that your British officer is going to be so much better than the public from which he springs. All this chatter about reform, whether of the War Office or the Army, will end, as all such chatter has always ended, in nothing. The War Office, preposterous and absurd as it is, will never be altered. It will continue to muddle and waste and blunder, and the abused British officer will have to march and fight and get us all out of scrapes in spite of the dead weight of the ridiculous institution which manages and controls him. Until you've altered the War Office, abolished it root and branch, you may as well leave the British officer alone. For he's brave, he can fight, and he's perfectly ready to die. That's not everything, possibly—but I can't help thinking it ought to count.

On the whole, then, you had better try to get on in the Army by moving along the old lines. And it's quite probable that when you reach the patriarchal age of forty you'll find yourself out of the Army and unfitted for any other profession.

The New Belt Case.

Our democratic age moves fast,
The masses all along the line are winning;
The rule of belted earls is past,
The rule of belted hooligans beginning.



SUGGESTED HELMET FOR ARMY MOTORISTS.

THE NEW HELMET AS ORDINARILY WORN.

THE SAME, AS WORN ON MOTOR DUTY.

Directions:—Simply unhook the lower portion of the Helmet; thereby extending the collapsible weather- and dust-proof mask. Admirable also as a disguise.

TO ANTHONY HOPE.

(By a Susceptible Reviewer.)

GOOD ANTHONY (I need not say
We always pardon your "intrusions"),
I've read your book, and wish to lay
Before you some of my conclusions.
Where other heroines are concerned
I pay my homage quite discreetly,
But charming *Peggy Ryle* has turned
My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attractions to indite
Is not the purpose of these stanzas;
Enough that, if her purse was light,
Her face and heart were both Bonanzas.
Enough to hazard the surmise—
Most cheering in this vale of trouble—
That somewhere under English skies
Peggy must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,
Professed a creed remote from TUPPER'S,
And oft unchaperoned would sit
At very late Bohemian suppers.
But she was innocent of guile,
She softened hearts, however stony;
She helped the lame dog o'er the stile,
And shared a windfall with a crony.

Imagine then my state of mind,
My curiosity unsated,
When reaching the last page I find
Peggy remains unmatched, unmated!
O tantalising Mr. HOPE,
Your endings only are beginnings;
Give your invention further scope,
Give *Peggy Ryle* another innings!

THE EDUCATION BILL.

(The Views of the only Party hitherto Silent.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had a cold in my head and bean at home and so heard my daddy talking a lot he is a scoolmaster. He said so much about a bill and some claws that I thout it must be about a bird, very likely a parrot as it seems to be always talking. But at last I found it was some new law made by parliment and the house of comons and a mister balfer about the scools. And there is a gentleman called u sessil my daddy dussunt seem to like. I think this mister u sessil must be a dredful man for my daddy calls him a sasserdottyis. I dont know what that means but I think it must be something awful as it is such a long word. Well when I new it was about scools I listnd more cos I am going away to scool next year and askd my daddy some qestions but he said I was to prokashus whatever that is but I found nobody had ritten what the children think but only the groanups who always want to setle everything.

So now I rite to say that it can all be settled easely. The groanups don no



Scientific and Nervous Visitor at Country Hotel. "I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO 'PTOMAINÉ' IN THIS PIE?"

Waiter (quite equal to the occasion). "No, SIR. WE NEVER PUTS THAT IN UNLESS SPECIALLY ORDERED!"

what they want but we children do and that is no scools at all. I am quite sure that wood be best and then I shodnt have to go to scool next year. My daddy said the frenshmen have shut up there scools and a frenshlady my mother nose told me franse is a great naiton so y not do the same hear.

My brother horace has helpt me with the spelling of this letter. He says heed a jolly site rather play cricket or footer than mug away with such awful rot as aljibber whatever that is. But he says no one will mind what a kid rites. He always talks like that cos ime only 8.

So I hope you will tell mister balfer and

mister sissil not to trubble about there law cos we children dont want eny scools. Yours afectionatly Km.

p.s. This is what is called an ennominus letter for if my daddy saw my name he wood say little boys shuld be seen and not herd.

A Hardy Annual.

Old Lady. Ay, if I live to Christmas I'll be an Octogeranium.

SEASONABLE SONG TO THE MAN WITH THE COALS. — "Heaver of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

P. M. A. - '902.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOER; OR, ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.



IN FRANCE.

We are of Huguenot
blood.

IN GERMANY.

We are of Low German
descent.

IN ENGLAND.

We are of British
nationality.

THE CALIBAN CRYPTOGRAM.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—I see in your issue of Oct. 15 that you suggest the name Caliban as cryptographic for *cannibal*, and that you quote "Not a relation for a breakfast." In this connection I venture to cite from the "lively picturesque account" of Dr. JOHNSON's visit to Cambridge in 1765: "As to JOHNSON . . . he came down on a Saturday evening . . . Caliban, you may be sure, was not roused from his lair before next day noon, and his breakfast probably kept him till night." On the Monday evening we hear that he "stripped poor Mrs. MACAULAY to the very skin, then gave her for his toast, and drank her in two bumpers."

THE EDITOR'S TRAGEDY.

[Miss M-R-E C-R-L-LI has written to the *Gentlewoman* to complain that her name was not mentioned among the distinguished persons who were in the Royal Enclosure at Braemar. Contrariwise—as Tweedledum would say—the same lady has compelled Messrs. GRAVES & Co. to publish an apology in a conspicuous position in a Daily Paper for having allowed a reproduction of a portrait of her to appear in a magazine.]

THE Editor sat in his easy chair,
He seemed oppressed with a weight of care,
His eyes were wild. There were straws in his hair.
'Twas clear from his look he was much distressed.
What was the anguish that wrung his breast?

What was it racked his soul with pain?
Listen a moment, and I'll explain.

This excellent person chanced to edit
A Magazine—with conspicuous credit,
Thousands of pretty young ladies read it.

And month after month he filled its pages
With matter adapted to various ages.

There were photographs of noblemen's houses,
And notes on the latest fashion in blouses,

Paper patterns for making dresses,
And portraits of eminent authoresses,

Hints on the cradle and how to rock it,
A new design for a lady's pocket,
And part of a novel by Mr. CR-CK-IT!

But the time arrived—as such times will—
When the Editor had a page to fill,

And no one can envy an Editor's billet
With a page to fill and nothing to fill it!

Should he publish a note upon "Knitted Purses"?
Or a few remarks on "Hospital Nurses"?
Or some of the Laureate's faultless verses?

Or some "Useful patterns for crochet mats"?
Or a paper on "Lady BARKING's cats"?

Or "A new receipt for blackberry jelly"?
Or "The latest portrait of Miss C-R-L-LI"?

The Editor's brow grew overcast.
He felt he would greatly prefer the last—
But if she objected—. He stopped aghast!

Don't think he was making a needless fuss,
The problem was grave, and he reasoned thus:

"I'm told she feels such acute distress
At seeing her name in the popular Press!

"That she thinks the Public unduly curious,
And the smallest paragraph makes her furious!

"And yet"—the Editor bit his pen—
"She makes an exception now and then.
If only I knew exactly *when*!

"But when the exception applies," quoth he,
"And when the rule, I fail to see.
It isn't as clear as it ought to be!"

The Editor sat up the whole night through,
Weighing the matter—and so would you.

Think of the rise in his circulation
If he gave that picture to the nation!

But think of the talented lady's rage
When her eye was caught by the pictured page!

"If I publish the thing," said this worthy man,
"It'll sell from Beersheba to Dan;—
But she'll have the law of me if she can.

"On the other hand if I leave it out,
She's certain to make a terrible rout.

"And whichever I do it seems to me
I shall have to print an apology,
And a beastly nuisance *that* will be!"

The Editor sat for several days,
And looked at the thing in a hundred ways;

Week after week he tried and tried
To settle the matter, but couldn't decide.

His once fine intellect grew less clear
As the weeks went by and the day drew near
When the fatal number ought to appear.

Fresh doubts on the subject daily racked him,
Symptoms of brain disease attacked him,
And at last, I'm told, his proprietors sacked him!

MOTTO FOR BULL-DOG (*suffering as usual from chronic nasal stricture*).—Bite is right!

THE COUNCILLOR'S CRY.

["The Yorkshire County Council has intimated its unwillingness to undertake the additional work which the Education Bill proposes to impose upon it."—*Daily Paper*.]

With long debates
On roads and rates
Our weary pates
Are brimming o'er;
Gas, paving, lights
And urban sites,
Fill days and nights
With trouble sore.

Sing hey for me! Sing wey for me!
Sing hey, lackaday for the poor C.C.
His woes are growing more and more.
Sing hey, lackaday for the Councillor!

For now we fear,
From what we hear,
More work is near,
Though no more pence;
It is our fate
To educate
The empty pate
And teach it sense.

We've got to race
From place to place,
Devouring space
With lightning flight;
Inspecting schools
And desks and stools,
And making rules,
From morn to night.

We've got to hear
The children dear
In accents clear
Their lessons say;
Their A B C
And rule of three,
Geographee,
Et cetera.

In books we guide
The taste untried,
And we decide
On what is what;
We say how far
Your dances are
Quite secular,
And how far not.

And when at last
Our woes are past,
Another blast
Our quiet stirs:
Brains, everything
We've got to bring
To managing
The managers.

Sing hey for me! Sing wey for me!
Sing hey, lackaday for the poor C.C.
Sing ho! Sing wo! With a heart that's
sore!
Sing hey, lackaday for the Councillor!

HORACE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF PIRATED
SONGS.—*Delere licebit quod non edideris*.



She (to visitor, who has been ill). "I HOPE YOU HAVE DECIDED TO GO AWAY?"
Visitor. "YES, I'M GOING TO-MORROW." She. "I'M SO GLAD!"

OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.

THERE has recently been somewhat of a slump in nonsense riddles, and the latest that we've heard bandied about during the last two months, viz., "Why did WILLIAM TELL?—Because the Apple split," recalls a familiar couplet in a once popular burlesque (at a time when burlesques *were* burlesques, and *were* popular) by TALFOURD and HALE, or by TALFOURD alone, wherein the Swiss archer turns to GESSLER, by whom he has been denounced as a conspirator, and exclaims:—

"I tell you I am TELL who made that hit!
Would WILLIAM tell before the apple split?
Never!" etc., etc.

And then he finishes up with his battle-cry for life and liberty, "*Telle est la vie!*" which was the cue for a "grand finale" to the scene. History repeats puns as it repeats itself.

A Muddled Musician.

SIR,—I see that Messrs. NOVELLO are about to issue an edition of HANDEL's *Messiah*. There is, the *P. M. G.* informs us, "no possible cessation" of "the controversy which rages around HANDEL's most gigantic composition." Presumably Messrs. NOVELLO will throw some light on the subject; yet it is evidently a matter that "No-vello can understand."
Yours, AN OLD SCORE (unsettled).



BYE-ELECTION HUMOURS.

Free and Independent Voter. "WULL, IF THEY CAN'T ZEND ZUMMAT BETTER THAN THIC THER CART TO FETCH I TO THE POLL, I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO VOTE. ZO THERE'S AN END OF IT; AND YOU CAN GO BACK AN' TELL 'UM ZO!"

THE PROTEST OF THE TIME-EXPIRED.

"[Subject to the requirements of training, the soldier's time will be so apportioned that he has at his disposal on each day a certain definite period of leisure. This period will not be broken into for fatigue and working parties, except in circumstances of exceptional urgency.]—*Army Order.*"

"In order to augment the number of discharged soldiers employed in military establishments at home, and especially now when so many men are being discharged on return from South Africa, the general officers commanding districts have been directed to supply the War Office with information as to employment (such as orderlies, barrack labourers, &c.) in their districts, which they can recommend for occupation (sic) by ex-soldiers."—"Times" *Military Intelligence.*

BILL, 'as you 'eard the latest plan for 'elpin' you and me?
They'll 'ave us back at the barricks, as 'is where we'd like
to be:

But it ain't to stiffen the youngsters, same as you might
suppose,
Nor to teach 'em them ways of the Army as only the veteran
knows.

No—they say as the new style of soldiers 'as got such
'aughty souls,
That they can't do nothin' so menial as sweepin' or carryin'
coals;
So it's you and me they're invitin', as a favour, BILL, if
you please,
To earn a livin' by doin' fatigue for a grousin' lot like these.

They say as the modern soldier must cultivate 'is brain,
An' 'e mustn't do too much barrick work, cos 'e couldn'
stand the strain;

'E's 'is country's brave defender, an' it wouldn' be right
to expeck

As 'e'll turn 'is 'and to doing jobs as'd ruin 'is self-respect.

Well—there's me as charged at Omdurman in the 'ottest
part of the fight,

There's you as lay on Spion Kop for a day an' 'alf a night—
It strikes me, BILL, as we've 'ad our share in up'oldin' our
country's name,

Yet we took our fatigue like our fightin', an' done it just as
it came.

There's you 'ud 'ave been lance-corpril if your Sargint 'ad
treated you fair,

There's me was known in the squadron as the daringest
rider there;—

An' are we to be used for the dirty work, now as our duty's
done,

While the rookies loll round the barrick-room fire or loaf
about in the sun?

I may be out at elbows, BILL, I mayn't 'ave nowhere to go,
But I'd sooner die in the workus than own I'd sunk so low
As to arst to be taken on agin, as a speshul act of grace,
To wait on a lot of 'alf-fledged frauds as doesn't know their
place.

Of course they've meant it kindly, to give us some reg'lar pay,
But they don't know 'uman nature if they think we'll take
it that way;

It may be the Army trainin' as 'as got to be rectified,
But if it ain't taught us nothin' else, it's taught us some
proper pride.

"WITHIN THE MEMORY OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT."—A
gentleman, writing to the *Standard* on the subject of the
"great tree of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire," says:—"If I
recollect aright the tree was used as a parish landmark one
thousand years ago." The italics are *Mr. Punch's* invention.



INCORRIGIBLE.

MR. BULL (*angrily*). "LOOK HERE! YOU FELLOWS HAVE NO SOONER MUDDLED THROUGH ONE BAD BUSINESS THAN YOU MUDDLE INTO ANOTHER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 20.

—Newcomers to the Commons who have heard or read of good old days of Parnellite obstruction, when all-night sittings were of regular occurrence,

below Gangway, bubbling with delight at discovery that in matter of mean perfidy an Irishman has gone one better than his race. From various benches Irish Members spring up to shout fresh accusation. In vain the SPEAKER stands crying, "Order! Order!" "Answer! Answer!" they roar, bend-



MERELY AN ALLEGORY FROM WESTMINSTER.

"Misther Shpeaker, Sorr, wid the gratest re-speckt to yew, Sorr, I——"

when the larder was kept stocked with grilled bones, when Mr. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was accustomed to sleep on two chairs in the Library, turn eagerly to taste revival of the feast nightly spread under the genial direction of WILLIAM O'BRIEN. Provided again to-night; already growing tiresome.

"It's hashed obstruction," says the MEMBER FOR SARK; "badly cooked at that."

SARK lived through good old days alluded to; is able to institute comparisons and form judgment. Except for the noise it certainly is dull; depressing monotony. SWIFT MACNEILL shoots up, folds his arms, and, threateningly shaking his head at HUGH CECIL, who has just come in and knows nothing about anything, says, "Now, Mr. SPEAKER." Then, with increasing emphasis of manner and rolling of the head, comes a question imputing old Venetian iniquity to some of his own countrymen.

To-night, for example, affirmed that when the resident magistrates forwarded to SPEAKER report of committal to prison of Irish Members, Irish gentlemen in Dublin Castle deliberately burked the document. Here uprises storm of boo-hooing from other Irish gentlemen

ing angry glances on the Chief Secretary.

In comparative hush WYNDHAM rises to reply. Instantly storm bursts again. Having angrily insisted on his answering, with noisier ebullience they refuse to let his voice be heard. Waiting opportunity he speaks with provoking calmness and courtesy. In circumstances alluded to, he says, resident magistrates communicate direct with the SPEAKER. Their letters do not pass through Dublin Castle. *Argal*, the hon. Member for Donegal must be in error when he says they are there stolen and destroyed.

That is pretty conclusive, even in Irish debate. Does the lineal descendant of GODWIN SWIFT, uncle and guardian of Dean SWIFT, admit that he has been misinformed, withdraw the monstrous charge and apologise? Not he. He sits quiet for a few happy moments, whilst others of the Heavenly Choir below the Gangway go off on fresh tacks.

Only now and then at rare intervals flashes over this quagmire of rowdy invective a gleam of humour. Then it is unconscious. DONEGAN laments the enforced absence of Mr. REDDY, who, imprisoned in distant Tullamore for six months and not being a bird, strikes

his colleagues as being the very man for Committee on National Expenditure now sitting at Westminster.

"We appreciate him more in his prison than if he were in this House," says the gallant Captain, and wonders why gentlemen opposite laugh.

As our dear DU MAURIER used to say, it is one of the things that might have been put differently.

Later WILLIAM O'BRIEN, shaking his fist at Chief Secretary, hissed between clenched teeth the enquiry, "What are the Government going to do besides shivering at that Table?" A terrible thought sympathetically froze the blood of Members. Was it possible that GEORGE WYNDHAM, usually a carefully dressed man, in momentary absence of mind, unconsciously influenced by association with Irish politics, had forgotten to put on his—? No, he was fully clad. O'BRIEN's way of putting it was merely a flower of speech designed to convey to Irish peasants, and American audiences addressed by JOHN REDMOND and JOHN DILLON, a picture of abject condition to which His MAJESTY'S Ministers are reduced by Nationalist Members at Westminster.

Surely such labourers are worthy of their hire.

Business done.—Education Bill, jammed between Irish row lasting from 2.15 to 2.55 P.M., another occupying evening sitting, made slight progress.

Tuesday night.—Cousin HUGH could stand it no longer. His sufferings since



WHAT MR. ELL-S GR-FF-TH REALLY MEANT.

"The Turnip and the Light."

Mr. ELL-S GR-ff-th said, "The noble lord is the apple and the light of the party opposite."
(Lord H-gh C-c-l.)



THE TRICK THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

Professor B-l-f-r. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I was about to show you my latest novelty—how I produce the pig from this gentleman's pocket, but his excessive caution makes it, I regret to say, impossible, so we will pass on to another."

[Mr. B-l-f-r has attempted in vain to induce Sir Henry C-mpb-ll-B-n-n-rm-n to accept the responsibility of an Irish Vote of Censure.]

House again went into Committee on Education Bill not to be told in really decent language. Of course none other possible to Cousin HUGH. Not the least poignant pang followed on Cousin ARTHUR's dalliance with the Doomed. He has positively shown tendency to regard Nonconformist citizen and taxpayer as if he were in same category as a Dean, or even a pew-opener in a parish church. To sit silent whilst ARTHUR has accepted, even personally moved, amendments "designed," as Cousin HUGH puts it with mixed metaphor due to momentary excitement, "to open the door to the thin end of the wedge of the Nonconformist conscience" is a discipline he accepts in

lieu of administering it to his own back with a rod, wearing a hair shirt, or invoking other aids to grace which the advance of mawkish civilization in these days looks upon askance.

But, really, after repeated doses of LLOYD-GEORGE, followed by SAM EVANS, with ELLIS GRIFFITH in reserve, over all the monumental figure that would in ancient times have been Member for Macedon, and is now content to serve Monmouth, Cousin HUGH's carefully cultured stock of patience is exhausted.

Ten minutes ago, when things were going on nicely, Committee really beginning to make progress, PRINCE ARTHUR to his blank dismay discovered Cousin HUGH on his legs making a few

remarks upon the Welsh Member. Pretty to see Cousin HUGH's gesture, as if he were holding out by the hind legs some strange and undesirable insect he had come upon in the hedgerow at Hatfield.

"There is," he said, furtively pinching the insect's leg with intent to make it squirm, "a particular violence about the Celtic temperament that really makes no course too unreasonable or too ill-natured for a Welshman to adopt. Excited by every conceivable prejudice, restrained by no sense of decency, what is to be hoped from Welsh county councils when called upon to administer the new Education Act."

Fortunately it was after seven o'clock when he interposed. Only half an hour remained of sitting. Throughout, the fat, flung into the fire, frizzled furiously; no more work done.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. Lord HUGH CECIL says a few pleasant things.

Friday night.—Episodes in history of Mother of Parliaments during past week naturally excite attention in Paris. *Le Temps*, under date October 21, devotes space in its *Bulletin de l'Etranger* to comment on Parliamentary method of Irish Members. Remarks introduced by reference to "*Le Speaker Bully, gardien né des privilèges de la Chambre.*" This is good. Bully for *Le Temps*. The idea evidently is that in JOHN BULL's Parliament its born guardian would naturally be named BULLY. Positive, BULL; Comparative, BULLY.

SARK differs. He believes French writer vaguely had in mind dear old BILLY, the SPEAKER's bull dog, gathered to his fathers little more than a year ago. The House and the Country lost much by the death of BILLY. To watch him walking across Palace Yard in charge of a footman, bent on taking his afternoon constitutional, was a liberal education in politics of the hour. To his dying day WALTER LONG will not forget meeting him. It happened during time when Muzzling Order was in strictest vogue. BILLY meant nothing by what followed on the rencontre; it was merely his play. But a Cabinet Minister bent on the performance of an unpleasant public duty doesn't like that sort of thing.

Another of BILLY's prejudices was the Irish Member. If, taking his walks abroad, he scented one near, his massive jaw came down with blood-curdling clang. BILLY had heard of his master's "granting the closure." This was his method of suggesting it.

Yes, I think it must have been old BILLY the *Le Temps* writer had in his mind when he discoursed on "*Bully, gardien né des privilèges de la Chambre.*"

Business done.—*Toujours* Education Bill.



A QUESTION FOR NATURALISTS.

SCENE—*The Snake House in the Zoo.*

"DO TELL ME, MUMMY, WHERE DOES ITS NECK END AND ITS BODY BEGIN?"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XI.—TIME AND THE BARBER.

WITH a hand to my chin I pass through a swinging glass door and climb the staircase. Ascending in front of me is an elderly man in a straw hat, while a few steps above him I notice a white-haired gentleman of a military carriage. Not without annoyance, I recognise that I may have to wait some time before being attended to. It is afternoon, and I know from experience that the dinner of my barber and most of his assistants lasts from 12 A.M. until 3 P.M., and their tea from 3.30 until 7. Indeed, as a class, they would seem to overeat themselves more than any members of the community, and I wonder that a medical Commission has not been appointed to look into the matter.

As the military gentleman reaches the top of the steps, the elderly man behind him suddenly quickens his pace almost to a run and, pushing past, enters the shop in front of him. I follow the military gentleman inside and find him gazing indignantly at his adversary, emitting at the same time a series of angry snorts.

It is as I surmised. There is but one assistant in the shop, at present engaged in enlarging on the merits of a pink hair-tonic to a defenceless customer with a profusely lathered head. He has suspended operations at this stage, while, bottle in hand, he gives his victim a prolix *résumé* of the strides made of late in the art of "capillary nutrition." Two customers are seated on an uncomfortable bench, sulkily glaring at illustrated papers.

The assistant glances round.

"Five minutes, Sir," he observes.

The military gentleman transfers an angry stare from the elderly man to the assistant.

"What d'you mean by five minutes?" he snaps testily. "How can you be ready in five minutes, when there are several gentlemen waiting already?"

"I'm expecting the other men back every minute," explains the assistant. "They've gone to dinner."

Here the elderly gentleman puts in his word.

"Aren't there any papers?" he asks disagreeably, as he hangs his hat on a peg, disclosing a head with no tresses whatsoever on top, and a computable number round the sides. The military gentleman, remembering his grievances, darts an angry glance at him just in time to see him capture the sole remaining newspaper. With another snort he seats himself beside him on the bench, and, finding nothing to read, glares irritably at the slow but voluble progress of the assistant.

In due course the occupant of the

chair rises from the hands of the barber a finished article, suggesting an injudicious blend of foreign waiter and cockatoo.

"I'll do you up a bottle of the Vivifier, shall I, Sir?" queries the assistant.

"Er—I don't know whether I shall want any—just at present," says the customer weakly.

The assistant plies him reproachfully with a clothes-brush.

"You're surely not going to lose it all, Sir, just for want of taking it in time?"



AWFUL RESULT OF A BEEFEATER "GOING IN" FOR VEGETARIANISM.

The customer looks wildly towards his hat.

"Make you up a small five-and-sixpenny size, if you like, Sir," suggests the assistant, capturing the hat and brushing it assiduously.

"Umph! Yes, I daresay I shall have some later on," mumbles the customer, with a hunted look. "Er—I'm going away for a day or two. Perhaps, when I come back . . ."

"Send it anywhere you like for you," returns the assistant implacably.

The customer holds out an imploring hand for his hat.

"Yes, yes, I see," he says humbly; "but—but I don't know yet what my

address will be. Perhaps I'll drop you a line if—er—if I find I want it."

The assistant grudgingly surrenders him his hat, and he slinks out, a consciously contemptible object.

"Next gentleman, please," remarks the barber mechanically, as he turns back to the chair. The next gentleman has already seated himself, and is frowning impatiently at the looking-glass. Hereupon the military gentleman, who has been fuming throughout the whole dialogue, breaks out fiercely.

"Get on with your work, Sah," he growls to the man. "There is the next gentleman. How much longer do you expect to keep us here!"

Ten long minutes elapse while the two next gentlemen are shaved. Either they are regular customers or the barber has been overawed by our military friend, for no more time is expended on the Vivifier. All this time not a sign of any of the other assistants. The condition of the military gentleman is causing me grave apprehension; his exterior is every minute becoming more fiery, a symptom accompanied at frequent intervals by the sound of ominous internal rumblings.

At last the chair is vacated. The elderly man and the military gentleman rise simultaneously and move towards it. The elderly man reaches it first, and seats himself heavily; the other snorts, opens his mouth wide, thinks better of it, and sits down on the bench again. The internal rumblings become nothing short of alarming.

"Shave?" suggests the assistant with confidence, bustling up to the chair.

The elderly man darts a suspicious look at him in the glass.

"Hair cut," he snaps.

The military gentleman is evidently past appreciating the value of this opportunity. At the same time a step is heard on the stairs. He rises, still rumbling, and prepares to occupy the other chair. Straightway another customer enters.

The assistant turns round from his occupation of lining the elderly man's neck with cotton-wool.

"Ready in a minute, Sir," he remarks cheerfully.

The elderly man suddenly sits erect.

"A minute!" he gasps, indignantly.

"What do you—?" But his voice is swallowed up in a greater explosion. The military gentleman has suddenly burst forth into eruption.

"What the devil do you mean, Sah?" he explodes. "How can you be ready in a minute when I'm waiting?"

"In a minute!" repeats the elderly man, bristling with indignation.

The assistant explains with nervous suavity that he is expecting the other men back every minute.

"Minute!" mutters the elderly man, resentfully.

The military gentleman is still in full eruption. "Disgraceful mismanagement!" he cries, furiously, attempting to put on my hat. "I've been waiting here for hours. I shall go somewhere else!"

Which, when he has got his own hat, he does precipitately, still in a state of volcanic discharge.

The elderly man in the chair is glaring at his own sullen reflection. The assistant, piteously crushed, selects a pair of scissors. At this point another assistant enters, brushing crumbs from a symmetrical moustache.

"Here," says the elderly man sourly, "send this man away. I want my hair cut."

The newcomer hesitates, glances at his colleague, then goes to the chair.

"Hair cut, Sir; yes, Sir." I take the other place, and the original assistant lathers my chin with a silence that is far more pathetic than words. The man at the next chair (after one unfortunate attempt to introduce the topic of the Vivifier) has also relapsed into peace.

There is silence in the barber's shop save for the snip and scrape of scissors and razor.

"O WAD SOME POWER—"

"[On the English railways people seem always to travel without a ticket. A glass of beer with an official at the starting point and another at the journey's end are all the necessary expenditure.]—*Courrier de la Bourse*, Brussels.]

From the "Brussels Sprout."

It is not necessary to possess an account at, or a cheque on, an English bank in order to draw money out. A revolver pointed at the head of the cashier is enough.

From the "Independent Bilge."

In English political life possession of means is all that is needful to command success. We hear from a private source that Lord CHAMBERLAIN is only waiting until he has saved up enough money to buy the Premiership from Sir BALFOUR. The latter, it is said, is asking a higher price than usual, as he wants cash to purchase Palace Yard from the Speaker, in order to turn it into a golf course.

From the "Amsterdam Lyre."

To prove that the corrupting influence of Great Britain extends to her Colonies we may say that the Australian cricketers who recently visited England paid a large fee in order to be allowed to win the Test matches. On these principles are conducted the athletic exercises on which the nation of shopkeepers so greatly prides itself!

From the "Courrier de Ghent-Aix."

In Great Britain an election is a very



"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT FISH HAVE ANY APPRECIATION OF COLOUR?"

"CERTAINLY. LOOK WHAT A LOT THAT OLD CHAP WITH THE NOSE HAS CAUGHT!"

simple thing. It is a question merely of which candidate can hand over the larger gratuity to the returning officers. So well known and so openly condoned is this practice, that in the event of neither candidate's offer being handsome enough the officials decline to declare anyone elected.

We learn on going to press that CHAMBERLAIN's net profit on the South African atrocities is £1,505,623; while BRODRICK's is £673,520. Such are English statesmen!

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Together at last! In this instance instead of Church sermonising Stage it was "Stage," as represented by Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT last Thursday at Leeds, lecturing "Church,"

in the person of the Bishop of RIFON, and others of—as SAM GERRIDGE hath it—"the nobility, clergy and gentry." Friendly Leeds! Sir SQUIRE read them all a lesson on reading the lessons. His subject (as reported) was "preaching and reading the gospel." How much more in his line, as experienced theatrical ex-manager and comedian, would have been a discourse on how to read the Acts! By the way, the report of the proceedings goes on to note that "among the audience there were many candidates for Orders." These gentlemen had evidently forgotten that Sir SQUIRE, having renounced theatrical managership, has no longer any "orders" at his disposal. What a disappointment for some of them!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Confessions of a Wife (GRANT RICHARDS) inevitably recall *The Letters of an Englishwoman*. The book is none the worse for that, and Miss MARY ADAMS varies the resemblance by placing the scene in the United States and illuminating the dialogue with a few Americanisms. The story is told partly by letters, partly by a diary. Like the epistolary *Englishwoman*, the American *Wife* is passionately in love with a quite inferior male creature. On him she lavishes the affection of a fervid heart and the wealth of the Anglo-American language. The interest is widened by the circumstance that the wife is deeply loved by a rejected suitor, a doctor by profession, who, with every temptation to relieve his early love of a worthless husband, devotes himself successfully to the task of rescuing him from the lowest stage of degradation and recalling him to life. My Baronite frankly confesses that in similar circumstances he could not have been unreservedly trusted. There is no particular use in a creature of the stamp of *Dana Herwin* continuing to live at the expense of better people. However, the doctor is a fine sturdy soul, and the wife writes profoundly interesting letters.

"I suppose," quoth the Baron, addressing one of his Junior Baronites, "that as soon as the ship of Father Christmas appears in the offing, the public begin to be stimulated by Christmasy and Picturebooky instincts. And as to the new eccentric pictorial series, no doubt," continues the Baron, after perusing two "picture-books" with coloured illustrations, "that the adventures of our friends, the comparatively recently invented *Golliwogs* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., which are not the names of the Golliwogs, but of the publishers), in an *Airship* and at the *North Pole*, as cleverly drawn by Miss FLORENCE UPTON, will obtain a fresh lease of popularity.

Two Christmas books with Rabbit-heroes. The first, "*The Bunny Book for Babes and their Betters*, written and illustrated by T. B. A." (NISBET & Co.), is rather an amateurish composition as far as the illustrations are concerned, nor are the verses much above the average nursery rhymes. Babes may be pleased, but how about "their Betters?"

The second "Rabbit Book" is a delightful little pocket-volume (FREDERICK WARNE & Co.). It is the *Tale of Peter Rabbit*, with which the children will fall in love at once. Plenty of capital pictures, bright in colour and lively in



Mr. Meek's mother-in-law, without his knowledge, has come evidently to stay for a long time.

Mr. Meek (who is somewhat short-sighted). "AH, GLAD TO SEE YOU. I DO HOPE YOU'LL STOP TO DINNER!"

execution, does BEATRIX POTTER give the small readers for whom this little book is primarily intended. It deserves success.

In the unavoidable dearth of Dog-days at this time of the year, my Nautical Retainer the more heartily welcomes the unique journal of a rough-haired terrier as illustrated by Mr. CECIL ALDIN. The drawings in *A Dog-Day* (HEINEMANN) are exceptionally lifelike and charming, and the letter-press, by Mr. WALTER EMANUEL, is a model of terse humour.

The Baron must be among the first to congratulate Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, the historian of *Punch*, on the present number of the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL), which is the first under his experienced editorship. The sepia engraving of "A

Woodland Fairy," by JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., is a charming reproduction; and the frontispiece, in colours, from the picture by BYAM SHAW, R.I., recently exhibited in the Dowdeswell Galleries, is most effective. "Yet methinks," quoth the Baron, "that Mr. SPIELMANN, as editor, is somewhat too lavish in his promised gifts of valuable works of art to his persevering patrons." Granted that, as art needs encouragement, it may be occasionally judicious to encourage its patrons with a "bonus" in the shape of a work by some acknowledged master, ancient or modern. Without such inducement, the *Magazine of Art*, so far as can be judged from this excellent specimen of it, will be well worth a place in every well-ordered library such as is possessed by

THE COLLECTING BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TWO MEN AND A TREAT.

THE entertainment given on Saturday afternoons by Messrs. PERCY FRENCH and HARRISON HILL, under the management of Mr. L. G. SHARPE, at the Steinway Hall at the convenient hour of three, can be recommended to all who, after the week's work is done, are ready to enjoy a hearty laugh, for which these two entertainers will provide the materials. Honours easy between the two; Mr. HILL draws with his pencil and Mr. FRENCH with his music. Incidentally, Mr. FRENCH shows how, when facing the audience with an orchid in his buttonhole and a glass in his eye, and making a speech, he can be the very counterpart of the Colonial Secretary; and immediately afterwards, when exhibiting his profile as he faces the piano, concealing the orchid and dropping the eyeglass, he, bursting into song, demonstrates that there is no sort of resemblance between the Rt. Hon. Gentleman and himself. Mr. FRENCH's evident enjoyment of his own fun is as catching as used to be CORNEY GRAIN's laugh and sly "aside" winks; and the way he has of taking the audience individually and collectively into his confidence is irresistible. Mr. HARRISON HILL's topsy-turvy sketches are delightfully humorous, and his *Kissing Cup* something to see and to remember.

NAME THIS STREET.

THE L.C.C. continue unable to find a satisfactory name for the Holborn to Strand thoroughfare now in course of construction. It becomes our privilege to lay before the public the suggestions of people famous in various departments of human activity in regard to this momentous question.

Mr. AR-TH-R B-L-F-R—*Cecil Broadway.*

Mr. G-R-L-D B-L-F-R—*Cecil Street.*

Lord CR-NB-RNE—*Cecil Road.*

Lord S-LB-RNE—*Cecil Avenue.*

Mr. L-WTH-R—*Cecil Arcade.*

Lord R-S-B-R-Y—*Efficiency Furrow.*

Sir W-LL-M H-RO-RT—*Pretty Fanny's Way.*

Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N—*The Soda and Milky Way.*

Mr. ST-PH-N PH-LL-PS—*John Lane.*

Mr. M-RT-N H-RV-Y—*The Only Way.*

Mr. J-SSE C-LL-NGS "would be sorry if London lost a great opportunity, as Birmingham did when it called its own new thoroughfare *Corporation Street* instead of *Chamberlain Thoroughfare.*"

Mr. G. B-RN-RD SH-W "is amazed that any person still exists outside a lunatic asylum desirous of naming the place after so discredited a personage as SHAKESPEARE." He favours us with a



Auntie. "NOW, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT GUY FAWKES, LAST TIME?"

Freddy. "YES; HE WAS A VERY BAD MAN."

Auntie. "WELL, WHAT DID HE DO?"

Freddy. "HE BLEW UP THE PARLOURMAID!"

long argument which, so far as we can understand it, amounts to this:—That we live in an Age of Abbreviations, when we call money L.S.D., a legislator an M.P., London's Parliament the L.C.C., and so forth, and that any public body not so hopelessly out of date as the County Council would have no hesitation in deciding on *G. B. S. Street.*

Mr. ALFR-D A-ST-N—*Alfred Highway.*

"Thus honouring the name of our greatest Saxon king as well as that of the late Poet Laureate."

Mr. R-DY-RD K-PL-NG writes thus:—"You ask me to give vent to my opinion

as to the new street's label. Seeing that it is to lead from Holborn, where muddled oafs and flannelled fools get themselves equipped with the empire-sapping requisites of their so-called games, to the Strand, where a feather-brained race wastes its time in enervating theatres and manhood-destroying music-halls, you had better call it *Empire's End* or something of that sort."

Miss M. C. writes:—"I have no intention whatever of providing a *degraded Press* with free copy."

"P.S.—*Via Marie* would be sweetly pretty."

IF I WERE IN.

A pseudo-Villonelle, to be sung to a lively Lowland Ayr.

["There are the 'ins' and there are the 'outs,' and it is right that the 'outs' should take the place of the 'ins.'"]—*From Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's address to the Men of Ayr.*

If I were in—that is to say,
If England's heart could have its way,
And let me hold the leading strings
And rectify a lot of things,
Giving my life, still fresh and warm,
To work retrenchment and reform—
Discord should hush its hideous cackle
Within my cosy tabernacle,
And all our sections cease their rage
And reconstruct the Golden Age;
To such an end my faith should win
If I were in.

If I were in, my chief delight
Would be to champion Manhood's Right.
The humblest hind on God's fair earth
Should be my peer in point of birth;
And none, however sleek his coat,
Should wallow in a plural vote.
Wisdom and genius, high and pure,
Should in their country's hopes secure
With imbeciles but half awake
An indistinguishable stake;
And all be brothers 'neath the skin
If I were in.

If I were in, I'd run the Schools
On strictly proletariate rules.
The bloated Member who can spare
Enough to send his son elsewhere
I'd not allow to have a voice
In what should be the poor man's choice.
I would instruct the rising race
To show the Church its proper place,
Till all our infants grew to be
Models of secularity.
This I would urge through thick and thin
If I were in.

If I were in, there should be seen
No Irish wigs about the green.
I would correct the splendid bile
Of Erin's green and gracious isle.
Home Rule all round I'd squander gratis,
Mutandis, need I say, *mutatis*.
Meantime no prison bars should curb
A people palpably superb;
But licence, large of lung and jaw,
Teaching a fine contempt for law,
Should merely make the juries grin
If I were in.

If I were in (and not found out)
I'd put extravagance to rout.
I would at once, with both my feet,
Jump on the army and the fleet;
Then with the balance I would free
The general public's pot of tea,
Unhitch the tax from plug and victuals,
Emancipate its beer and skittles,
And, at a reasonable price,
Erect a blooming Paradise
For honest folk that toil and spin,
If I were in.

O. S.

"GRAPPLING IN THE CENTRAL BLUE."

[Being Mr. Punch's report of the duel between M. SANTOS-DUMONT and Comte DE LA VAULX as fixed to take place in the vast inane.]

PARIS had slept uneasily. All night long the lights burned mysteriously in the offices of the leading papers, and here and there in the darkness could be heard the rhythmical "puff! puff!" of gasoline engines.

As the first streaks of dawn began to struggle through the mists, the sound of the engines became more noticeable, and presently from the shadows in the North a huge air-ship slid silently across the tremulous City. A moment later a dozen were on the wing, waiting for the principals to appear.

As yet the scene of the battle had not been announced, but soon a tense whisper hissed through the chilly air:—

"THE EIFFEL TOWER."

Ah! At last it was known. The first duel of the new régime was to take place above the greatest engineering triumph of the old.

By this time the air was dark with dirigible balloons and dusky air-ships moving in wide spirals through the silvery dawn. An anchored balloon shot up on either side of the Eiffel Tower, and everyone knew that they contained the seconds of the high opposing parties, who had in this way measured off the distance for the duellists.

SANTOS-DUMONT was the first to appear on the scene. There was something falcon-like in the vicious rapidity of his movements, and as he circled about the balloon that contained his seconds an occasional flirt of the tail-propellers of his air-ship showed clearly that he was in the best of spirits.

Your correspondent, who was hovering just above the scene in an *aéroplane* borrowed from Mr. H. G. WELLS' story *When the Sleeper Wakes*, was constantly sweeping the horizon with his binoculars, and was the first to descry Comte DE LA VAULX as he moved bulkily towards his station at the other balloon. There was need for haste, for the gendarmes were already aware of what was taking place, and were frantically searching for telescopes sufficiently powerful to draw the law breakers down near enough to be arrested.

Just at the moment when the sun touched the horizon with gold, the seconds of Comte DE LA VAULX dropped a parachute as a signal, and the duellists swooped at one another with a great rattle of machinery and odour of gasoline; but at that moment a puff of wind struck them unawares, and before they had a chance to recover they were separated by several metres. SANTOS-DUMONT was the first to adjust himself to the new conditions, but he courteously waited for his enemy to pull in part of his sail acreage and make his air-ship obey its rudder.

As the wind had now become steady from the East, the duel was drifting rapidly towards the English Channel, leaving the seconds anchored near the Eiffel Tower. Something had to be done quickly, and it was. Rushing upon his enemy like an eagle upon a swan in mid air, SANTOS-DUMONT punctured his gas reservoir with a quick thrust of his fountain pen, provided for the occasion by a Press agent.

At this, DE LA VAULX threw up both wings and sank helplessly to the earth. It had been arranged by the seconds that he who drew first gas was to be the victor.

Among Warriors.

Interested Patron. So I see you lost an arm in the battle.

An Atkins ("back from the Front"). Ay, Sir, and my companion here (indicating *Atkins* No. 2) he lost a leg.

Patron. And your Colonel—in the same battle, eh?

Atkins No. 2. Ah! he was worse off than either of us, Sir; he lost his head.



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

L.C.C. Dog. "MY BONE, I THINK!"

Bernard Partridge.

"THE FIFTH."

'Twas not my habit from a boy
To find in squibs a fearful joy,
And still your Roman Candles cloy,
And rockets bore me;
But hearing KIRRY would be there
I sought the place of smoke and glare,
And noticed BROWN—to my despair—
Arrived before me.

He danced with KIRRY round the fire—
Would it had been *his* funeral pyre!
I watched him skip with scornful ire
Aloof and sulky.
But KIRRY would not meet my eye,
And well I knew the reason why;
I cannot caper if I try,
I'm much too bulky.

Then brother BOB with visage blacked
Produced a bomb that kicked and
cracked
(I was not privy to the act
Upon my honour);
It filled the boldest with alarm
While KIRRY, screaming, fled from harm
Direct to *my* protecting arm;
It closed upon her.

'Twas later, 'neath the cedar tree
(None but the smouldering guy to see)
She said she'd always cared for me,
Nor any other.
How could I half my ardour prove,
It mounted to the stars above,
But next to KIRRY's self I love
Her little brother.

THOUGHTS ON THE CAT SHOW.

THE National Cat Club's Show at the Crystal Palace might have been called a complete success, were it not for some drawbacks which we feel bound to mention.

Firstly, the size of the Palace, though doubtless convenient enough for Handel festivals, pantomimes, international exhibitions, &c., is utterly inadequate when the comfortable accommodation of cats is involved; for the multitudes of people admitted to the building must render the air insufferably close and offensive to the refined creatures behind the bars. The Great Organ should certainly be removed for the occasion; and if the roof of the Palace were thrown open, the fresh current of air would add materially to the cats' comfort.

The food with which cats are served at the Show often leaves much to be desired. Because a cat has a fancy for a fried sole and a saucer of cream when at home, it does not follow that she wishes to be confronted with them at every turn. The varied emotions of the Show should be met by some tempting but unaccustomed dish. If she is used



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Fond Mother. "I DO WISH YOU WOULD LOOK OVER SOME OF MY LITTLE BOY'S SKETCHES, AND GIVE ME YOUR CANDID OPINION ON THEM. THEY STRIKE ME AS PERFECTLY MARVELLOUS FOR ONE SO YOUNG. THE OTHER DAY HE DREW A HORSE AND CART, AND, I CAN ASSURE YOU, YOU COULD SCARCELY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!"

to veal, try lamb; if fried sole is the favourite, boil her a whiting. Cream and even new milk should be avoided at the Show, being apt to induce sickness during a time of excitement.

Again, the price for admission being as low as one shilling exposes the cats to the nauseous attentions of people reeking of beer, onions, tobacco, and strong peppermints; while coarsely familiar remarks are continually addressed to such personages as "Woo-

shoo," "Belvedere Tiger," and "Silver Lambkin." By raising the admission to a guinea the management could ensure correct treatment of the cats; though a little supervision at the turnstiles might also be advisable to prevent the entrance of *nouveaux riches* of a distinctly vulgar type.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR IN THE ORKNEYS.—Are you a WASON?

A GROWL FROM GOLFLAND.

BORES there are of various species, of the platform, of the quill,
Bores obsessed by Christian Science or the Education Bill,
But the most exasperating and intolerable bore
Is the man who talks of nothing but the latest "rubber core."

Place him in the Great Sahara, plant him on an Arctic floe,
Or a desert island, fifteen thousand miles from Westward Ho!
Pick him up a twelvemonth later, and I'll wager that you find

Rubber filling *versus* gutty still and solely on his mind.

O American invaders, I accept your beef, your boots,
Your historical romances, and your Californian fruits;
But in tones of humble protest I am tempted to exclaim,
"Can't you draw the line at commerce, can't you spare one British game?"

I am but a simple duffer; I am quite prepared to state
That my lowest round on record was a paltry 88;
That my partner in a foursome needs the patience of a Job,
That in moments of excitement I am apt to miss the globe.

With my brassy and my putter I am very far to seek,
Generally slice to cover with my iron and my cleek;
But I boast a single virtue; I can honestly maintain
I've escaped the fatal fever known as Haskell on the brain.

A PUZZLER AT THE GARRICK.

SHOULD Mr. ESMOND's four-act play at the Garrick Theatre, entitled *My Lady Virtue*, ultimately achieve success, it will be in consequence of the cleverness of the principal actors concerned in its representation, that is, of Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (*alias* VIOLET VANBRUGH) as *The Burvilles*, and of Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as *Sir Geoffrey Ernestone*. But is not Mrs. Ernestone, as played by Mrs. ESMOND (*alias* EVA MOORE), to be added to this talented trio? Is not this Mrs. Ernestone intended to be the heroine? Certainly she is, and it may be fairly questioned whether any other actress could play the part better. But herein is the difficulty, since the more perfect the rendering of this silly character may be, the sillier does it become, and, scene by scene, act by act, the more anti-pathetic to the audience which grows every minute less and less inclined to take her seriously at the valuation put upon her by author and actress. The highest tribute then to Miss EVA MOORE's performance of *Lady Ernestone* is to say that it is one of the most irritatingly idiotic characters that ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. She gets on your nerves more than did the lachrymose wife in *The Tyranny of Tears*. If this character had only been relieved by a few touches of irresistible comedy, all would have been well; but as it is, the triumph of the actress means the non-success of the piece. Such is the paradox at the Garrick.

The third act, which contains the great situation of the play, is admirably played by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, with Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT in the earlier part of the scene, who lightens their serious comedy with flashes of her own inimitable humour. To actress and author we have much to be thankful for in this character of *Basker*.

Mr. HOLMAN CLARK's *Lord Haughley* is an excellent sketch of a character that seems to have been originally intended to fulfil some important mission, but about which the dramatist changed his mind, and so allowed him to be, as it were, pensioned off but retained on the establishment for some sentimental reason easily appreciated by those who

have experienced the great convenience of having, for the sake of the hero or heroine, a "Charles, his friend," as confidant, tame on the premises.

Lechmere Gordon, a most important part of about, on the whole, a quarter of an hour's duration on the stage, is efficiently played by Mr. SAM SOTHERN. The development of this character seems to have been an after-thought.

As for the minor characters, everyone of them is well characterised: the old nuisance of a father, played by Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR (a feeble edition of *Brother Potter* in *Still Waters*); the lazy, good-natured Mrs. *Lawler* of Miss KATE BISHOP; the lively *Dorothy* of Miss CLEMENT; the spiteful, gossiping *Lady Carreras* of Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND; not forgetting Mr. ALBERT SIMS as the first-class butler named *Walters*—all are merely ornamental, and not not one of them, save, perhaps, *Lady Carreras*, essential. The piece could be played by six principals and a couple of good "seconds" between nine o'clock and eleven; nay, if the author had not started an entirely new idea just when we have discovered that the male and female villain are the most amiable couple possible, the play, in the true interests of actors, author, and audience, might have perfectly ended with the third act, as (substituting lunch for dinner) a news-boy could have shouted "Winner!" outside, and the curtain would have descended on the husband weeping with joy at the success of his horse, while the wife, overcome at the prospect of the connubial bliss in store for them in a new and happy land, could have looked up at the ceiling and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of joy.

That Mr. BOURCHIER should fail in the last situation of the third act is not in the least to his discredit, it being utterly impossible for any actor to screw himself up to such a pitch as to turn an anti-climax, as is this weak attempt of *Bramley's* to snatch a kiss from *Lady Ernestone*, into a triumph.

Act IV. is *de trop*, as no one cares a dump what has become nor what may become of the *Ernestones* husband and wife.

THE SOCIETY SWEAR.

"Among upper-class women the use of bad language is awful; not only do elderly dowagers say 'D—n!' but girls of seventeen make use of that deplorable expression."—*A correspondent to the Daily Express.*

THE age is unmistakably profane;

Morality, like Trade, is on the wane:

Of late with most profound regret I've heard

How that a certain naughty little word,

Quite impolite, and quite unparliament'ry too,

Once vulgar, now's affected by the gentry too.

From common oaths my tender spirit shrinks,

I fuzzle when I hear them on the links;

The cabby's curse my moral system shocks,

I shudder when I hear it from the box;

But that which on the raw more sorely touches is

The swear that's used by dowagers and duchesses.

When in the case of nobly-bred adults

Age and experience yield these sad results,

What wonder if their daughters (pretty lambs!)

Indulge at times in copying their dams?

(A "play 'po' words" which serves to render printable
That which, writ otherwise, would be but hintable.)

Is this Profanity a passing phase

Like Pigs-in-clover, or the Ping-pong craze?

Will it revert to "Goodness me!" or "Blow!"?

I cannot tell you, for I do not know;

This I do know: a nation grave disaster risks

That lets its women talk in —s and * * *

A BILL THAT GOT THROUGH BY FORCE.—William the Conqueror.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

[Captain HOBSON, who distinguished himself at Santiago and by a kissing expedition in the States, has been meditating on the unparalleled greatness of his country, and publishes his views in an essay entitled "America must be Mistress of the Seas." According to the Captain, America is so exceedingly superior to all other countries in mental, moral and physical virtues, that she is clearly beckoned "by the finger of fate" to rule creation; and to attain this desirable end the navy of the United States must be made to equal the combined navies of the earth. This could be achieved by the year 1930.]

WHEN in my hammock lying, I
Consider o'er my dram
The justice, glory, purity
And truth of Uncle SAM;
When I reflect how good and kind
He is, how great should be,
O world at large, there is, I find,
One only way for thee.

Thou must accept his sovereign sway,
In whom all virtues rest;
With meek and holy joy obey
Each wise and good behest,
Observing what ideals high
Inspire his lightest deeds,
And with a humble spirit try
To follow where he leads.

Thus only, world, shalt thou secure
These priceless blessings three:
A press, like his, refined and pure
And from corruption free;
No crooked ways thy Trade shall know,
No speculation wild,
And life municipal shall flow
All pure and undefiled.

The greed of nations—German "shove,"
And Russia's plans to spread
Her empire, Britain's lawless love
For painting countries red—
Such wicked schemes for land and pelf
Shall righteous Uncle SAM,
Possessing all the earth himself,
Effectually damn.

And if the blind world cannot see
This is the only course
To its true happiness, then we
Must teach the world by force.
We'll build a fleet, a mammoth fleet,
The biggest ever planned,
And I am ready, as is meet,
To take supreme command.

Consule Josepho.

["The curiously blind dislike of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in Belgium shows no signs of abating. Indeed, so widespread is this unreasoning feeling that even the Luxembourg vineyard owners have, it is reported, just christened with the name of Chamberlain a vintage recently spoiled by inclement weather."—*Morning Post*.]

THIS is as it should be. His best friends would not like to see CHAMBERLAIN actually drunk with joy.



Mistress. "POOR DARLING LITTLE TOPSY! I'M AFRAID SHE WILL NEVER RECOVER. DO YOU KNOW, BRIDGET, I THINK THE KINDEST THING WOULD BE TO HAVE HER SHOT, AND PUT HER OUT OF HER MISERY!"

Bridget. "'DEED, MAM, I WOULDN'T DO THAT. SURE SHE MIGHT GET BETTER AFTER ALL, AN' THEN YE'D BE SORRY YE'D HAD HER KILL'D!"

MOVEMENTS OF THE MIGHTY.

IN consequence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S decision to visit South Africa, we understand that the Boer Generals have decided to remain in England. General DE WET, who has already gone into residence at Highbury, will take no exercise, but confine his attention to the orchid houses; General BOTHA will take charge of the Colonial Office; General BEN VILJOEN will wear the Imperial eyeglass; and General KRITZINGER will take periodical harlequin's leaps from a hansom cab into Charing Cross Hospital.

On receipt of a cable announcing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was about to visit Africa, we understand that Mr. SEDDON immediately booked his passage in the next steamer returning to England.

It is stated that M. CAMILLE PELLETAN, stimulated by the spectacle of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S exploratory energy, has borrowed the Prince of MONACO'S diving suit with a view to investigating the bed of the Mediterranean.

On receipt of the intelligence of Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN'S approaching departure to South Africa, Mr. HALL CAINE is stated to have promptly accepted President ROOSEVELT'S offer of an American penny-a-liner to convey him back to the Isle of Man.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has chartered the *Kohinoor* for a holiday trip to the Île du Diable.

General TRUMAN, it is stated, will shortly proceed to Dieppe to inspect and report upon the working of the *petits chevaux*.

A Large Order.

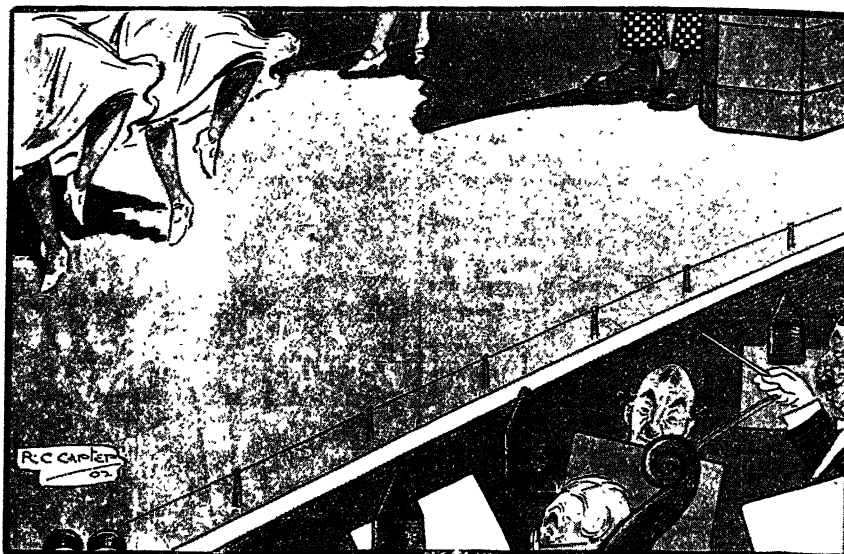
RESPECTABLE Party, in steady employment, wants to buy boots and clothing, wife and family, pay instalments. State best terms.—*Hackney and Kingsland Gazette*.

"KHEDIVIAL" SHE "WOULD HAVE SAID."
—"I'm told," quoth MRS. MUDDLE, "that Lord KITCHENER called on the KHEDIVE and was then driven about in a convivial carriage. It sounds rather cheerful, doesn't it?"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

I MUST state at the outset that in the following remarks and suggestions I address myself, not to those misguided adults who occasionally intrude upon the nursery department for their own sinister objects, but to those who are the proper inhabitants and rulers of that province—namely, to the children themselves. Crown Colony Government, vexatious and ineffective nearly everywhere, is nowhere so absurd and so fruitful of ill as in the nursery. My object will be to inspire in all children of a tender age a proper enthusiasm for their great heritage, so that they may no longer be content to submit themselves to the effete despotism of the library and the boudoir. Men who are immersed in business or the Bar, or in what may be called landed pursuits, cannot fairly be expected to sympathise with all the passionate yearnings that stir the breast of a doll capable of closing her eyes in a recumbent position; nor can a mother whose mental horizon is bounded by dinner-parties, weekly books and the acquisition of new gowns, and whose feelings are dulled by discussions with her cook, enter into the grief inspired in the heart of a child by the sudden collapse of a blue air-balloon in front of a fire, or the loss of such a fetish as a pointless pencil or a tin bath measuring three inches in length and half an inch in depth. A nurse, too, imposing as her appearance often is, must be trained to submit to her constitutional limitations. I am aware that she is generally appointed to her post not so much in defiance as in ignorance of the wishes and opinions of the colony that she is to control. This fact ought to be fatal to her authority. It is greatly to the credit of children, and speaks volumes for their natural loyalty, that they have not hitherto insisted on being consulted before their governor is appointed. The system must of course be altered, but, even as it is, a fair-minded nurse will recognise that, though she may possess absolute power over the perambulator, the sponge, and the bedroom light, she has no title to interfere with a high-spirited male colonist who insists on exercising his birthright of strength and liberty in plastering a sister colonist's face with a well-buttered slice of bread. Nor, in general, should a nurse, as is too often the case, show the spirit of a partisan when an internal quarrel is in progress. If she, or her deputy governor, for instance, in the course of her duties has had to separate two combatants, she must not take offence when one of them attempts to kick her shins. She must remember that Providence, in the shape of a dressmaker, has given her a proper protection for these sensitive bones, and she must reflect that a child who can attack shins at the age of four may in later life rise to be the mainstay of his school football team. To chill his generous ardour by placing him in a corner with his face to the angle, or to imbue him with a dark sense of being unjustly misunderstood by administering a spanking to his tender skin, is to show herself unworthy of her high position. The meditations of a boy thus partially immured cannot be salutary, and, if he should afterwards so far forget himself as to become a journalist, a member of the House of Lords, a Secretary of State for War or a company promoter, the blame must be laid on the arbitrary nurse who flouted his early aspirations and condemned him to suffer degrading punishments in the nursery.



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. A MUSICAL COMEDY.

My object, in short, is to democratise the nursery, to establish in its full vigour the great principle of government of the nursery by the nursery for the nursery. Let every child from the moment he or she is "short-coated" learn by heart and, when necessary, quote at its parents the following sublime passage from one of BURKE'S (I think it was BURKE'S) greatest speeches:—

"Sir" [or "Madam"—the form of address will naturally vary according to the parent addressed], "I protest I am astounded when I contemplate their state of mind who hold a contrary opinion to that which I have ventured to express. It has been, and I thank Heaven for it, a guiding principle in our polity from the time when our scattered tribes first formed themselves into a nation, so to administer the various and often discordant parts of our government as to weld into a harmony, outlasting the shocks of circumstance and the mutability of human conditions, the interests, the affections, the desires, ay, even the passions and the controversies of those whom we have been called upon to direct, and this not by the enforcement of a tyranny drawing its power from the obduracy and blindness of the great, but rather by the encouragement of a spirit of freedom amongst those whom we may guide but cannot fetter; by attaching their minds to the constitution of this realm by links that the voice of folly or the breath of faction will shatter in a moment, though, applied with tolerance and riveted with wisdom, they are bonds that no man will desire to break, since no man will ever be galled by their imposition. Grant this liberty and your nation will live; deny it, and you will perish in your obstinacy and your pride."

There you have the great principle. Next week we will consider some practical details.

(To be continued.)

Very Particular Bachelor (to the new lodging-house cook). Mind, Cook, I want my chop always well done.

L.-H. Cook (who has given notice). Well, Sir, you know the proverb: if you want a thing well done, do it yourself.

How can a message be taken seriously that comes by a "Laffan" wire?

"THEY ORDER THIS MATTER
BETTER IN FRANCE."

[A notorious French swindler was allowed to escape the other day by the two detectives in charge of him, after he had entertained them at dinner.]

SCENE—A private room at a fashionable restaurant in Paris.

Prisoner. Eh bien, mes amis, qu'est-ce que nous allons faire? Tenez, vous prenez encore un petit verre? Voilà les cigares.

First Detective. Très volontiers, monsieur, nous avons si bien dîné.

Prisoner. Enchanté! Et après, où irons-nous?

First Detective. Mais où vous voulez, monsieur.

Prisoner. Le théâtre, c'est ennuyant, on n'y fume pas. Encore une chartreuse verte. Voyons, voyons, c'est si peu de chose. C'est ça. Si nous allions à un café-concert? Ah, sapristi! J'oubliais quelque chose; j'ai une visite à faire. Je suis désolé.

First Detective. Pas de quoi, monsieur. A votre service.

Prisoner. Alors, partons! N'oubliez pas les menottes, hein?

First Detective. Ah, monsieur, vous plaisantez! Mais les inspecteurs de la sûreté ne sont pas de vulgaires agents. Ils savent se conduire en gens comme il faut.

Prisoner. Pardon, mes amis. La sûreté, pour sûr. Vous êtes on ne peut plus aimables. Allons! Garçon, l'addition! Chasseur, une voiture! Gare du Nord, aussi vite que possible, cocher, pour ne pas manquer le train.

[They enter the cab and drive off.]

First Detective (sleepily). Un petit voyage?

Prisoner. Je vais vous expliquer tout ça en route.

Second Detective. Mais nous aimons les voyages.

Prisoner. Que vous êtes charmants! Tenez, vous ne fumez plus. Voilà les cigares. Eh bien, je vais passer chez un ami, un brave homme, mon petit ami d'enfance, mon camarade d'école (each detective grasps one of his hands), en effet, mon frère. (They shake his hands cordially.) Ah, mais non! Je vous dirai la vérité, je vais rendre visite à une amie (they smile with gentle sympathy), une charmante petite femme, jolie, jolie comme une fleur. (They grasp his hands again.) Ah, figurez-vous ses yeux bleus, ses cheveux châtain, sa petite taille si svelte; figurez-vous comme elle m'attend, les larmes aux yeux, ses beaux yeux bruns—c'est une brunette délicieuse, aux cheveux noirs du Midi—et elle m'aime! (Each detective wipes away a furtive tear.) Ah, sapristi, non, mille fois non! Je ne veux pas mentir à de braves hommes



- A. T. SMITH -



Uncle. "DO YOU KNOW A MAN WITH ONE EYE CALLED BROWN?"

Nephew. "OH—WHAT'S THE OTHER EYE CALLED, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "GLASS, YOU YOUNG NOODLE!"

comme vous, je vous dirai la vérité entière, la vérité vraie, je vais voir ma grand-mère (the tears pour down each detective's cheek), qui a quatre-vingt-dix-neuf ans, et qui habite toute seule, là-bas à St. Denis, une petite villa, et cultive son jardin. Figurez-vous sa tendre sollicitude, pendant qu'elle arrose ses tulipes—je veux dire ses œillets—ah non! à cette saison, ses chrysanthèmes—cette dame qui a cent dix ans, et qui cultive son potager dans un petit appartement Rue St. Denis. (The detectives cover their faces with their hands and sob aloud.) Eh bien, mes amis, c'est convenu. Vous m'attendrez à la sortie des trains de banlieue dans deux heures. Voici la gare.

[They hurry on to the platform.]

Guard. Voyageurs pour Amiens, Calais, Londres, en voiture!

Prisoner (jumping into train). Au revoir!

Detectives (together). Au revoir, monsieur! Nos hommages respectueux à madame votre grand-mère. Nous vous attendrons là-bas.

[And they wait till the next morning, but curiously enough he does not return.]

"Cham."

THOUGH grapes are spoiling in Champagne, With sunless skies and too much rain, This still may prove a vintage year—For gooseberries were good, we hear.

EXTENDED titles for novels seem to be coming into fashion since GEORGE MEREDITH and then "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" set the example. Here are two that we have not as yet seen announced as forthcoming: *The Evening Paper, Some Hot Water, and a Towel; Two Bottles, a Biscuit, and a Peculiar Pickle.*



Tourist (in search of "the antique," after admiring old cottage). "IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE TO LOOK AT IN THE VILLAGE?"
Village Dame. "LOR' BLESS 'EE, WHY THERE 'S THE BEAUTIFUL NEW RECREATION GROUND AS WE 'VE JUST 'AD MADE!"

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY TALKS.

I.—WITH AN M.P.

It was a fine autumn morning in the year 2000 when Mr. Punch's Representative called at the chambers of Mr. MICHAEL O'FLANAGAN, M.P.

"I will inquire whether Mr. O'FLANAGAN can see you, Sir," remarked his servant. "The House sat late last night, Sir, and Mr. O'FLANAGAN is—rather tired. Perhaps if you called later"—

But the visit was not to prove fruitless.

"Show him in, PAT, show him in!" cried a voice from an inner room; "I'm as fresh as a daisy!"

Mr. Punch's Representative doubted if Mr. O'FLANAGAN's appearance justified this description. The hon. Member was reposing on a sofa, a patch shielded one eye, his right arm was in a sling, and his face was covered with strips of sticking-plaster. It seemed only polite to express regret at his condition.

"Bless you, it's nothing," responded Mr. O'FLANAGAN cheerily. "Result of last night's debate on the Army Esti-

mates, that's all. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer is an uncommonly efficient man—I don't deny that—has as pretty an upper-cut with his left as you could wish to see. Still, I flatter myself he got a bit better than he gave. You can bet that Supply won't be taken again *this* week, at any rate!"

"And surely," said Mr. Punch's Representative, "it will be some time before you are able to resume your Parliamentary duties?"

"Oh, no; I shall toddle down to the House this afternoon, as usual. My friend MICHIGAN has a question to the Home Secretary on the paper which is safe to lead to a row. Pretty fighters, both of them, and I wouldn't miss their set-to for anything."

"You yourself, Mr. O'FLANAGAN, have assisted considerably in making Parliamentary debates more—er, animated than they were in the last century?"

"Yes," answered Mr. O'FLANAGAN, with obvious pride, "I have indeed. For instance, I was the first Member who delivered his speeches in the House

through a megaphone. Everyone uses it nowadays, of course, but I was the first to introduce it. Again, the idea of making each new Member fight a couple of rounds with the Sergeant-at-Arms on the night when he takes his seat was quite my own. You see the fruit of this and other reforms in the increased interest shown by the public over our proceedings. The Strangers' Gallery is always full, and instead of compressing their Parliamentary reports into a paragraph, as they used to do, the halfpenny papers give us big headlines, and nearly as much space as a football cup-tie."

"And what," asked Mr. Punch's Representative in conclusion, "do you think of the political outlook for the Autumn Session?"

Mr. O'FLANAGAN shook his head.

"Bad," he replied, "very bad. Did you ever know a Government like this? Here we've been discussing this London Electric Lighting Bill for barely four months, and the first three words of the preamble have been passed already. No good will come of rushing business through like that."



AN AWKWARD PRECEDENT.

RIGHT HON. J-S-PH' CH-MB-RL-N. "HUM! I BELIEVE IN STUDYING ONE'S OWN DEPARTMENT ON THE SPOT!"

RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK. "GOOD HEAVENS! I SHALL BE EXPECTED TO GO TO SOMALILAND NEXT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 27.—It would be absurd to assert that there is anything in Mr. JASPER TULLY'S appearance or manner of speech that recalls the "rift within the lute that, slowly widening, makes its music mute." Personally, Mr. TULLY has been slowly widening for some years, and now presents to view of the SPEAKER quite a burly figure. All the same, when he began his gyrations at Question time, the couplet leapt to the lips in connection with the internal economy of the Nationalist Party. In surveying Imperial and national politics, Mr. TULLY does not see eye to eye with REDMOND *ainé*, still less with WILLIAM O'BRIEN. The consequence is, as he was cheerily reminded by a compatriot to-night, he has received notice to quit his seat for South Leitrim. Still holding it, he suddenly resolved to make use of his opportunities for flouting WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

That statesman, looking more than ever like the stage villain of a transpontine theatre, had several questions on the Paper. When called on by SPEAKER, or ever he could rise, up sprang the Tumultuous TULLY, and in voice than which nothing could be less lute-like,



"The Tumultuous Tully."

roared a supplementary question—"arising out of that answer," as he put it, glaring on the CHIEF SECRETARY, who had not at the moment had opportunity to reply. The coherence of Mr. TULLY'S remarks was complicated by little passages of arms carried on with his compatriots seated near. At one moment he and WILLIAM O'BRIEN being on their legs at the same moment (just

as if one or other were the SPEAKER), animated conversation followed. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, frowning in tragic fashion that would have fetched the gallery across the water, made in hoarse whisper an observation that sounded like "Off with his head! So much for South Leitrim."

No difficulty in catching Mr. TULLY'S remarks, though their purport was a little mixed owing to endeavour in the same breath to put his supplementary question, and to retort upon the brother patriot with whom difference had arisen.

"The question I wish to ask," he roared, "is—You are not going to bully me."

(This an aside to WILLIAM O'BRIEN, murmuring blessing from an upper bench. "Yah, yah," from Irish Members. "Boo-oo, boo-oo," from SWIFT MACNEILL, in his favourite imitation of the Bull of Bashan.)

"—wish to ask is, Whether this proclamation of the right hon. gentleman

Here Irish Members, in good training just now, raise hurricane of shouts. SPEAKER on his legs; WILLIAM O'BRIEN also up; TULLY standing well out on floor of House, apparently continuing his remarks. In comparative lull SPEAKER managed to get in observation to effect that he should have to take strong measures with the Turbulent TULLY.

Assailed on all sides, T. T. sat down, audibly grinding his teeth as O'BRIEN put his question. Up again on O'BRIEN'S next enquiry; broke out afresh at evening sitting when O'BRIEN delivered long tirade against Irish Government, who will not permit the absolute ruin of hapless farmers and traders who decline to kiss the brogues of local agents of the League. It was then O'BRIEN, turning upon him, delivered his memorable rebuke.

"The English House of Commons," he said, "is not the proper place for altercation."

Business done.—Gagged Irish Members appropriate another evening sitting.

Thursday night.—SAM EVANS beat the record in debate; looked in just now on his way westward from Law Courts; found ATTORNEY-GENERAL sitting down after delivering long and luminous judgment on Amendment drafted by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Swiftly cross-examining Members near him, SAMUEL rose and conclusively replied to a speech he had not heard.

Here and there he naturally tripped, having been misinformed or misconstruing some hint received. ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose to correct him. SAMUEL at once withdrew; but in the look with which he regarded his learned brother he managed to convey pained reproach, that, being on his legs, Mr. ATTORNEY

had omitted to make opportunity of saying the thing attributed to him.

"If," says SARK, "half the men in the House, having heard a speech, could



"Please to remember the Fifth of November." (The melodramatic O'Br-n.)

reply to it as effectually as SAM EVANS can answer an argument he has not heard, the level of debate would be considerably heightened."

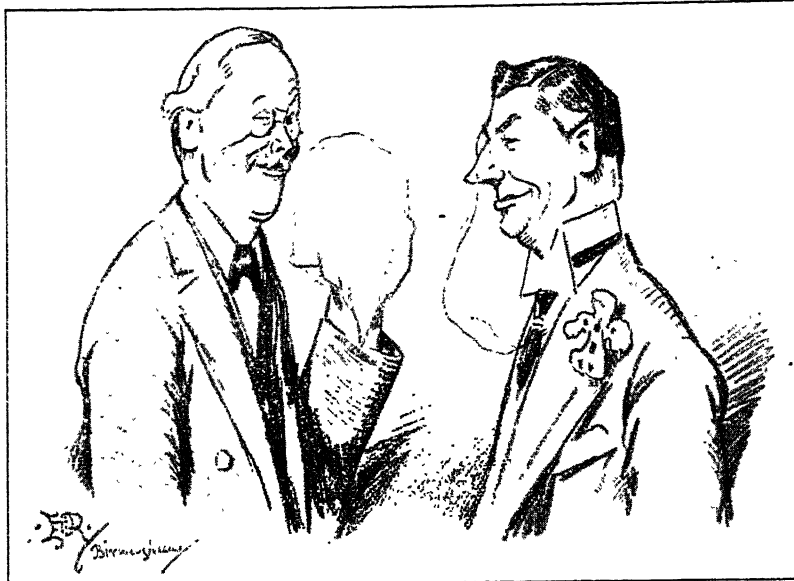
Business done.—With assistance of closure Education Bill beginning more or less merrily to move.

Friday night.—JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationalist, sits below Gangway watching PRINCE ARTHUR slowly shoulder Education Bill through Committee.

"A good man," he, sighing, says, "struggling with adversity."

For ordinary Member Bill rather a bore. Sub-section A. pleaseth him not, nor sub-section B. either. To tell the truth, he doesn't understand all their bearings, diligently voting "Aye" or "No" according to side of House on which he sits. For JOHN O'GORST it is pure undiluted delight. No office ties; no Ministerial responsibility; no imposition of vow of silence while PRINCE ARTHUR attempts to explain knotty point which ex-Vice President of Council knows he could do more simply and effectively. The mere privilege of speaking when and how he pleases alone makes life worth living.

For a while it seemed as if Millennium was tempered by loss of salary. A good deal of snubbing may be stood with the assistance of £2,000 a year, paid quarterly. Everyone glad to know that after long, loyal, brilliant service to his Party JOHN O'GORST not been sent away comfortless. Why he should have been sent away at all one of the puzzles of modern politics. As an all-round Parliament man he has only two superiors,



A TOUCHING SCENE.

"Now, my dear B-l-f-r; are you *sure* you can spare me for so long?—Oh, don't break down!"
 "Well (*sobs*), my dear Jo-o-seph (*sniffs*); I'll try!"

[Mr. B-l-f-r has such an expressive face.]

very few equals, on Treasury Bench. That is another story. Possibly he felt retention of office would be too painful when he no longer had the MARKISS for chief. Howsoever it be, the Education Office knows him no longer. But his salary is exchanged for a well-earned political pension.

Behind a cynical countenance JOHN O'GORST hides a tender heart. What really cut him when he packed up his belongings at Education Board and fared forth a free man, was his severance from the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, the final arbiters in all matters of national education. This mysterious body was, to tell the truth, a creation of his fancy. It was the JORKINS of the Education Department. Remember Mr. SPENLOW's partner, "whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men?" If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. JORKINS wouldn't listen to proposition. If a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. JORKINS was resolved to have it paid, and, however painful these things might be to the feelings of Mr. SPENLOW, Mr. JORKINS would have his bond. Thus with the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. The Vice President (and eke his noble friend the Dook) would gladly meet the views of gentlemen opposite, or indeed in any part of the House, on the point raised. But the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education were obdurate.

The printed words look feeble. To know all they meant—still more all they

implied—it was necessary to be in the House and hear the awed, almost blood-curdling whisper, in which the Vice President recited the syllables that compose the name. The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have, on JOHN O'GORST's retirement from office, faded back into the mist out of which their mysterious entity was evolved. Their ethereal existence, the spell mention of their name wrought upon House of Commons, are cherished memories that make mellow the honourable retirement into which ex-Vice President has been dropped. *Business done.*—Still on Education Bill.

A FULL PROGRAMME.

[It is stated that nearly two score of suggestions that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should take part in foundation-stone layings and other functions on his visit to South Africa reached this country on the day following the announcement.]

We understand that the following invitations for the first twenty-four hours after landing at Cape Town already await the Right Honourable Gentleman:—

From the Malay cab-drivers of Adderley Street: To inaugurate a new cab-rank opposite the Grand Hotel, with a fresh supply of hansoms which shall replace the existing vehicles, now over fifty years old.

From the Dock "Cape-boys": To lay the first flag of a private pavement of their own, running through Government Avenue to the Gardens and thence up the Kloof Road over to Seapoint.

From the members of the Bond: To unveil a statue of Mr. KRUGER in Green-market Square.

From the General Manager of the C. G. R.: To consume the first sandwich in the enlarged refreshment-room at the railway terminus.

From the organist of St. George's Cathedral: To pull out a new stop on his instrument, and, if possible, to play a march thereon.

From the Clerk to the House of Assembly: To address Messrs. THERON, SAUER and MERRIMAN in a maiden speech across the floor of the House, and give the Premier an object-lesson in Imperialism.

From the Governor of Cape Colony: To demolish the last brick of the barn-like building known as Government House.

From the inhabitants of Somerset Strand: To open a bathing-machine for the benefit of that rising seaside resort, and to take the initial plunge into the waters of False Bay (before the sharks come in).

From the trustees of Grooteschuur: To found a new hippo-house and elephant-preserve in the back garden under the fir trees.

From the manager of Constantia: To sample a new variety of "hanepoot" grape, and to broach a bin of Government wine therefrom.

From the assembled *predikants* of the Hervormde Kerk: To listen to some fresh clauses in the Commination Service.

From the fishermen of Mouille Point: To blow up the remains of the "Athens," which was wrecked there thirty-seven years ago.

From the Western Province Cricket Club: To bowl the first ball on the improved cocoanut-matting pitch at Newlands.

From the lessee of the Opera House: To assist at the *début* of some recently-imported "gag-merchants."

From the Astronomer-Royal at the Cape: To take the chair at a grand presentation of a new "table-cloth" to Table Mountain.

These are but an instalment of the more pressing and early invitations, the forerunners of some thousands to come by the next mail. There will be, for instance, the Christening of "Joeburg," the Naval Review at Pretoria, the Pul-sator Races at Kimberley, the State Visit to Teteleko's Thirty-two Wives at P'M'Burg, the Great Indaba with the Rickshaw-boys of Durban, the Grand Illumination of the Pyramid at Port Elizabeth, the Mad Mule-drive from Grahamstown to "King," the "Voetzak" into Bloemfontein, and the Wash-out all over Rhodesia. That such are a few only of the items of the Colonial Secretary's first week's stay in the sub-continent is the private information of your late

SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT.



Squire (somewhat eccentric). "I wish you could put a bit o' thatch on my head, George."
George. "It b'ain't thatch thou be wantin', Squire. It be two or three slates!"

AN ARTIC EXPLORATION.

Our word is as good as our bond, better perhaps. We had promised to avail ourselves of the earliest possible opportunity of seeing certain pictures by Mr. GORDON CRAIG (whose drawing-power as an actor is only equalled by his drawing-power as an artist) on view up to November 7th, two days after the festival of All Guys Day. Being strange to Bayswater, where these pastels are exhibited, we, arriving at the wrong end of Queen's Road to begin with, were compelled to inquire our way of several polite tradesmen. The bus conductor had sent us imperiously to the right, and having achieved a good half mile it occurred to us to make inquiries of a good-humoured-looking grocer, who informed us, quite jovially, that we were walking on towards Acton, and that instead of reaching our "objective" we should find ourselves on the high road to Ealing, intimating thereby that our ultimate destination might not improbably be Hanwell. So turning back, we once again hove in sight of Queen's Road-Station.

"Straight on," said a butcher in a decided tone. "Straight on the left, and ask again." We thanked him; but a quarter of an hour of "straight on" brought us by no means within measurable distance of the haven where we would be.

So we "ask again." This time at a baker's. Now, if neither fishmonger, butcher, greengrocer, nor chemist can answer questions as to anybody's domicile, depend upon it that the person in request is not a resident in that neighbourhood. The baker could direct us to where we didn't want to go, but that was not the point, so, like a "deputation," "we thanked him and withdrew." Then we tried the chemist. Thanks to this judicial and deliberate personage and to his London and Bayswater directory, we arrived at the desired Studio where the works of art whereof we were in search are (at present) enshrined.

There was not by any means a crowd in the rooms, as it was about the hour popular in Bayswater and elsewhere for lunch or early dinner, and therefore we had the place pretty well to ourselves, with the exception of a tall lady, possibly representing High Art, and a cheerful attendant, who handed catalogues.

"All those with a red wafer on them," said he pleasantly, pointing to the pastels and "fifty wood-cuts," "are sold."

Of course this fact was enough to make him smile, as the red wafer was pretty conspicuous in the collection.

These pastels suggested to our mind

THE WEST-
END OSTRICH.THE EAST-
END OSTRICH.

HATS OF A FEATHER THAT DON'T FLOCK TOGETHER.

that Mr. CRAIG's work might be generally and correctly described as "after AUBREY BEARDSLEY," of course some way after as a rule, but now and again uncommonly near.

What may be for want of a better description termed "the gems of the collection" are certain impressionist landscapes in miniature, as for example *Dunster, Surrey* (5).

The Hostess (2) is clever, but she is "sold." For his sketches of Sir HENRY IRVING in various characters all we can say is, as BRANDON THOMAS, the heavy haw-haw swell, observed to WEEDON GROSSMITH as the noble amateur who had been giving, as he thought, a life-like imitation of IRVING, "Why—aw—I thought it *was* IRVING." Of these portraits the best have been purchased, and are lent for this show. The visitor must burrow into a corner in order to examine curiously No. 23, *The Cabman and the Rainbow*, a puzzle picture which is certain to arrest attention, as, for another reason, will the pretty face of No. 7. In 68 we have a weird and original treatment of the old theme provided by the vagaries of *The Ancient Lady of Banbury Cross*, who is here apparently taking her equestrian exercise on a dark night, most unpropitious for such an amusement. Possibly the "bells on her toes" suffice to warn travellers of her approach, and so danger would be avoided. This mention of the Banbury Dame pastelised, and the display of small eccentric-coloured figures all dolly-ish and toy-ish, will suggest to the visitor the idea, as it did to us, that great things are in store for Mr. GORDON CRAIG if he would con-

fine (or extend) his art almost entirely to nursery wall-papers. He could make a *spécialité* of them. It's a fortune! Christmas wall-papers for the nursery!

"PUTTING THE KETTLE ON" AT
THE ADELPHI.

WHY is he called *Captain Kettle*? Certainly he has a good deal to do with "hot water," and is perpetually getting into it and out of it. But such is not the case with a kettle. He is a queer customer, "a kittle kettle to shoe behind." And if you're in the humour for villains, why here is the best of all villains at large in the form of Mr. ABINGDON as *Captain Pedro Vadez*. As for the ladies, there is handsome Miss ESMÉ BERINGER for *Doña Clotilde*, the melodramatic heroine, Miss ETHEL WARWICK as *Kate Carnegie*, a name so suggestive of rejected offers—of books. Here's the *Doña*, but where's Chevalier Coster? Deck scene on the *Doña's* yacht is very effective.

Of course, *Captain Kettle* has some good speeches, for what would a kettle be without a little "spout"? And, on the whole, Mr. MURRAY CARSON's gallant *Captain* is a performance of considerable merit. I may differ with Mr. CARSON on some points, but the public that appreciates this melodrama at the Adelphi is not to be much exercised by minor questions of dramatic art between *Kettle* and
Yours truly, T. POTT.

A Cannibal Competition?

GENTLEMAN Growing for Market has a Vacancy for Pupil.—*Advt. in the "Standard."*

CHARIVARIA.

A FOREIGNER who saw some of our infantry regiments on the day of the Royal Procession expressed himself as much struck with the spread of the Cadet movement in England.

And it seems that there was a boom in Cavalry recruiting that day. According to a half-penny evening paper, "As His MAJESTY passed the populace raised loud hussars."

With something approaching a sigh of relief the British nation has learnt from Mr. DE VILLIERS that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed visit to South Africa meets with the approval of the Boer Generals. Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN also approves of his going away.

It is astonishing that not one of the Liberal organs should have guessed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's real reason in going to South Africa is to avoid the humiliation of a defeat over the Education Bill.

King OSCAR is said to have decided on an award unfavourable to America in the Samoan Arbitration, and the general feeling among Americans is that if they had known the result was going to be adverse to them they would certainly never have consented to arbitration.

Great Britain has given a warning to Turkey. It has been intimated to the Porte by the British Ambassador that, unless Turkey withdraws her troops from British territory near Aden, Great Britain will be obliged to adopt whatever action she may think necessary. In well-informed circles this is understood to mean that Great Britain will then be forced to send a confirmatory note saying "Please go away."

Miss CORELLI makes the following complaint:—"Free Libraries may be considered extremely detrimental to the prosperity of authors." But surely in some cases the readers also suffer.

A female vagrant was last week taken to a Philadelphia police station with scarcely any raiment. A dress was improvised for her from two sacks, and, thus attired, she appeared before the magistrate, who asked her if she was an art-student.

Dr. HOYT, of Detroit, has declared, after a careful investigation of statistics, that in 260 years everybody in the United States will be insane. Dr. HOYT himself could not wait so long.

It is not often that the Art World has



Foreigner (who has been having a difference of opinion with his Bear, to alarmed householder). "Hé! VITE!! ZE ROPE! PULL ZE ROPE! HE NO HURT! HE VER' TAME BEAR!"

occasion to think well of the London County Council, but the Albert Memorial is now completely hidden behind a wooden scaffolding.

Mr. MORGAN's reproach to Mr. YERKES:—"Et tube, Brute!"

The general belief that King EDWARD THE SEVENTH was crowned at Westminster in August last now turns out to be correct. The current number of the official *London Gazette* publishes an account of it.

An officer has just discovered a real river within a thousand miles of the position allotted it in a War Office map. He has been awarded the D.S.O. (Discovery Service Order).

The Mayor of Plymouth recently handed to the Prince of WALES, at York House, the patent of the office of Lord High Steward of the borough. "The patent," says the *Daily Mail*, "was enclosed in a silver model of Eddystone lighthouse, which can be used either as a writing-table, an electric-light, or a letter-weight." Nothing, however, is said about a hammock or a skipping-rope.

My Kingdom or a Horse.

In the *Daily Graphic* there was the following ominous juxtaposition of headlines on the day of the Cambridge-shire:—

THE KING AT THE RACES.
SCYPTRE FOR SALE To-day.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A GORGEOUS binding in blue and gold attracts the Baron's notice to Mr. ANDREW LANG's *Book of Romance*, with artistic designs in grey and black and brilliant colours by HENRY FORD. This is for the elder children who were once Gammer Gurton girls, but are now students of the Arthurian Legend. A delightful book. Likewise issued by the same firm (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is *Alick's Adventures*, by "G. R.," with humorous illustrations by JOHN HASSALL,—not bad fun, were it not that *Alick* had been preceded by *Alice*, who went *Through the Looking Glass*, accompanied by her faithful knight Sir JOHN TENNIEL.

Mr. CHARLES H. E. BROOKFIELD, hitherto noted as an actor, a wit and a good fellow, has written his *Random Reminiscences* (EDWARD ARNOLD). It is a delightful book, crammed with good stories from beginning to end—and they are all told with such a skilful care of their point, and with such a breezy humour, that the Baron's Assistant, having rushed headlong through the feast, murmured as he came to the last page:—

You reach the end and wish he'd just begun,
This Brook of laughter in a Field of fun.

Mr. BROOKFIELD must forgive the play with his name, and count the B. A. his debtor for a large loan of pleasure and amusement.

Dainty, portable, in most readable type, are the little books that go to form the *York Library* (R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON). Here the pleasant, simple fiction of a bygone day is revived. The two latest stories are *Rosamund Gray*, by CHARLES LAMB, and *Two Love Stories*, by ROBERT SOUTHBY. Both are delightfully chosen, and will be welcome to those who enjoy their literature in scraps.

Side Walk Studies is the title given by Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON to his latest contributions to 18th century history, just issued by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS. It worthily takes its place in the charming library of kindred books, coming from the same scholarly and sympathetic pen. There is no modern writer who has so completely mastered life and work in the Georgian era as Mr. DOBSON. He is equally at home with men of letters, artists, actors, and (particularly) actresses. In this new volume he gives a charming account of PEG WOFFINGTON, its value increased by reproduction of a mezzotint portrait of the enchantress. Looking on this, my Baronite feels he never before realised the power of her spell. If she could charm mankind in this dress, the skirt fashioned after the style of an inverted barrel, what fatal work would she have wrought had she been gracefully gown'd! Dr. JOHNSON's haunts and habitations, the story of the *Spectator*, the illustrators of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, are among the subjects about which Mr. DOBSON delightfully chats. Anyone already tired of the so-called twentieth century should turn back to the eighteenth, and, under Mr. DOBSON's genial guidance, tread its restful by-paths.

An Antarctic Queen, by Captain CHARLES LAMB (F. WARNE & Co.), will certainly captivate the boy reader as she did the heart of the adventurous hero in this exciting story. After a varied and wonderful knockabout existence he discovers an island, which being discreetly placed by the author in



THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

Benevolent Lady (fond of the good old customs). "HERE, MY BOY, IS SOMETHING FOR YOUR GUY."

Conscientious Youth. "WE AIN'T GOT NO GUY, MUM; 'THIS 'ERE'S GRANDFATHER!"

some unknown region of the South Pole, he is able to commandeer. And the QUEEN thereof gives him her hand. Ahem! not unlike the story of the well-known ballad "*His heart was true to Poll!*"

The war being now really over, Sir ARTHUR (why not Sir CONAN?) DOYLE has wound up his story of its progress. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER publish it with elucidation of an excellent map, and the assistance of a carefully compiled index. My Baronite has on earlier editions written of the special features of this masterpiece of vivid, condensed, yet comprehensive narrative, which need not shrink from comparison with KINGLAKE's laborious and massive masterpiece. He notes, in proof of the completeness of the final chapters, that the chronicler records one of the finest—if one of the saddest—episodes of the War, when the son of the chairman of the P. & O., young SUTHERLAND, fresh from Eton, still blushing with pride over his commission to a lieutenancy in the Seaforths, separated from his men and his horse, scorning to surrender, fought his way on foot a mile along the veld before he was shot down by the encircling and admiring Boers. Sir ARTHUR does not add the pathetic incident that the news reached the young hero's mother on the very day the bells in London were clanging the joyful news of peace. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Tongues are Cheap To-day.

MRS. — REQUIRES GOVERNESS to prepare boy and teach girl 12 languages, music, £50. Ditto for girl 16 and housekeeping £80.—*Morning Post*.

THE VACILLATIONS OF PHYLLIS.

"MRS. SMITH has offered me a seat for the Lord Mayor's Procession," announced PHYLLIS at lunch. "It's very sweet of her; but I can't make up my mind whether to go or not."

"Don't you want to see it?" I asked.

"I don't know that I do," she said doubtfully, "and yet it would be rather nice in a way. Do you think I ought to go?" When she asks my opinion thus, I know that she inclines to the other side of the question. But as yet I was not quite sure which it was.

"I should please myself, if I were you," I answered safely.

"I should like to go," she murmured, looking pensively at the claret decanter, "but I don't think I will after all."

"Why not?" I asked, not so much that I thought her answer would be of importance, as that I like to hear her discussing a knotty point.

"There'll be such a crowd," she said, "and I'm sure I don't know how to get there."

"Where is 'there'?" I enquired.

"The Temple, I think it's called," said PHYLLIS, much as if she had mentioned Valparaiso or Timbuctoo.

"Have you got to get there all by yourself?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said. "I'm to meet the SMITHS at Baker Street, and we go by Underground."

"Then that disposes of the difficulty of getting there," I observed.

"Do you think Mr. SMITH knows the way?" she asked.

"Probably; he is a barrister," I returned. PHYLLIS moved back to her next trench.

"But there will be a crowd all the same," she objected.

"There may be something of a crowd," I admitted, "but that will not matter if you start early." She considered the point.

"I don't think the SMITHS are the sort of people who would start very early," she said meditatively.

"Well, if you feel at all nervous I shouldn't go," I advised.

"All the same it seems a pity to miss the opportunity," she continued. "And it isn't as though I should have to start at five in the morning," she went on; "it doesn't begin till eleven."

Her brow became slightly contracted. "Do you think it will be worth seeing?" she asked.

"I think you would enjoy it," I said. Her face became more doubtful.

"It seems a lot of trouble to take just for a Procession," she said, thoughtfully, "and it isn't as though I had never seen one before."

"You have certainly seen others," I agreed.



Snooks (who fancies himself very much). "WHAT'S SHE CRYING FOR?"

Arabella. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. WHEN SHE SAW YOU SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN!"

"Much better ones," she continued. "And Mrs. ROGERS won't have sent home my new frock by then." She shook her head with decision.

"Of course, if you have really nothing to wear"—I borrowed a phrase of her own—"you can't go. But as you don't want to go it doesn't matter, does it?"

"I shouldn't like to seem ungrateful to Mrs. SMITH," she went on, disregarding me. "Still, if I write at once she will have plenty of time to get someone else to go. Besides, I should not like to feel that I was depriving another person of pleasure."

PHYLLIS's unselfish scruples are so curiously interwoven with her system

of reasoning that I uttered no comment on this aspect of the case.

"And I don't think Mrs. ROGERS could possibly have it done in time. No, I think I will send a pretty little note to Mrs. SMITH, to thank her and tell her how sorry I am I can't come."

"Glad you've made up your mind," I said.

She looked at me innocently.

"I think I'm deciding rightly, don't you?" she questioned.

"Without doubt," I answered.

PHYLLIS tells me that they found their seats without difficulty, and that she has seldom enjoyed a Procession more.

OF HEBE IN EXILE.

[In reply to a deputation urging the abolition of barmaids the Premier of South Australia agreed that their employment was detrimental to the best interests of the community.]

IMMERSED in more domestic schemes

'Tis yet my way, at times, to wonder
What constitute the leading themes
That move the native breast "down under,"
What fashions rule, what foibles please
In the remote Antipodes.

Accordingly I wish to get

A true report of South Australia,
And learn if local tastes are set
Too much on beery Saturnalia,
And why the Premier wants to ban
The sylph that serves the flowing can.

Laughing across the beaker's brink

I gather how her beauty troubles
The eyes of men and makes them blink
Above the beaded South-Sea bubbles:—
And now she'll have to cry, poor Circe,
All round the Premier's neck for mercy!

How came her charm? I'm at a loss

For any luminous suggestion;
Conceivably the Southern Cross
May have a bearing on the question;
Or something in the amorous air
Exalts the barmaid over there.

Reared where the fogs are far to seek

That so obsess her Northern sister,
Upon her burnt and brazen cheek
Old Sol has regularly kissed her,
And Austral winds, as I suppose,
Have put that polish on her nose.

So when I view her British peer

At restaurants or exhibitions,
I trace the force of atmosphere
And other insular conditions,
Causing so large a lack of colour
That I can think of nothing duller.

Go, scan her closely day by day,

And try what power she has to hurt you,—
You'll not perceive a single trait
Strictly inimical to virtue;
I find no deadly snare to shun
When purchasing a railway bun.

Yet (I have seen them) some there are,

Excused by no inebriation,
Who like to lean across a bar,
Conducting social conversation;
And seem to taste a fitful joy
In this innocuous employ.

I note the gallant's flowers of speech

With what inane aplomb he plucks 'em;—
His fatuous glance embracing each,
The lank and brown, the blonde and buxom;
And marvel, till my senses spin,
Just where the devilry comes in.

Yet would I not pronounce absurd

The trend of things beyond the tropics;
I wait for SEDDON's final word
On this and kindred social topics;
I wish to draw (without offence)
On his profound experience.

Meanwhile I hope no Premier's curse

Will lay on us a like restriction;
Our youth might well be doing worse—
They might be reading modern fiction;
Or, more unprofitably still,
Discuss the Education Bill.

O. S.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG.

As a philosophic and urbane old lady was once going home from market, endeavouring to drive before her a small but refractory Opposition pig, she suddenly found her way barred by a series of entanglements set up by the new local authority. "What," said she, "shall I do with these entanglements? I must pass them, and I must get this tiresome little pig over them too." So she struggled on through half a dozen of the obstacles, until at last, as she was getting near home, she came to a barrier numbered Clause 7, so tall and formidable that the little pig absolutely refused to get over it, but lay down and squealed in the most alarming and distressing manner.

So she said to her dog, "HUGH! HUGH! bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the dog showed its teeth and snapped, but made no impression on the pig.

She went on a little further and met a stick.

So she said, "BRYCE, BRYCE! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the stick threatened in its best Holy Roman manner, but the dog didn't mind it a bit.

She went a little further, and she met a Welsh fire.

So she said, "LLOYD-GEORGE, LLOYD-GEORGE! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the fire crackled, but the stick still maintained a masterly but academic inactivity.

She went a little further, and she met a See.

So she said, "TEMPLE, TEMPLE! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the See surged and swelled, but entirely failed to damp the ardour of the fire.

She went a little further, and she met an ox.

So she said, "HARCOURT, HARCOURT! dry up See; See won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the ox bellowed, but made no visible impression on the See.

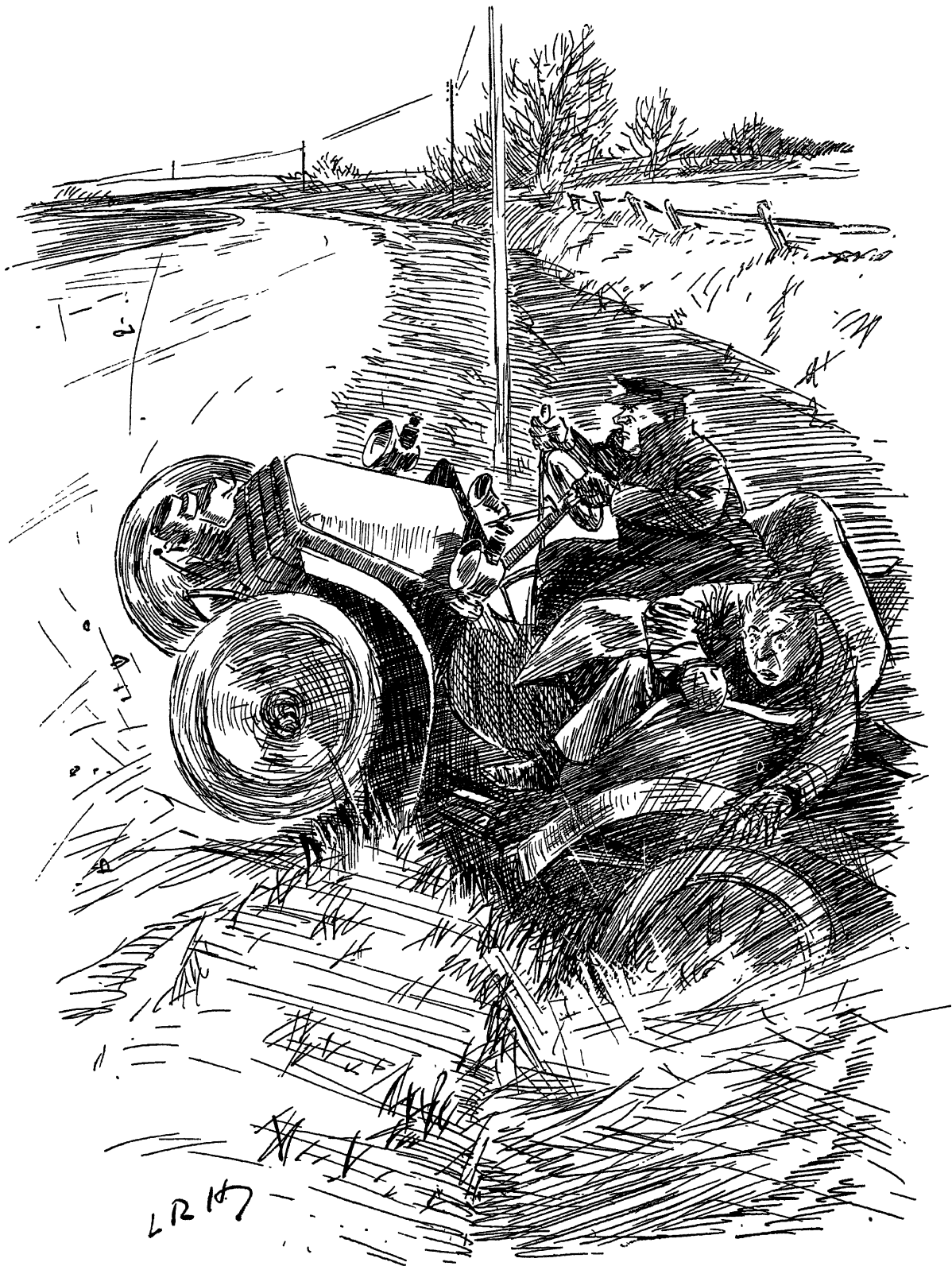
She went a little further, and she met a butcher.

So she said, "Chairman, Chairman! kill ox; ox won't dry up See; See won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher said to her, "If you will bring me the guillotine, I will."

So she fetched him the guillotine, whereupon the butcher began to decapitate the ox; the ox began to dry up the See; the See began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the pig had to get over the Clause, and the old woman got home at last.

Moral:—If we don't all hurt each other's feelings a good deal, there is no chance of getting Education Bills through Parliament.



Owner (as the car insists upon backing into a dike). "DON'T BE ALARMED! KEEP COOL! TRY AND KEEP COOL!"
 [Friend thinks there is every probability of their keeping VERY cool, whether they try to or not!]

CHARIVARIA.

WITH a view to silencing the rumour that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is running away from the Education Bill, he is to be provided with a brass bedstead for his voyage, so as to avoid all appearance of a "bunk."

Meanwhile a Continental paper declares that even the English are beginning to see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the right light, and mentions the fact that they refer to the banquet that is to be given him as a Monster banquet.

We are sorry to hear that, in a duel between the Comte DE DION and M. GERAULT-RICHARD, there was a nasty accident. M. GERAULT-RICHARD received a scratch.

A Viennese engineer has invented a paper yacht. His claim of originality shows that he has never heard of our War Minister's paper army.

Mr. BRODRICK, having been scoffed at for wearing khaki at the recent German manoeuvres, has now arranged to take part in an engagement. *Mr. Punch* offers respectful felicitations.

On hearing the report that steps are at last being taken by certain justices to introduce a bill into Parliament to extend the power of awarding corporal punishment, a number of Hooligans have written to point out that the effect of such a measure would merely be to brutalise them.

It is presumed, by the bye, that such a bill will be backed by Mr. CAINE.

It has been discovered that London is gradually being depleted of boys, and stringent regulations have now been promulgated by the police to ensure the greater purity of ice-creams.

A speaker in discussing the Education Bill the other day pointed out that taxation without representation was no uncommon thing to-day, and instanced the cases of Women, Aliens, and Lunatics. A protest is anticipated on the part of the friends of Mr. SWIFT MAC-NEILL.

The debate at the O.P. Club, "Are Dramatic Critics of any Use?" having resulted in no definite conclusion, the dramatic critics consider themselves justified in going straight on, anyhow for the present.

The Schoolmaster has been Abroad again. Mr. WALKER, the headmaster of St. Paul's School, appeared before the



Rupert. "I SAY, PAPA, ETHEL IS SO TIRED, AND SHE WOULD SO LIKE TO HAVE A RIDE. COULDN'T YOU TURN ME INTO A LITTLE DONKEY?"

Papa. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RUPERT? YOU'RE TALKING DREADFUL NONSENSE!"

Rupert. "WHY, PAPA, I'VE HEARD UNCLE SAY YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING A GREAT ASS OF YOURSELF, SO YOU MIGHT THIS TIME JUST MAKE A LITTLE DONKEY OF ME!"

Licensing Committee of the L. C. C. last week in opposition to a proposed new theatre at Hammersmith, to give evidence "that he knew very little about theatres," and proved it nicely.

Mr. WALKER, we understand, considered the whole proceedings a travesty of justice, but has forbidden the Editor of *The Pauline* to publish an account of the same under the title, "The Headmaster in a Farce."

At the review of the Guards on their

return from South Africa, it was noticed that the movements were not carried out with the neatness and precision habitually shown by men of the same Brigade who had not been out to the War. It is therefore unlikely that the Guards will ever be sent on active service again.

"Charles Our Friend" from Portugal.

His Majesty King Edward. "Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me."

His Majesty King Charles. "I am heartily glad I came hither to you."

As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 1.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

(Continued.)

IN this paper I propose to consider some of the more important matters affecting the life and conduct of the nursery community. A proper and sympathetic understanding of these is essential to the happiness of every household that aspires to be well-governed.

First, then, as to

TEETH.

IN order that a child may become in the true sense a consumer it is necessary that he should first be a producer—that is to say, if he wants to masticate he must get his teeth out. The process of production is supposed to be attended with considerable discomfort, but it is a remarkable fact that no sufferer has ever been able to furnish direct and conclusive evidence in the usual way, *i.e.* by word of mouth, of the pain he or she was supposed to be undergoing. Red blotches on the face, a heated temperature, a general loss of amiability showing itself in yells of a prolonged kind, and a marked disinclination for sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—all these symptoms may be due to many different causes. Yet the tradition of the nursery has assigned them all to teeth. Surely it would be the easiest thing in the world for an infant to get up and say, "My teeth are giving me pain," or, "A very troublesome molar is forcing its way through my back gums and causing me to yell in spite of my efforts to be brave." But is this ever done? Never. On the contrary, the child makes inarticulate noises and allows its nurse to give the evidence and to make the diagnosis. The necessary inference from this refusal of first-hand evidence is that, while the child is itself unwilling to tell an untruth, it has no objection to allowing its nurse to fib for it. This is a very insidious and repellent form of dissimulation. Let an infant speak up and tell its own story, remembering that only the virtuous can ever be happy. No one who has a respect for the finer feelings will blame it, if, after hearing its nurse say, "The pore little dear is 'avin' a very bad time with its teeth," it should say, "My dear mother, I am sorry to contradict a nurse whom I reverence, but my regard for truth compels me to say that it is not my teeth that are troubling me: it is my accursed temper, which I will endeavour in future to control." So much, then, for teeth.

THE FALL.

The fall may be defined as a sudden and unaccountable collapse of the legs, followed immediately by the projection of the body against a hard substance, not naturally designed for the receipt of such an impact, and succeeded more remotely by the application of chocolate to the mouth. The chief thing is so to arrange a fall that it shall produce as little pain and as much chocolate as possible. Some authorities consider that no fall is properly executed as a chocolate-producer if the forehead of the faller strikes against the leg of a table or a chair or against the fender or the corner of a cupboard with a force sufficient to raise a distinct bruise. This is an extreme view, and the arguments used in support of it are not convincing. We are told that its object is to diminish pain. At first sight this is attractive, but a closer investigation shows us that the amount of pain suffered has no relation to the facts of the case. No considerations of this sentimental nature should ever induce us to limit the free output of falls by any artificial restrictions, for we must remember that to check falls is, indirectly perhaps, but none the less certainly, to check the consumption of chocolate, and to interfere with the manufacture of soothing lotions.

There are, of course, many varieties of falls. The most common, but unquestionably the least effective, is the pancake fall. This requires no run for its execution. All you have to do is to stand up, either unsupported in mid-nursery, or propped against a chair. You then telescope with lightning speed into yourself, your skirts spreading out round you, until the extreme crown of your head is the only part of you left projecting above the surface of the floor. You are then picked up, judiciously extended to your right length, and are ready to begin again.

The eighteen-months zig-zagger forward is a very pretty fall. It is generally performed at a sharp run. You start, say on the right foot outside edge forward, change sharply to the left outside also forward, back again to the right outside for two yards, then on to the inside forward on both feet simultaneously, cross legs and so fall. The new school of American fallers has attempted to vary the above method by introducing a rapid pirouette bringing you on to the outside backwards on both feet, followed by a half-fall backwards, a turn on one heel, and so, finally, the old forward fall. It is a complicated and amusing figure, but the best nurseries fight shy of it and stick to the solid but workmanlike British style.

The slow backward is a fine old fall. You carelessly deposit a doll (wax preferred) in the middle of the room, and, leaving it there, advance to the door or the table. You then suddenly remember that you have forgotten something, and that the best way to get it is to walk backwards across the room. Studiously directing your course to the doll you suddenly stamp upon its face, trip over it, and so fall. You then rise with a bump on your occiput and a passionate desire for a new and sound-faced doll.

The mud-fall is equally suitable for London and the country. All that is necessary is that you should wear a new white frock, a new white coat, white gloves, and a white hat. The rest is merely a question of selecting a good place for the fall. This variety is very effective after rain.

(To be concluded.)

The Gamp Family on Trusts.

IN the Reichstag Herr GAMP stated that German export trade could not subsist without Trust operations (*Times*, Nov. 5th). Those who make a study of the science of heredity will be interested to remember that *Mrs. Gamp* was a witness to the historical truth that "some people may be Rooshans and some may be Prooshans, they are born so and will please themselves;" and then follows her opinion on the "Trust" question, "But I am not a Rooshan or a Prooshan, and consequently cannot suffer spies to be set over me."

"TWO MEN AND A TREAT."—We are informed that in our notice that appeared last week under the above-quoted heading, our much amused and most laudatory critic mixed up Messrs. FRENCH and HILL, the co-entertainers at Steinway Hall, attributing to the former all that was done by the latter, and *vice versa*. Not that it matters where both are so good. It was an instance of French Hill-translated. To quote *Mr. Mantalini*, we may sum up by saying, "both are right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"

A "Warm Corner" in the Kaiser's Heart.

WHY bears the Eagle in his beak
The emblem of the dove?
They say it's not *haute politique*,
It must be "Covert" love.

What to do with Our Daughters.

FISH TRADE.—Wanted, Girl accustomed to smoking.
Aberdeen Free Press.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

VII.—MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

It was our intention to enter Skibo Castle with our usual unassuming quietude, but fate was too much for us.

yard inflection, "Gadzooks, who is 't?" After a lengthy dialogue which taxed our knowledge of the dialect of G. P. R. JAMES to the utmost, we were admitted on the distinct understanding that if a library were offered to us by Mr. CARNEGIE we should not refuse it.



"We plunged boldly into the turbid fluid."

No sooner were we glimpsed on the far horizon than the sentinel on the donjon keep blew the shrill clarion which we afterwards discovered announces to the household the approach of danger, or the appearance of an article by Miss CORELLI. Hence on reaching the moat we found the drawbridge up.

Since we had to keep up the legend that nothing deters a representative of the Fourth Estate, we plunged boldly into the turbid fluid surrounding Mr. CARNEGIE's fortress, and with a few masterly HOLBEIN strokes we reached the other side. To our horror the portcullis had been dropped!

There was nothing for it but to parley, and we therefore tugged lustily at the bell labelled "Seneschal." In rather more than due time the Seneschal arrived, and inquired in strong American accents, tintured with a perceptible kail-

Mr. CARNEGIE was in the act of endowing a library as we entered his study.

"Half a minute," he said, "and I'm with you. Take a library—I mean take a chair."

We sat down, and had time to observe, while our host completed his task—the seventh of the kind that morning, he told us—that the room was devoid of books. In fact we did not see a book in the whole castle.

"Well, Mr. CARNEGIE," we said, "and how do you like Skibo? Is it up to Pittsburg, Pa.?"

"It has its advantages," he said. "There's less Triumphant Democracy here; but more Monarchy. Between you and me I like Monarchy."

"And how is the labour of getting rid of the millions progressing?"

"Slowly, slowly; this is the land of saxpences. I'm afraid I'll never be-



"Between you and me, I like Monarchy."

come a splendid pauper unless I take a theatre. They tell me that's the sure road to unloading. The *Maitre de Forges* with realistic mounting, reproducing the Pittsburg Mills, might assist me in the task of depleting my pockets. Then I have thoughts of endowing a WAGNER Theatre—you know WAGNER is the only composer who realised the dramatic possibilities inherent in a 'Ring.'

"After all, giving away libraries is a tedious pastime; but I can't play golf, and I'm too stiff for ping-pong. I assure ye, man, that a lifetime in the Steel Works is no preparation for ping-pong. But come out on the battlements and see the view. We can see almost as far as Marylebone; but, thank goodness, not quite."

We admired the prospect. Mr. CARNEGIE called our attention to a beautiful imitation oil-well in the foreground, and a pergola fancifully shaped to recall the famous sleeping-car on which his fortune was built. Several elegant bookstalls were tastefully disposed throughout the park, and over a clump of Scotch firs could be descried the



"Come out on the battlements and see the view."

chimneys of the asylum for superannuated librarians, several of whom were taking the air on a miniature mono-rail line that meandered through the bosky dells. Occasionally the flute-like call of the secretary-bird broke the stillness, as it chanted snatches from the novels of Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL, Mr. CARNEGIE's favourite author. Tactfully interrupting the silence, we asked, "Is it true, Mr. CARNEGIE, that you are opposed to America's Imperialist policy?"

"Man alive!" exclaimed our host. "My fortune was made by contracting, how could you expect me to become an expansionist?"

Fascinated by the irony of the Steel King, we could have stayed for hours in his company, but suddenly remembering that our clothes were still dripping from our immersion in the moat of our genial host, we reluctantly tore ourselves away from his presence.

BACK TO THE LAND.

[Sir HARRY JOHNSTON advocates the prudent revival of the wolf as likely to enhance the amenities of rural England.]

"REVIVE the wolf," so runs the rede;

But why this partial resurrection?

Why foster one ferocious breed,

When all deserve the same protection?

I'm sure the countryside would wear

A charm immeasurably greater

If ev'ry copse concealed a bear,

And ev'ry stream an alligator.

Think of the added zest of life

If dwellers in suburban villas

Were constantly engaged in strife

With stout and strenuous gorillas?

If on the verdant village green

Wherein the summer Dick and Tom bat,

The wallaby were always seen,

Attended by the wily wombat.

If on the margin of the mere

The peccary serenely grunted;

If giant sloths in mid career

The automobilist confronted.

If in the gardens that we love

Great bustards roosted in the willows,

The chimpanzee dislodged the dove,

And ants gave place to armadillos.

This were a piquant change indeed,

Transforming tedium to riot;

No longer tonics should we need,

Nor fancy stimulating diet.

The highly seasoned tale would flag

That gives us now such stimulation;

The spicy play would droop and lag

Beside this rural innovation.

How does the new prescription run?

We ask the medical profession—

"A country walk without a gun

Will dissipate all nerve depression."

"ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY."

"Fiat experimentum in corpore vili."

Old Latin Grammar.

"Let us try it on with these cheap Volunteer Corps."—*War Office rendering.*

(N.B.—Mr. Punch has thought it best not to tamper with the official literary style of this brochure.)

ARMY ORDER—EXTRA SPECIAL.

1. In order to obviate certain difficulties which are alleged to have arisen in the case of a number of Volunteer Corps with respect to the fulfilment of the present conditions of efficiency, and to check the flow of resignations apparently caused by an over-estimation of such difficulties, as well as to encourage recruiting to the extent desired, the following supplementary Regulations are now promulgated for the better guidance and assistance of the Force in the performance of its duties.

2. With a view to increasing the interest taken by members of the Force in their work, every Volunteer shall as from this date be required on joining to deposit with the Adjutant of his Corps (who shall at once forward the same by registered letter to the Secretary of State for War) the sum of Ten Pounds in cash, to be retained against any default on his part during his term of service. This sum shall be exclusive of any sum paid to his Corps for subscription, expenses of uniform, etc.

3. On the completion of his service the Volunteer shall be entitled to claim repayment of the balance, if any, of his deposit, on production of certificates of birth and identity, and provided that the Secretary of State for War is satisfied on personal inspection of his regimental record, that he has in no detail transgressed the requirements of these or any other previous or subsequent Regulations.

4. For the purposes of this payment, the present period of service of all Volunteers now enrolled shall be deemed to have expired on the date of issue of this Order.

5. On and after the date of issue of this Order no Volunteer shall be permitted to resign his membership of the Force except by the express consent in writing of the Secretary of State for War.

6. In order to provide that every Volunteer shall have full opportunity to attend the specified number of Company trainings per annum, every Company shall hold at least one training on each week-day (two on Saturdays); and to ensure that the required numbers, viz., an officer, four non-commissioned officers, and twenty rank and file, shall be present at each Company training, every member of a Company called for such training shall be required

to attend. Any member failing to do so shall be required to pay the sum of One Pound to the Adjutant of his Corps, who shall have power to summarily recover the same, and shall forward it at once to the Secretary of State for War in the manner already prescribed.

7. No Volunteer shall henceforward be allowed to plead attendance on the range as an excuse for his absence from any Company training. Any Volunteer so endangering the completion of the required numbers for such training shall be dealt with as if he had been engaged on his private affairs.

8. Any Volunteer failing, for whatever reason, to attend camp in any year during his period of service shall thereby forfeit his deposit, which he shall be required to make good within seven days under the penalty of distraint of such goods as he may possess.

9. Any Volunteer finding himself impeded by the nature of his business from giving a due attention to his military duties shall be required to relinquish such business. Married Volunteers, while not actually required to do so, are strongly recommended to at once apply for separation orders.

10. For some years past the Volunteer Force has constantly claimed to have sacrificed its time and private means in the service of its country. It is now determined that the claim so made shall be realised. By the establishment of the principle that for the future it will be rather cheaper for them to neglect their business than their military duties, Volunteers will now not only find the problem of their conflicting interests satisfactorily solved, but also have inducements to make their training their principal end in life such as they have never previously enjoyed.

11. It is further confidently expected that as the general result of this Order they will have the pleasure of finding that the Volunteer Force has been rendered absolutely self-supporting, a most desirable state of things in view of the recent developments in the conditions and requirements of the Imperial Yeomanry and the modern regular recruit; while the stability and practical permanency which will from now onwards characterise the Force, should effectually put an end to all inconvenient suggestions with regard to the subjection of the free and independent British voter to any humiliating form, however mild, of compulsory military training. (Signed) BR-DK-CK.

NEW WORK (not previously announced).
—*The Huncles of New Marrowfats*, by the author of *The Haunts of Ancient Peace*.

A GRACEFUL CONCESSION,

SCENE I.—10, Downing Street. TIME—
Friday afternoon.

Mr. Arthur Balfour. We really must exert ourselves a little with the German grammar, or we shall never be able to speak to-morrow.

Mr. Chamberlain. But the EMPEROR speaks English.

Mr. A. B. Of course. But we ought to talk German to his suite. It is an exertion to learn it, I admit, but it would be such charming politeness, a sort of graceful concession. Come, let us begin. Lassen uns anfangen.

Mr. Brodrick. Ja, ja! Ich will für ein, weil ich bin halb ein Deutsch mit mein Rot Adler.

Mr. C. If it had been Italian, caro mio, which I learnt in Naples and Malta, I could have startled you. Veramente! But German is much too hard.

Lord Lansdowne. Now if it had been French, moi qui vous parle—

Mr. A. B. Aber wir werden thun es, Sie werden sehen. Ich kann sagen ganz wohl, wie befinden Sie heute sich?

Mr. B. Das ist nicht recht. Ich muss wissen weil ich habe das Rote Adler. (Aside) What is the gender of Adler? (Aloud) Die Deutsch sagen, wie geht Ihnen mit es?

Mr. A. B. Ich habe gelernt es in mein Ollendorff. Sie wissen nicht Alles.

Mr. B. Schliessen hinauf! Sie haben nicht die Rote Adler.

Duke of Devonshire (sleepily). Don't make such a noise, you fellows. When I've been in Homburg I've heard the Germans say "Vee gates," or "Fee gate," or something like that.

Mr. C. Fee gate? You're mixing it up with Tattersall's Ring. You don't know any more German than I do.

Mr. B. Wie kann er? Er hat nicht der Rotes Adler.

Mr. A. B. Oh, gehen zu Bath mit Ihr Rot Adler!

Lord L. Quel tohu-bohu!

Duke of D. (waking up). Well, all I shall say will be "Fee gate." I can't bother to learn any more.

Lord L. Et moi je vais parler français. C'est la langue des diplomates.

Mr. C. As for me I shall speak English, and if they can't answer me back they may hold their tongues.

Mr. B. Sie drei sind sehr dumm. Aber wenn Sie können nicht verstehen ich will interpretieren, weil ich habe die Rotes Adler.

Mr. A. B. Oh, blasen Ihr Rote Adler! Lassen uns gehen heim jetzt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Sandringham. The next evening.

Mr. B. Wie geht Ihnen mit es, Graf? Ich bin so glücklich zu sehen Sie



CONCERN.

Lady (whose husband has been schooling her new horse, out cub-hunting). "OH, WHAT A PITY YOU'VE GOT HIM DOWNS, ALFRED! I'M AFRAID IT WILL MAKE HIM SO NERVOUS ABOUT DITCHES!"

wieder. Haben Sie gesehen mein Rote Adler?

Generalquantiermeister Graf von und zu Pumpnickel. How d'ye do, Mr. Brodrick? Delighted, I'm sure. I congratulate you.

Mr. B. Warum, Sie sprechen Englisch! Graf von und zu P. Oh, we all do that. We have to. We learn it at school as a matter of course, See you again. [Passes on.]

Mr. B. Wetterdonner!—I mean Donnerwetter! Here's a sell, BALFOUR!

Mr. A. B. Ein verkaufen, lieber Brodrick? Wie so? Ah, wie befinden Sie heute sich, Baron?

Wirkliche Geheime Oberregierungsrat Staatsminister Professor Doktor Baron von Schinkenbrot. As fit as possible, my dear Mr. BALFOUR. Never better in my life.

Mr. A. B. Aber Sie sprechen Englisch!

Herr v. S. Of course. Don't you? [Passes on.]

Mr. C. There now! I told you so. Duke of D. I said "Fee gate" just now to one of these Germans, and he didn't seem to understand at all.

Mr. A. B. (disconsolately). This is singularly disappointing. I thought it would be so graceful.

Mr. C. You'd better stick to plain English.

Mr. B. Was? Mit mein Rotes Adler? Nimmer!

Mr. C. As for you, BRODRICK, I advise you to say nothing about your Red Eagle, for all these fellows have the Black one, and they'd simply look down upon you.

[Mr. BRODRICK collapses.]



Tourist. "HAVE YOU NOT GOT SCOTCH WHISKY?"

Waiter (in an Irish Hotel). "NO, SORR, WE DON'T KAPE IT. AND THEM AS DOES ONLY USES IT TO WATER DOWN OUR OWN!"

THE PUFF RECIPROCAL.

FOR some years it has been a custom with enterprising manufacturers to advertise their wares by quoting the unsolicited opinions of men eminent in the various walks of life. Chief of those who take pleasure in promoting the sale of various goods and nostrums are our literary men, whose emotional natures prompt them to spontaneous outbursts of the highest advertising value. But now that publishers are growing in wisdom, and learning how much may be done by "display type" to excite public interest in their books, we need not be surprised to see a reciprocity

established between literature and commerce. Who would not feel inclined to pay 4s. 6d. net for a novel that bore the endorsement of his favourite distiller, or a poem whose smooth versification was applauded, and its purity guaranteed, by the manufacturer of a nourishing breakfast food? Indeed this departure seems inevitable, and we need not be surprised any Saturday morning to find in the back pages of the *Bookmaker* a publisher's list in which the merits of his wares will be set forth in this attractive manner:—

Temporal Power: A Study in Supremacy. By MARIE CORELLI.—"A wonderful book. If only the author had treated

some of her sprained metaphors and dislocated figures of speech with our embrocation, we should pronounce it perfect."—*The Patriarch's Oil Co.*

The River. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.—"This charming novel is so pure in matter, and so effervescent in treatment, that we are seriously considering a proposal to bottle it for our foreign trade."—*The Pop-Fizz Table Water Co.*

The Little White Bird. By J. M. BARRIE.—"It was really Mr. BARRIE's fiction we had in mind when we coined for our smokes the phrase, 'mild, sweet, and pleasing.'"—*The Nicotine Co.*

The Intrusions of Peggy. By ANTHONY HOPE.—"For killing objectionable time this story is without a peer."—*Katchem and Killem Insect Powder Co.*

Donovan Pasha. By SIR GILBERT PARKER.—"Mr. PARKER's latest book adds to his reputation as a careful and observant traveller. Our Egyptian office reports that the Sphinx is now inquiring 'Where will he break out next?'"—*The Globe Trotter Tourist Co.*

James the Sixth and the Gowrie Mystery. By ANDREW LANG.—"Here is an attractive volume that goes far to disprove the contention that the word 'Scotch' is simply an adjective used to qualify whisky. It also qualifies an admirable class of author of which Mr. LANG is the only member."—*Peatsmoke and Blend, Distillers by Appointment.*

The Confessions of a Wife. By HERSELF.—"In order to enjoy this marvel of self-revelation the reader should have a large bottle of our disinfectant on the library table."—*The Chloride of Lime Co., Ltd.*

The Eternal City. By HALL CAINE.—"Worth a guinea a volume. In confirmation of our statement we take pleasure in referring you to the author."—*The Blue Pills for Bloated People Co.*

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM-BINSTED.—The Vicar of Binsted, in Hampshire, has recently made the interesting discovery that Lord KITCHENER's ancestors were Binstedians. Satisfactory of course to know that they were "steady 'uns," particularly when connected with a "bin." Deeply impressed as was Lord KITCHENER by the result of this research among the "endless genealogies"—the Vicar's memory will supply the remainder of the quotation—yet he found it utterly impossible to personally inspect the ancestral home of his race. Of course Lord KITCHENER greatly regretted that Binsted was not within his range.

Place aux Dames.

MAN and wife wishes caretaker's situation or work for the wife.

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



“A PURELY NON-POLITICAL VISIT.”

GAMEKEEPER PUNCH. “WISH YOU GOOD SPORT, SIR!”

[Several Cabinet Ministers have been invited to meet the GERMAN EMPEROR at Sandringham.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 3.
—CASABIANCA TULLY stood in the Irish camp whence all but he had fled. On his legs because he was putting a question; nay, he had ten on the Paper. and as he supplemented each with one still more irrelevant he had what he called a good time. Procedure understood to be a form of Hibernian humour. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who, as TIM HEALY puts it, is not good for more than one spasm a week, blew himself out in first fortnight of Autumn Session. Gone home to be re-gased. His merry men following his example, TULLY, at whatever cost, resolved to stay on. In loneliness of the erstwhile tumultuous benches below Gangway there flashes on him this new development of national humour.

O'Brienites, while still with us, accustomed among them to put at least a score of questions per sitting, addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY. Very well. Now they've gone away, CASABIANCA, left on watch, will show that, single-handed, he is equal to O'BRIEN and all his men. Accordingly, knocks off a score of questions per sitting. This, after long pondering, is SARK's explanation. Seems a little erudite. One is left wondering where the joke comes in.

Late to-night CASABIANCA received the following telegram signed WILLIAM O'BRIEN. "Don't think you can intimidate us by firing off questions at WYNDHAM." Is thinking out a repartee.

Worst of performance is that it has waked up Mr. WEIR. For many Sessions he has been champion questioner. For triviality, irrelevance and verbosity none to beat his string. Finishing touch given by slow intonation in deep chest notes suggestive of the graveyard in the middle of a moonless night. Rather slowing off of late. CASABIANCA, trespassing on his croft, has wakened up the old sheep dog. Of thirty-one questions starred on Paper to-night for oral answer, over one-half stood in names of these representatives of the shrewdness of Scotland, the gaiety of Ireland. TULLY had ten, WEIR six. Aggregate doubled by supplement of each enquiry with another of added irrelevance. Stranger in Gallery at Question hour went home with increased respect and admiration for the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—By grace of closure Clause 9 added to Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—Always looked upon JOHN AIRD as one of the most gentlemanly, kindest-hearted men in the House. Sort of person who wouldn't say "Boo!" to a goose if there was slightest reason to believe remark would

be accepted as in any way personal. Consequently read with surprise his reply to polite message from KITCHENER. On his way to India Lord ROSEBERY's War Minister stopped to inspect the Assouan barrage works. Sent a message to JOHN AIRD heartily congratulating him and those who have worked under him on the accomplishment of a magnificent undertaking.

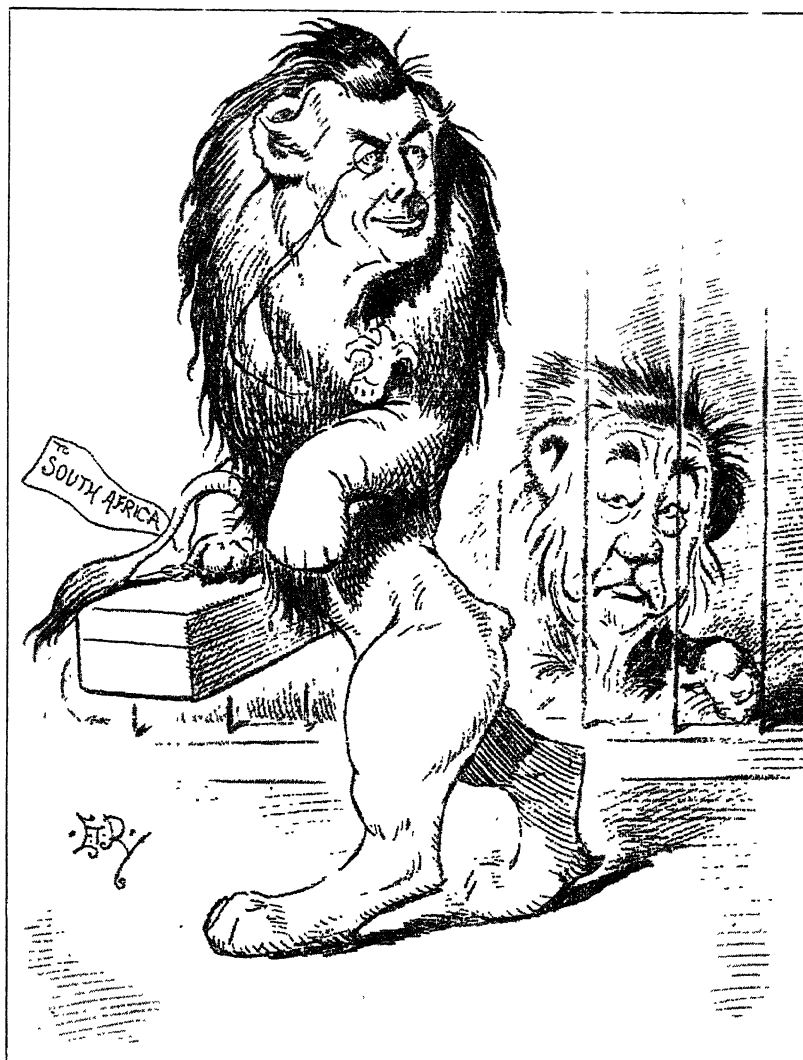
And what is JOHN AIRD's reply? Here it is textually, with apologies to delicate ears. "Your kind thought and wire from Assouan greatly appreciated by all who have been engaged on dam works."

Why this angry, opprobrious reference to an enterprise the world has agreed to regard as the most beneficial ever bestowed on Egypt? Of course the works have been some time in progress,

have necessarily entailed trouble, occasionally anxiety. But this exhibition of petty temper seems unworthy of a man with a beard like JOHN'S.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER moves House into Committee of Supply on little gratuity of eight millions to Transvaal. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES hauls alongside, denounces procedure as unconstitutional. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, sacrificing his dinner, turns up prompt at nine o'clock to back up the CAP'EN. RITCHIE gets his Committee all the same.

Wednesday night.—Pity CONAN DOYLE has really finished his *History of the Great Boer War*. Incident happened to-night that in his skilful hands would have made not the least brilliant chapter. BOTHA and DELAREY, two of the



THE LION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"General Bombastes. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore."
"King Artaxominous. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

most inveterate tacticians in the Boer army. looked in to hear DOX JOSÉ make his last speech before journeying to South Africa. Climbing the kopje over the clock, they instinctively entrenched themselves in the front row facing the SPEAKER'S chair, commanding both the Treasury Bench and the one opposite, on which sat massively contemplative the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Their brown faces turned with quick interest to the Table when by it stood, welcomed by thunderous cheer from Ministerialists, their ancient indomitable foeman, the dread DOX JOSÉ. Followed his speech with close attention, looking at each other now and then as his shots went home with the rattle and precision of the familiar pom-pom. C.-B. came next, affording opportunity of studying another style.

When he resumed his seat the Boer Generals were startled by sudden roar of execration. Instinctively they felt for their rifles; glancing sharply round veld, discovered on a lower kopje on the left flank of the SPEAKER'S Chair a mild-looking, more than middle-aged gentleman talking in rapid speech tintured with Welsh accent. The noise that startled them was indicative of desire by majority that the gentleman on his legs should not trouble himself to continue his speech. But the gentleman on his legs was BRYN ROBERTS; quite accustomed to that sort of thing; determined to disregard it.

For a while the Generals sat and suffered. Soon old habit asserting itself, BOTHA turned to flee. DELAREY, for once demoralised, after brief hesitation joined in the flight. Racing down the kopje under cover of the staircase, they made for their ponies tethered in the Whips' room ready in case of accident. Tightening girths they leaped into the saddle, and to the terror of the police, inured to motor-cars, dashed across Palace Yard, disappearing in the friendly darkness.

What British Generals, equipped by the War Office, horsed by the Remount Commission, spent weary months in endeavouring to accomplish, BRYN ROBERTS did in five minutes. Single-tongued he routed the flower of Boer chivalry.

Business done.—Transvaal Vote for eight millions practically approved.

Friday night.—Only PRINCE ARTHUR, Attorney-General, new Parliamentary Secretary to Education Board, Chairman of Committees, and the Member for BARKS know what it is to spend our nights and days with an Education Bill. ADDISON in his mildest mood exhilarating by comparison. Others come and go; the vast majority seen only when Division Bell rings, and there is opportunity for adding a unit to their score of votes. FINLAY now

reaps the enormous advantage of having cultivated his boyhood on a little (or much) oatmeal. In middle age it is remarkably sustaining. ANSON finds his new life worth living only because it affords an opportunity of contemplating his predecessor at Education Board seated below Gangway. For him JOHN O'GORST has curious fascination. Rarely takes his eyes off venerable figure lending added air of respectability to corner seat sacred to JIMMY LOWTHER.

For PRINCE ARTHUR, with the weight of Empire on his slim shoulders, this grinding hour after hour, night after



"My dear Ans-n, how on earth do you remember things?! I never can remember anything—except my handicap, and even that escapes me at times!"

(Mr. B-l-f-r and Sir Wm. Ans-n.)

night, at the creaking stone of Education Bill sometimes passeth human endurance. Let anyone in search of information on subject try experiment of merely sitting for five hours on same bench whilst others talk. On top of that physical trial comes for PREMIER necessity of keeping up the sharpest mental strain, prepared at any moment to rise and make a speech on which may depend fortunes of the Bill, fate of the Ministry.

If hours of daily labour were limited from two o'clock in afternoon till midnight, with interval for hasty dinner, task would be sufficient to try some men's strength. Conduct of Education Bill in Committee merely an episode in PRINCE ARTHUR'S day's work. Before he enters House must have dealt with the

correspondence of PRIME MINISTER of an Empire on which the sun (which at least has no Education Bill on its mind) never sets. There are Cabinet Councils to be attended, innumerable persons to be seen on matters of urgent public importance. Even on Treasury Bench the red despatch box pursues him, and with one ear open to debate on which he must presently reply he deals with State papers of momentous importance.

Thanks to high courage and naturally gay disposition he bears up and carries on. Small wonder if strands of grey are with increasing persistence beginning to weave themselves in his hair. The 'orny'-anded British workman, insistent on his eight hours' day, knocking off at one o'clock on Saturdays, occasionally when wages are high throwing in Monday, should, in moments of depression that overtake the Misunderstood, consider and contrast the PREMIER'S Working Day.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. PRINCE ARTHUR gives notice of a motion that will hurry it along.

HONOURS EASY.

[During an altercation in the French Chamber one Deputy struck with his glove another, who retaliated with a kick. It is reported, however, that no duel will result, as the one asserts he did not feel the blow which his opponent claims to have given, whilst the other alleges that the kick did not reach him.]

Of Box and Cox I sing,
Those Frenchmen lion-hearted,
Who fought like anything,
And parted.

Box used of course a glove,
Cox practised the *savate*;
Witness, ye heavens above,
To that!

Honour resents a blow;
Pluck comes of constitution;
Has this dilemma no
Solution?

Ah! Cox declines to feel
A gauntlet's feeble flicks;
And Box is triple steel
To kicks.

Box shows his glove with pride:
He struck, he need not shoot;
And Cox is satisfied
To boot.

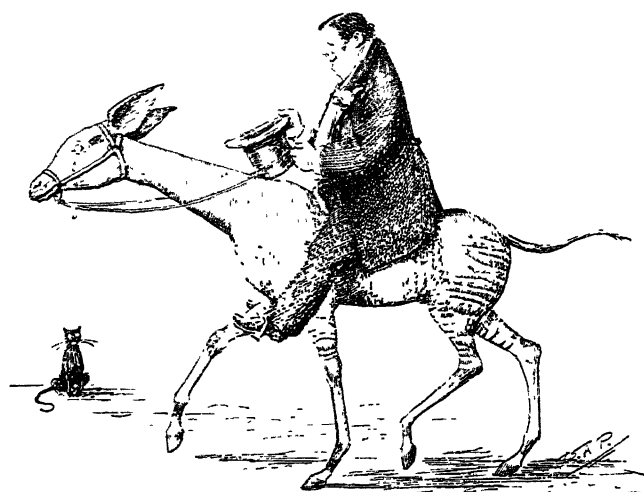
COMBARRETIVELY SPEAKING. — It is reported that Mr. WILSON BARRETT has made a "big success" with his *Christian King* at Birmingham. The monarch in question is ALFRED, and he has "taken the cake." In the old story the cake was overdone; in the play it may turn out that this is the case with the *King*.



C. S. Brock
1902

Son of the House. "Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel?"
Miss M. "Oh, I daren't after such good music as we have been listening to."
Son of the House. "But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music!"

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.



PROFESSOR L-NR-ST-R ON THE OKAPI; OR, A LIGHT RAY ON DARKEST AFRICA.

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

II.—IF I WERE MR. MCCARTHY!

(An amended version of Mr. J. H. McCarthy's "If I were King," at the St. James's Theatre.)

ACT I. SCENE—The usual tavern of Romantic Drama.

LOUIS XI. and TRISTAN, Provost of Paris, disguised, are sitting at a table, R. VILLON, a tattered-looking rascal, stands in the middle of the stage, declaiming a ballade with lonely uproariousness.

Villon. Who is the man who dices, drinks, and brawls

In taverns, but is worshipped all the same

By sympathetic ladies in the stalls?—

VILLON's the dissipated fellow's name.

What do you think of that for an envoi?

Louis (who remembers his Swinburne). Haven't I heard that last line rather differently put?

Villon (yawning). Very likely. But it doesn't matter—so long as it is the last. [Lies down to sleep before the fire.

Tristan (grimly). That's true. [VILLON begins to snore.

Louis (to TRISTAN). You don't like this fellow's verses?

Tristan (crossly). No. And I can't see why on earth a King of FRANCE should be slouching in a low tavern at one o'clock in the morning when he might be in his royal bed.

Louis (astonished). My dear fellow, you must be totally ignorant of the theatre! Who ever heard of a Louis the Eleventh who didn't slouch in taverns, listening to what he wasn't meant to hear? We must observe the conventions!

Tristan (grumbling). It seems idiotic.

Louis. Very likely. But it's a stage tradition. Hush, here comes someone.

Enter KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES. She goes up to VILLON and shakes him cautiously. Louis and TRISTAN set themselves to listen in the ostentatious manner usual in costume drama.

Villon (opening his eyes). KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES! (Rising hastily.) My dear young lady, what are you doing here?

Tristan (to LOUIS). That's what I should like to know.

Katherine. I came to speak to you.

Villon. To speak to me! In a tavern? Do Maids of Honour usually follow their humbler admirers to a public-house in preference to making use of the penny post?

Katherine. Invariably—in romantic drama.

Villon. You astonish me. Well. What do you want?

Katherine. There is a man who is pestering me with his attentions. Will you get rid of him for me?

Villon. With pleasure. To a man of my easy disposition one murder more or less is nothing. What's his name?

Katherine. THIBAUT D'AUSSIGNY.

Villon. The Grand Constable of France? That's awkward.

Katherine. Why?

Villon. Rather a conspicuous person, don't you think, for an assassination?

Katherine (carelessly). I dare say. But he deserves to die. He is plotting to betray the KING to the Burgundians.

Louis (aside to TRISTAN). The deuce he is!

Villon. Then why on earth don't you denounce him in the proper quarter instead of asking me to murder him?

Katherine (with dignity). In romantic drama these paltry considerations of common-sense are out of place.

Villon. Very well. Where shall I find him?

Katherine. Here. I expect him every moment.

Villon. Here! The Grand Constable of France skulking in a pot-house! Absurd!

Katherine (crossly). Why not? I'm Maid of Honour to the Queen, and I'm in a pot-house. The KING is almost invariably found in pot-houses. Why shouldn't a Grand Constable be found there too? (Enter THIBAUT.) Here he is.

Tristan (to LOUIS, disgusted). Good Heavens! Is the entire Court going to pass the night at this inn?

Louis (sulkily). It looks like it.

Katherine (to VILLON). How are you going to do it?

Villon (lightly). Easily enough. I shall wait till his back is turned, and then stick a knife into it. [Does so. THIBAUT falls.

Katherine (enthusiastically). My hero!

Villon. Not at all. Simplest thing in the world.

[Kneels down and proceeds to rifle THIBAUT's pockets.

Louis (coming forward). Here, I say, you mustn't do that. That's my money.

Villon (looking up with a snarl). Is it? Who are you?

Louis (majestically). The King of FRANCE!

Villon (jumping up). Then I'm afraid I shall have to cut your throat. [Advances towards him.

Louis (mildly). May I suggest a compromise? You spare my life and I'll give you THIBAUT's post.

Villon (scandalised). Make me Grand Constable? Ridiculous!

Louis (testily). Of course it's ridiculous. I'm ridiculous. You're ridiculous. The whole situation's ridiculous. But it's all right in romantic drama. You consent?

Villon (sullenly). If you wish it.

Louis. Very well. For a week shall we say? You may not like it for more than a week. And now suppose you escort Mlle. DE VAUCELLES back to the Palace? (Exeunt VILLON and KATHERINE). Foolish fellow! Foolish fellow!

[Kneels down to search THIBAUT's pockets as Act drop falls.

ACT II. SCENE—The King's Garden. TIME—Next afternoon. VILLON, gorgeously attired, is discovered biting a quill meditatively.

Villon. I shall have to re-write that ballade. How will this do?—

Who is the man who sits in monarch's halls

With every sign of popular acclaim,

First in the breach wherever duty calls?—

VILLON's this conscientious statesman's name!

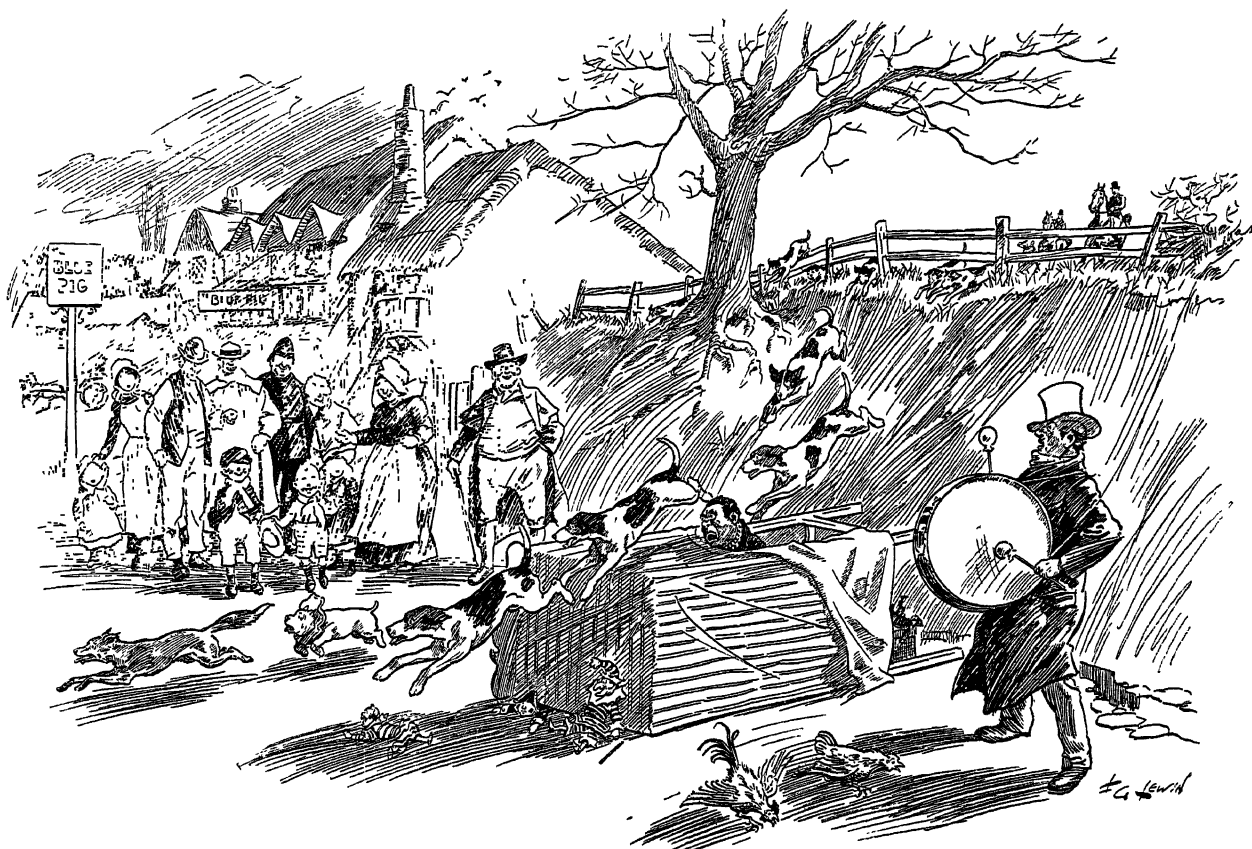
That's better! [Proceeds to write it down. Enter LOUIS.

Louis. Well, how do you like being Grand Constable?

Villon. Thanks. I find it very agreeable.

Louis. That's right. (Maliciously) I thought you'd have a pleasant week.

Villon. Week? Nonsense. It's perfectly idiotic to displace a Grand Constable at the end of a week. He'll never learn his duties at that rate.



SUCCESSFUL SENSATIONAL REVIVAL!

THE OLD DRAMA OF "PUNCH AND JUDY" IN FOR A RUN!

Louis. No doubt. But then there's the death of THIBAUT to be considered.

Villon (easily). I don't think we need bother about that.

Louis. On the contrary. In your own interest you must see that when a Grand Constable is murdered the assassin ought to be hanged.

Villon. That's true.

Louis (rising). Very well. At the end of a week. [Going.

Villon. Eh? I don't think I quite understand.

Louis. It's very simple. For a week you are Grand Constable. [With a sneer] On our Royal word! After that you swing. [Going again.

Villon. Stop, stop. This really requires more consideration. It's absurd, you know. No audience would stand it.

Louis (sententiously). My dear Sir, an audience will stand anything—in romantic drama.

Villon (thoughtfully). I suppose you never break this Royal word of yours?

Louis. Never! In romantic drama every criminal fatuity may be committed by a monarch. But not that.

Villon. You relieve me greatly.

Louis (politely). Might I inquire why?

Villon. It's in this way. The Burgundians are besieging Paris. I—as your Grand Constable—am in supreme command of your troops. At the end of a week—if you continue to reign—I am hanged. What follows?

Louis. I don't know.

Villon (genially). Why—that I'm hanged if you continue to reign! [Dispassionately] That's rather a good joke.

Louis (alarmed). You wouldn't kill me?

Villon (shocked). No, no. Not I. The Burgundians.

You see I'm no General. By the end of the week your troops will be defeated and your reign will be over. The best of it is I shall still be Grand Constable!

Louis (testily). Nonsense. If I fall, you fall.

Villon. Pardon me. When your enemy's commander-in-chief is a thoroughly incompetent officer, the last thing you are likely to do is to deprive him of his command.

Louis (blankly). I hadn't thought of that.

Villon (pleasantly). Nor had Mr. McCARTHY. You're incurably romantic, both of you. I'm a realist myself.

Louis. Confound it all, this is very awkward. What on earth's to be done?

Villon. I don't know. You see you can't deprive me of my office because of that Royal word of yours. [Thoughtfully] I might resign, of course.

Louis (eagerly). The very thing! Pray do so, my dear fellow, without delay.

Villon (suavely). Upon conditions, you know.

Louis (depressed). Conditions? That means money. Conditions always do.

Villon (consolingly). An annuity merely. Say ten thousand livres? And a free pardon.

Louis. Couldn't you make it francs?

Villon. Impossible.

Louis (grumbling). I thought somebody said the impossible didn't exist.

Villon. Yes. But that wasn't till much later. Ten thousand a year, a free pardon, and the hand of Mlle. DE VAUCELLES! Really, we haven't done so badly.

Louis (bitterly). You're easily pleased. But I don't believe the audience will like it!

[Exit, shaking his head gloomily. Curtain.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Adventures of M. D'Harcot, by J. STORER CLOUSTON (BLACKWOOD AND SON), is a whimsical story, occasionally amusing. The hero is neither a "lunatic at large" like *Don Quixote*, nor a swindler like *Barry Lyndon*, but he is an irresponsible creature whom it is difficult to place. His constant lying is irritating, and it is impossible to become interested in any one of the *dramatis personæ*.

The Baron sees nothing very new or original in the pretty Christmas cards forwarded for his inspection by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, excepting some queer figures, with folding legs, that can be seated about in odd corners; but he congratulates this firm on the half-dozen brightly coloured "*Pickwick Pictures*," and on that other merry set depicting how "a-hunting we will go!"

By the way, while on the subject of Christmassy illustrations, those done for the *Golliwog Game* (DE LA RUE & Co.) in imitation of Miss UPTON's comic creations, will "keep the game alive" for some time, though the Baron feels inclined to welcome to his arms the "Beamish Boy" who will slay *The Golliwog*.

With an eye to instructing the youthful student, EDGAR PICKERING, in his *True to the Watchword* (F. WARNE & Co.), leads his gallant aspirant for the rewards of valour into the thick of the Irish fight when the second JAMES was King. It is just a dash of history in romantic surroundings, but as the history is decidedly biassed it comes out as a rather incomplete sandwich. Still, most palatable to the average book-boy. It is well illustrated.

The White Wolf (METHUEN) gives the title to a selection of what "Q" calls *Fireside Tales*. They will be found soothing and comforting in the lengthening nights drawing near. "Q" is one of few living masters of that most difficult of all literary arts, the telling of a short story. He is here found at his best, the selection being marked by attractive variety. One of the little cameos conveys the moving story of a stoker putting out to sea in a cruiser of the British fleet with intent to blow her up by an infernal machine. He writes a letter to a friend ashore announcing his genial intention. The missive arrives at a time when H.M.S. *Berenice* is already down Channel, making her way to the China seas. The reader follows her with breathless interest, turning over page after page, naturally looking for the one that discloses the end of the plot. It is not to be found. *The Man Who Could Have Told* is the title "Q," with grim humour, gives his story. My Baronite insists that the man who could have told is "Q," and complains that he doesn't.

My Baronite, noting that *The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl* comes from the same House, is not quite sure whether it is designed as a skit, or whether it is what a vain, rather vulgar, audaciously uninformed feminine mind would actually desire a trusting public should accept as experience. If it be a joke, it is a very poor one. If it be seriously meant, it is ludicrous. In either case it is tiresome.

A showy edition of the immortal *Inglodsbys Legends* is presented by JOHN LANE. Without a knowledge of these lays and stories no English-speaking person's education can be considered complete. But numerous, and occasionally effective, as are the illustrations by HERBERT COLE, they cannot approach the few but memorable ones, full of the most grotesque humour, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. These new illustrations are of the Dorésque order, such as The Only GUSTAVE did for the *Contes Drôlatiques*, but with a very considerable difference. *Gulliver* is also well timed and



SO POLITE!

He. "WON'T YOU SIT IN THIS CHAIR, MISS SPOONER?"
Miss Spooner. "AFTER YOU."

always popular, but the artist, though clever, lacks the quality for the Swiftian humour.

In *The Intrusions of Peggy* (SMITH, ELDER) MR. ANTHONY HOPE makes a new departure. Avoiding Ruritania, its Court and its soldiery, he is content to settle down for a while in the Bohemia that actually is approachable by sea—London to wit. About *Peggy* there is some perhaps unconscious reminiscence of *Trilby*. Consciously or unconsciously, both ANTHONY HOPE and GEORGE DU MAURIER, dealing with Bohemia, whether in London or Paris, go back to HENRI MURGER's immortal book, in which the outer world were first privileged to get glimpses of *La Vie de Bohème*. This thing is inevitable, whether it be due to my Baronite's fancy, or to the author's early impressions. But *Peggy Ryle*, though of the same genus, is all herself, a girl apart from *Trilby* or *Mimette*. A delightful creation, free and fresh as the wind, warm, inspiring as the sunshine. An attractive foil is cleverly provided in the person of *Airey Newton*, the unsuspected grubbing miser, who under *Peggy's* inspiration blooms into genial manner, boundless generosity, and the condition of a happy husband. The minor characters, especially *Lady Blixworth* and *Mrs. Bonfill*, are sketched in Mr. HOPE's most alluring manner. My Baronite, again seeing through stone walls, fancies he recognises in the latter a London hostess known and dear to most of us these score of years.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE Lorando-Tubini difficulty," we read in the *Times* last week, "was settled." It will be welcome news to hear that all Londoni-Tube-ini difficulties have been surmounted.



UNCOMMONLY KEEN.

"WHY, WHERE'S THE HORSE, MISS KITTY? BY JOVE, YOU'RE WET THROUGH! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

"OH, THE STUPID UTTERLY REFUSED TO TAKE THAT BROOK, SO I LEFT HIM, AND SWAM IT. I COULDN'T MISS THE END OF THIS BEAUTIFUL THING!"

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY TALKS.

II.—WITH A JOURNALIST.

THE office-boy intimated that the Editor of the *Daily Wireless* was disengaged, and Mr. *Punch's* Representative climbed up to the sanctum, meeting on the stairs a muscular-looking gentleman with his arm in a sling.

"That was Mr. HACKITT," said the Editor. "Plays centre-forward for the Twickenham Tigers, you know, and is one of the most valued members of my staff. Writes our first leader two or three days a week."

"Then he's an authority upon political questions, as well as upon football?" asked Mr. *Punch's* Representative.

"Politics?" cried the Editor; "our leaders don't deal with politics nowadays! No, he writes about the things that really matter—for instance, he has an article on 'Foods that Forwards Fancy' in our issue of the day after to-morrow."

"I will look out for it," promised his interviewer.

"Well, you can see it now, if you care to. It was published yesterday, of course—don't you know that the daily papers all come out three days ahead? To-morrow's Tuesday, so you'll find

Friday's *Wireless* on your breakfast-table. The public insist on this kind of thing."

"But how do you manage about your news?"

"Oh, we have a staff of clairvoyants and crystal-gazers—not that they are particularly trustworthy, though. Intelligent Anticipation does a lot. It's not nearly so difficult as you think. Supposing you had to predict a House of Commons debate on a particular Bill three days ahead, couldn't you guess who would be sure to speak, and pretty well what each of them would say? I thought so; and that's just what we do. Even if we guess wrong it doesn't much matter; no one troubles about the House of Commons to any extent."

"But surely," protested Mr. *Punch's* Representative, "you can't manage everything in that way? How about the first night of a play, for example? Does your account of it come out two or three days before it happens?"

"We do not print dramatic criticism," the Editor replied. "My Proprietor is fairly wealthy—a millionaire, I think—but dramatic criticism is too ruinous a game for him. He attempted it once only. Our critic wrote that, 'in a play otherwise absolutely faultless, there was perhaps the faintest vestige of one dull

moment in the first act.' Needless to say, the playwright promptly brought an action for libel, and an intelligent jury awarded him £500,000 damages."

"And book-reviews?"

"Those we keep permanently set, only changing the author's name and the title of the work. We declare that each book is 'indubitably the masterpiece of the century'—and you can't think how much innocent pleasure we give!"

"Since you told me the name of your chief leader-writer," added Mr. *Punch's* Representative, "perhaps I may inquire without indiscretion the names of some others of your staff?"

"Certainly—the name's everything now, and all our articles are signed. The city advice is done by a music-hall artiste; a county cricketer deals with army matters; and a famous burglar, out on ticket-of-leave, supplies the weather-forecasts."

"And you really find that they are the best writers upon these subjects?"

"That I can't say," rejoined the Editor. "But I *do* know that the public loves to buy what they write!"

HARD-UP THEATRICAL MANAGER'S MOTTO.
—"Date obolum Impresario!"

IO! IOSEPHE TRIUMPHANS!

Lo, to the firmament rendered crepuscular
Over the flare of the cressets aflame,
Birmingham's throat, inexhaustibly muscular,
Blazons the founder of Birmingham's fame.

Chorus. Hark how the pæans effusively flow:
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

Pedants may deem his delight a vulgarity,
Call it a blot on political life,
What would they give for the same popularity
Down in the canny recesses of Fife?

Chorus. Hark how the natives in unison crow:
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

See him progress to his mansion of Highbury,
Borne in a chariot bared to the sky;
Never should he in a close-covered fly bury
Charms that appeal to the popular eye.
Chorus. Hark how the multitude whistles *What ho!*
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

Need there is none for our hero to masquerade,
Skulking aloof in a constable's hat;
Birmingham shields him; he has but to ask her aid—
Where is the Hooligan equal to that?
Chorus. Hark how the cornets elatedly blow:
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

This is no private collection of partisans,
This is no gallery specially packed,
Tories and Liberals, nobles and artisans
Vie in their homage to Smartness and Tact.

[From this to the penultimate verse (both inclusive) any of
the above choruses will do.]

Not for the Casuist doubtfully clerical,
Not for the Unionist dead to the past,
'Tis for the Statesman they wax so hysterical,
'Tis for the Man of Imperial cast.

Blessèd the Peacemaker bound for Pretoria
(Skirting the dolorous track of the Raid),
Bent on encouraging local emporia,
Bent on developing Birmingham's trade.

Picture our Childe in the pink of virility
Moulding a monument braver than brass!
While his coevals are sunk in senility,
He has no fancy for going to grass.

Taking, of all his domestic amenities,
Only an orchid for memory's ease—
Look on his eye, how alert and serene it is
Fixed on the foam of the sibilant seas!

Loudly his colleagues in serried consistory
Press him to linger, and press him in vain;
Have we not here a recurrence of history?
Is it not REGULUS risen again?

Hark to our Roman, in what categorical
Terms he forbids them to worry and weep,
Saying, in language sublimely rhetorical,
"Honour and Africa call to the deep!"

Waft him, ye gales, with a whiff of *sal Atticum*;
Let him with Sirens successfully cope;
Light may he sleep to the billow's aquatic hum
Blent with the strains of the Band of *Good Hope*!

Chorus. Shout, for the screw is beginning to go:
Joseph for Brummagem! Jo-heave-ho! O.S.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ALL the Boer Generals and Mr. KRUGER having taken to the pen, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stands absolved. It is now clear that the South African War was instigated by the publishers.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose taste for theatricals is well known, will devote part of his holiday to finishing a musical comedy entitled *The Little African Milner*.

The strike of bookbinders still continues. The title of SHELLEY's great poem *Prometheus Unbound* therefore remains unchanged.

Profiting by the example of Herr KUBELIK, who is alleged to have recently insured his right arm for £10,000, an eminent novelist has insured his side and a distinguished war correspondent his cheek.

Among the many English publications that have a sale across the Atlantic those treating of the Coronation cannot be reckoned. America, however, has a CARRIE NATION book which keeps its readers in excellent spirits.

It has been established by Frau JOBISKA, the famous Pedicurean philosopher, that *Sir Richard Calmady*, the hero of LUCAS MALET's celebrated novel, was a connection by marriage of the Pobble who had no toes.

The practice of literary chaperonage is shortly to receive an important extension, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. SPY AND SLICK, who propose to apply it to recent and contemporary literature. Amongst immediately forthcoming volumes are the following:—

One of Our Conquerors.—Edited by General DE WET.

The Raiders.—Edited by Dr. JAMESON.

Sentimental Tommy.—Edited by Mr. T. G. BOWLES, M.P.

The Shaving of Shagpat.—Edited by H. P. TRUEFIT.

The Old Curiosity Shop.—Edited by J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P.

Scenes from Clerical Life.—Edited by Lord HUGH CECIL.

The School for Scandal.—Edited by Dr. CLIFFORD.

Westward Ho!—Edited by HARRY VARDON.

The New Forest Lovers.—Edited by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

The Last of the Barrans.—By Lord ALLERTON.

The *Pilot* is dead. Its demise has been attributed to too close an adherence to literary canons.

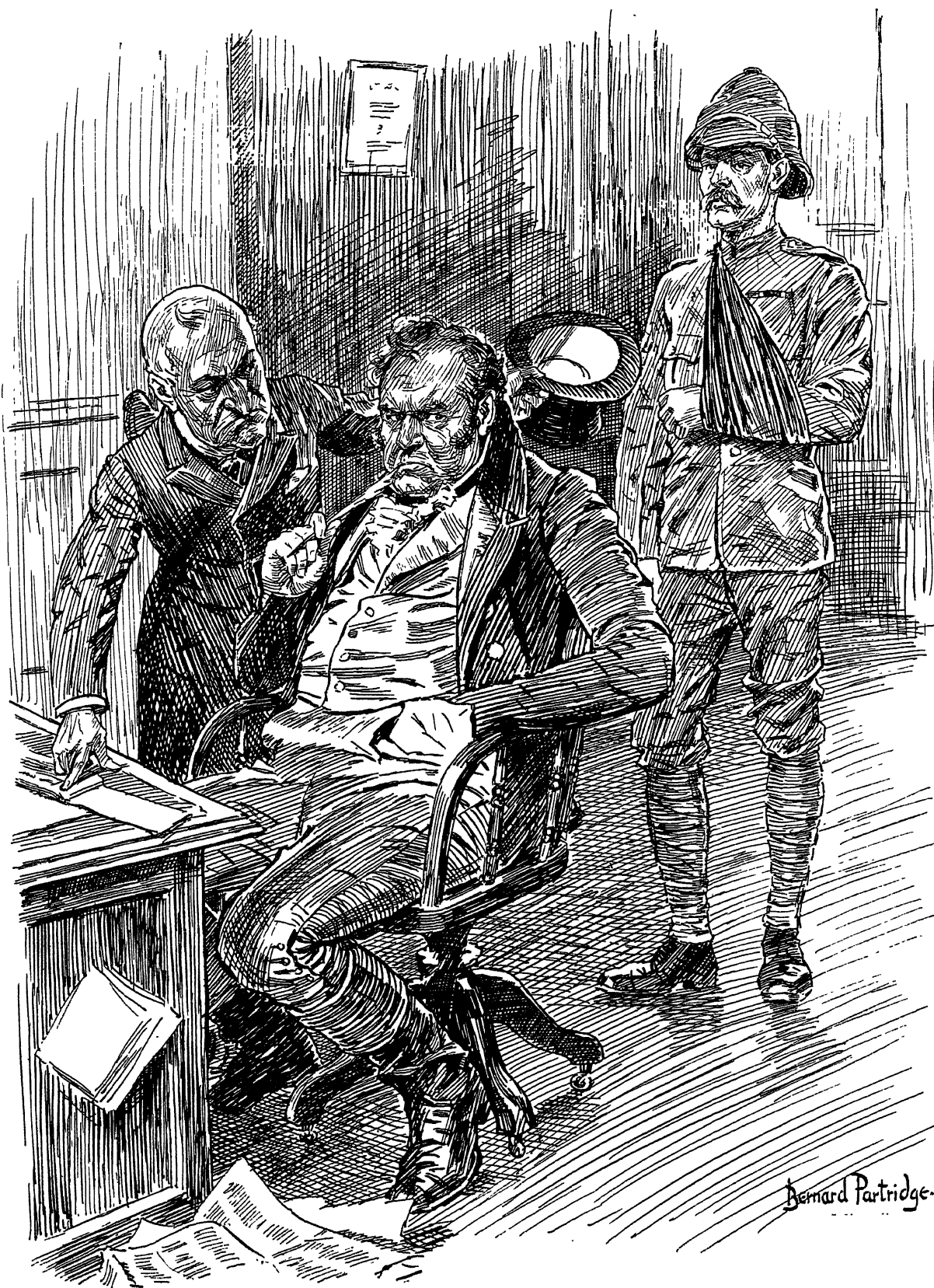
We understand that Mr. S. R. CROCKETT's latest novel, *Flower o' the Corn*, is quite a serious contribution to literature, and not, as was originally thought, a skit upon his own work.

"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"

YES, these dogs speak to you: they give tongue; for since the dogs of LANDSEER and ANSDEIL there have been few artists, within our recollection, who have reproduced their canine models so faithfully, with such life and spirit, as has Miss MAUD EARLE in her *British Hounds and Gun-Dogs*, reproduced by the Berlin Photographic Co., whose recently published portfolio we may consider as the kennels at 133, New Bond Street. Mr. *Punch*, who knows what a good dog is when he sees one, or *Toby* would never have been his inseparable companion, decides that these are splendid specimens of the best breeds. They are only "heads," so it is open to the caviller to observe that were their tails *en évidence* we might come to an opposite conclusion. No matter: as it is, "Heads win."

Epitaph on a Tammany Leader.

His end was corruption.
Procumbit humi boss.



Bernard Partridge.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Mr. Punch (bringing Reservist to Mr. Bull). "LOOK HERE, JOHN, IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO SET UP ALL THOSE BOERS IN BUSINESS AGAIN, SURELY YOU CAN SPARE A LITTLE TO KEEP THIS GOOD FELLOW OUT OF THE WORKHOUSE!"

A MATTER OF GREEK.

PHYLLIS was occupied in studying the *Morning Post*. "I'm so glad," she said suddenly.

"What about?" I asked.

"Why, they are going to abolish Greek," she replied with great animation. "Surely not?" I suggested.

"Well, the paper says it ought to be abolished," she insisted.

"That is only advice after the event," I said. "Oxford has decided to retain it. But why should you be glad? You have never had to learn it."

PHYLLIS declined immediately to explain her gladness. "How absurd men are!" she continued. "The Headmaster of Haileybury appeals to every man who has read *Plato* and *Homer* with his feet on the fender. Have you ever done that?" She looked at me with suspicion.

"When I was very young," I confessed. Her eye moved me to excuse myself. "I had to read them, you see, and it is the most comfortable way. I had the Greek text and the other man read *Butcher* and *Lang* out loud, or else it was the other way about."

"What is *Butcher* and *Lang*?" asked PHYLLIS, puzzled.

"They are a translation," I explained.

PHYLLIS understood. "Oh, you mean you cheated," she said without surprise. "Is that what they do at Haileybury?"

"Yes," I said unblushingly. "The sixth form sits with its feet on the fender while the Headmaster reads aloud."

"*Butcher* and *Lang*?" she questioned.

I considered. "No, I expect he reads *Lyttelton*." PHYLLIS's look demanded what that might be. "The Headmaster of Haileybury," I interpreted.

In some curious way this seemed to strengthen her in her opposition to Greek. "No wonder they want to abolish it," she said. "Besides," she continued, looking at the paper, "it says that it is really only the special study of a few select spirits. It wouldn't make any difference to them, would it? They would go on reading *Plato* and *Homer* with their feet on the fender just the same." There was a certain eagerness in her tone. I think she was touched with some slight feeling of remorse for her assault on a poor dead language, and a little apprehensive lest her opposition might deprive it of all its friends. My answer, however, eased her conscience.

"Are you a select spirit?" she asked. I shook my head. "Are there very many?" she went on, as a doubt concerning the wisdom of her previous tenderness of heart seized her.

"No," I said, "there are only two or three."



Customer. "THAT DOG I BOUGHT LAST WEEK HAS TURNED OUT VERY SAVAGE. HE'S ALREADY BITTEN A LITTLE GIRL AND A POLICEMAN, AND——"

Dealer. "LOR! HOW 'E'S CHANGED, MUM! HE WASN'T AT ALL PARTICULAR WHAT HE ATE 'ERE!"

"Then it doesn't matter," she declared, satisfied. "I don't mind about them. And it will do Greek good, too," she continued cheerfully. "The paper asks if the standard of music has gone up or down since the period when every girl was supposed to be musical. Hardly any girls learn music now," she looked at me in triumph, "and the standard of music has gone up a great deal."

"Really," I protested, "it is not a fair parallel. Greek has never been so maltreated as music. Hardly any girls ever learned it."

PHYLLIS was too much occupied with her train of thought to notice my shaft.

"Then there is no objection to abolishing it at all. It will be a splendid thing."

"But why?" I asked. "How can it affect you?"

For answer she held out to me two envelopes, one addressed in my handwriting to her, the other addressed in her handwriting to somebody else.

PHYLLIS's handwriting is characteristic—that is to say she fills a side of large notepaper with about six words—while mine is small and neat.

"Which is the best writing?" she demanded.

Politeness forbade my expressing an opinion.

She took my silence for admission.

"Well, all you men who write in that silly little hand say it is because you've written so much Greek. If you hadn't you'd write in a sensible way,"—she looked complacently at her envelope—"and one wouldn't need a microscope to read your letters."

"Your argument is absolutely clinching," I said.

PINAFORIANA.

In an article entitled "Gunnery & Paint" in the *National Review* Mr. ARNOLD WHITE shows that far more attention is paid in the Navy to painting the ships and making them look smart than to gunnery GROUND, the best naval gunner of the year, received as his reward the princely sum of 1s. 9d.]

We're the smartest crew afloat,
And our paint is fresh and shiny;
There's not such another boat
That sails upon the briny.

We get up in the morning and we swab the deck,
We ply the soap and water till you can't see a speck,
We paint the portholes and we scrub the floors,
And we polish up the handles of the cabin doors.

But if some of us desire,
In our innocence, to fire

The 4:3 for fun,

The Captain shakes his head,
So we paint away instead,

And we never fire the big, big gun.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC."

"I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind."

Romeo and Juliet, i. 4.

MR. BARRIE'S is no "idle brain," yet is this play of his at the Duke of York's Theatre described by himself as a "Fantasy." Mr. BARRIE, as it were, throws up his hands and cries apologetically, "Spare me your strictly dramatic criticism! O please, Sir, don't! it's only a 'Fantasy!'" It is not put before the public as a dream after the fashion of *A Message from Mars* and a select number of previous impossibilities. No: here in this "Fantasy" (we thank thee, Mr. BARRIE, for teaching us the word) the characters are all real personages of flesh and blood (as if the intensely diverting Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, no *magni nominis umbra*, could be anything else!) as they would appear in ordinary life, here fantastically employed in teaching *per fabulam* the common-sense moral lesson of the catechism which bids the small and early Christian to be content with that station in life to which it has pleased Providence to call him.

TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste* taught the same lesson in a homely way, without phrase or "Fantasy." So did *The Lady of Lyons* in high falutin' romantic style. This fantasy is a queer mixture of comedy, extravaganza, farce and tragedy, in which the farcical and extravagant elements preponderate, and, as the garlic in the salad, "animate the whole." Accepting the entertainment then at the author's own valuation of it, we say that as an eccentric conception it has been admirably perfected by its author and is irreproachably carried out by the exceptional cast brought together under the able stage-managership of Mr. DION BOUCAULT, whose attention to the smallest details is the best evidence of his competence for the task. So the audience, under the glamour of the combined power of these magicians, sit mesmerised, thoroughly enjoying the "visions about" until the curtain descends and the dream is over, when once again they are awakened to the realities of life. Certainly, Mr. BARRIE and Co., "let us dream again!"

The ladies of the "*Lassenby*" family (why has Mr. BARRIE thus spelt this name? Is it to show that the girls are not "sauce-y?") as represented by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, the light and leading spirit of the "sisters three," by Miss SYBIL CARLISLE and Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT, exhibit themselves as modern types on true comedy lines; and Miss MARGARET FRASER, as *Fisher*, the lady's maid, shows a keen

appreciation of humour. Miss PATTIE BROWNE is most amusing as *Tweeny*, the highly-coloured cockney scullery-maid of old-fashioned farce (type *Betsy Baker*, and the parts in which Mrs. KEELEY and Miss WOOLGAR excelled), presumably carrying out the author's intentions; so is Miss FANNY COLEMAN as the *Countess of Brocklehurst*, which is ("fantasy" apart) by far the best written comedy character in the piece, excepting perhaps that of the *Hon. Ernest Woolley*, so artistically played by Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as to be the one part in the "Fantasy" that catches on with the public, simply because, like that of the *Countess*, it belongs not to any sort or kind of "Fantasy," but to genuine human nature as reflected in the clear mirror of comedy. As dreams fantastically reproduce scenes in real life, so here in this fantasy we come upon a reminiscence of *The Overland Route* and *Foul Play*, which, when burlesqued in Mr. *Punch's* pages, Mr. DU MAURIER's father so humorously illustrated. The two fantastic Acts on "the island" afford splendid opportunities to the artist, of which Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE has made the most. All his costumes are as charmingly picturesque as, without any sacrifice of probability, they are eccentric and original.

As the *Rev. John Treherne* Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON gives a capital comedy rendering of the modern young cricketing clergyman, with as little of the "fantasy" about him as there is about Mr. CARTER PICKFORD's up-to-date young *Lord Brocklehurst*. Mr. COMPTON COUTTS imparts individuality to the small part of *Tompsett*, the coachman, and Mr. J. C. BUCKSTONE is a cheery specimen of the brisk, white-duck'd naval officer who is always such a favourite in the Gaiety-Daly-George-Edwardes musical mixtures; only in this "Fantasy" the "nautical gent" without a name in the bill (so typical of a naval hero's modesty) has no song, nor does he even take part in a chorus, as, alas, he arrives just too late for the spirited dance in which all the characters, in true burlesque vein, have been heartily indulging.

The principal part we have kept for the last, *The Admirable Crichton*, the *Earl of Loam's* butler, who is the central figure of this whirligig fantastical system. This ordinarily impossible person Mr. H. B. IRVING makes possible. Heart and soul he throws himself into this original and perplexing creation of Mr. BARRIE'S. Were this part played one hair's breadth less consistently than it is by Mr. H. B. IRVING, the interval between the *première* and the last night of this "Fantasy" would, probably, not have been very considerable. Mr. BARRIE is to be congratulated on Mr. H. B. IRVING, and Mr. H. B. IRVING is to be complimented on his subtle rendering of a most difficult character. It is a triumph for the actor; and as he walks up the stage and the curtain descends, we rub our eyes, pull ourselves together, and the "Fantasy" is over.

ANY CUSTOMER TO ANY WAITRESS.

[The Chairman of the A.B.C. declared that a great many of their girls left the company's service to marry. It was the custom of the directors to make each girl a small present in addition to a wedding cake.]

MAID at the A.B.C.!

Listen, for pity's sake,
Say, will you marry me?

Shun yonder fellow, he

At heart is but a rake,
Maid at the A.B.C.!

I want not scones nor tea—

'Tis you that I would
take;

Say, will you marry me?

You earn a modest fee,

(And pay for all you break,)
Maid, at the A.B.C.

The heart you break in me

Needs you to heal its ache—
Say, will you marry me?

Your perquisite will be

A handsome wedding-cake,
Made at the A.B.C.!

Say, will you marry me?

AFTER HORACE.

STOUT oak and triple brass were round
The heart which first did dare
To leave the fixed and solid ground
And soar aloft, without a sound,
In silken vessel, upward bound,
Upon the empty air.

Beyond the eagle's utmost flight
His fearless course he steered;
Men dwindled fast to pigmies' height,
The pigmy, too, became a mite,
The mitey atom, lost to sight,
In nothing disappeared.

This great and solid earth, the scene
Of mortal joy and woe,
In tiny squares of brown and green
With toy-like fences in between,
Absurdly small, grotesquely mean,
Lay like a map below.

He saw the storm beneath him blown,
He felt its icy breath;
He flew where bird had never flown,
Beyond the clouds, by ways unknown—
The frailest film of silk alone
'Twixt him and instant death.

In vain the gods with seas of sky
Have severed all the stars,
And bid their worlds asunder lie,
If swifter than the winds that fly
At tempest speed, our airships ply
'Twixt Jupiter and Mars.

What deed that mortals dare not do,
However rash it be?
The cunning Dædalus, who knew
All arts, on crafty pinions flew,
While Icarus, plunged in billows blue,
Renamed a fatal sea.

And now our impious barques we guide
Amid the stars. O dolts!
Puffed up with insolence and pride,
Not heaven itself we leave untried,
Nor suffer Jove to lay aside
His deadly thunderbolts.

In its "Informations Rapides" the *Djibouti* of November 1 says:

"On dit que l'Empereur d'ALLEMAGNE viendra voir EDOUARD III. à Windsor, le mois prochain."

This is a Djiboutiful idea from a chronological aspect; but the question is, Will the ghost walk?

THE other evening the members of the O. P. Club solemnly debated the question, Is Dramatic Criticism Worth Anything? but failed to arrive at any conclusion. The next morning a theatrical manager discovered, through the medium of a British jury, that it was worth £100 when it was unfavourable.



"IF YOU HAD EIGHT PENNIES AND BILLY HAD FOUR, AND YOU TOOK HIS AND PUT THEM TO YOURS, WHAT WOULD THAT MAKE?"

"MAKE TROUBLE, I 'SPECT, 'COS I'D HAVE TO FIGHT HIM 'BOUT IT!"

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN it rains cats and dogs, then the sausage man makes hay.

It's an ill wind that escapes from the tire.

It's a long worm that has no turning. When Reynard turns preacher, the wise hen climbs to the top perch.

It is the professional palmist who scores off every hand.

As the twig is bent the boy is inclined—to run out of the door.

Whom the gods hate is hissed off the stage.

Never weigh the big-fish story—the scales may be found wanting.

Early to bed with a truthful name, and you can lie all day.

An Index Expurgatorius.

[A new index to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is in course of construction.]

"WHAT are the latest views on Ethnology?" asked the Cannibal Chief.

"I am not an *Encyclopædia*," replied the Missionary, modestly.

"Nevertheless," said the Cannibal Chief, "I propose to make a table of your contents."

S.P.C.A. Please Note!

DAIRYMAID Wanted, able to wash and iron (4 cows).—*Hereford Journal*.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

(Concluded.)

THE next subject for consideration is that of MEALS, which divides itself naturally into three branches:—Hours, Materials, and Behaviour.

MEALS: THEIR HOURS.

It may be laid down as an axiom that practically any hour is a good and convenient one for a meal. It must be understood, of course, that in the word meal I include not merely breakfast, dinner and tea, those more or less ceremonious events over which the governor of the nursery presides in state, but also those snatched and intervening feasts on chocolate or cake or fruit which are the chief joys of early existence. It is, no doubt, convenient to fix breakfast for 8 A.M., dinner for 1 P.M., and tea (which, by the way, is not really tea, but milk) for 5 P.M., but no human child can possibly foresee the precise moment at which he may be able through cajolery or force or fraud to secure a chocolate cream with a pink interior or to retire into a remote corner for the purpose of swallowing an annexed sponge-cake. It may happen to him to see and to seize the object of his desires as he goes out for his morning walk or when he is brought into the drawing-room an hour or so before bed-time. As he will want to eat it at once it would be absurd to hamper him by any rigid rule about hours. I ought to mention, before leaving this part of the subject, that the minute fragmentary remains of a biscuit partially consumed in bed form an admirable top-dressing for a mattress. As a sleep-compeller nothing in the whole range of soothing syrups equals a scattering of biscuit-crumbs in bed.

MEALS: THEIR MATERIALS.

There has been much heated controversy on this matter. Some have advocated bread and milk, others have pinned their faith to gravy; a third school swears by minced chicken, and yet a fourth will hear of nothing but boiled or poached eggs. It is idle to discuss in detail all the arguments by which these various theorists seek to prove their different points and to establish the unchallenged supremacy of the article they prefer. The chief thing to remember is that they are merely theorists and not practical nursery inhabitants. As, being invariably adults, they are not themselves required to eat the food about which they talk, and, as a matter of fact, never do eat it, their doctrines ought to be disregarded. Children, on the other hand, speak from experience, and theirs is the only evidence that can properly be admitted. I have made it my duty to collect the opinions of some of the leading nurseries, and, as a result, I am justified in declaring that raspberry jam, orange jelly, plum cake heavily iced, and stewed fruit of various sorts, are the only materials which a self-respecting child should be asked to consume at the three so-called regular meals of the day. Anything else as a fixed article of diet should be sternly resisted—though a possible exception may be made in favour of a fried sole (but only the top part, where it is brown and crisp), or a baked apple. It is necessary to state in the most emphatic manner that milk puddings must be rigorously excluded, not merely or even chiefly because all children mistrust them, but because their effect upon the health and morals of the nursery is incalculably pernicious. Many a child who might otherwise have grown to be a happy and prosperous member of the community has had its temper permanently soured by sago, while its physical constitution has been sapped by semolina. Rice, too, is now known to be a deadly instrument for the perversion of character. No: give me raspberry jam, or rather give it

to your nursery, and you will get an atmosphere of idyllic contentment, mitigated, perhaps, but not seriously impaired, by doctors' bills.

MEALS: BEHAVIOUR AT.

Every child should suit himself or herself. Behaviour that is enforced from the outside is of no value. Only the behaviour that springs from the heart, and is thus the true expression of a child's character, can be allowed to count. If, for instance, a boy decides that instead of receiving his food into his mouth he will dabble it carelessly over his cheeks, or will watch its course as it meanders down his feeder, he must on no account be interfered with. The cheeks are his own, and so is the feeder. Again, if a girl-child, after eating a baked apple from her hands, attempts to wipe them on her nurse's frock or her little sister's hair, she must be allowed to do so. Nothing impedes a child so much as a display of unreasoning anger on the part of adults. Cheerfulness ought always to prevail in a nursery, but this is impossible if the whole day is to be taken up in administering correction or punishment for mere exuberance of feeling or energy.

And here I may bring my remarks on the Nursery to a close. I have written in no spirit of factious opposition to parents or nurses. I have merely pointed out with perfect moderation how often—I might say, how invariably—they do wrong in the ordering of their nurseries. If some of them who may read these words can be induced to pause in their mad careers, I shall not have written in vain.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Scrupulous Person (from the Sister Isle, meeting Father Tom, P. P., in London). You're just the man I wanted to see! I'm not at all sure I did right in staying out *The Eternal City* at His Majesty's.

Father Tom. Well, my boy, where's the difficulty?

Scrupulous Person. 'Tis this way. The Holy Father is represented on the stage—and mighty well he looks, too—but I'm not certain I didn't do wrong not to have come away there and then.

Father Tom (considering). You stopped to see it all?

Scrupulous Person. I did. I saw every scene with the Pope in it; but if I was satisfied with him I wasn't with myself. Now (puzzled) tell me, would I make it a matter for confession?

Father Tom (seriously). I can only say that if you come to me, I'll give you a penance for it.

Scrupulous Person (beginning to regret his confidence). What would it be?

Father Tom (with increasing severity). It would be a severe penance! I'd order you to go and see the piece again. [Exit Father Tom.]

THE "MANSION HOUSE COMMITTEE ON THE PORT OF LONDON."—This ought to be the very best of all committees. Unless tradition utterly belies them, the worthy citizens who do justice to the wine, and freely pass the bottle at the Mansion House (known in these pages aforetime as "the Munching House") ought to be the best possible authorities not only on "the Port of London," but on the Port of everywhere else; though, of course, London is the wine-merchants' centre of trade. We await the re-port of their verdict with interest. Let these Magnams (or Magnates) lay down the law, and we will lay down the Port.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—Politics are not supposed to enter into the question of a Common Councillor's election, but is it not a legitimate deduction to infer that the successful candidate for Aldgate Ward, Mr. MARRIAGE, is a Unionist?

THE TROOPERS' TOILET.

["Hair brushes are to be issued in future, as part of their kit, to the Guards, Infantry, and Royal Medical Corps."—*Daily Mail*.]

OH, excellent decision this!

Authorities at length awaken,
And, realising what's amiss,
A very proper step they've taken.
It surely did not need the aid
Of expert or of trained detective,
To find out what it was that made
The British Army ineffective.

It has been proved before, you see,
By more than one good politician,
That troops, to win the day, must be
In perfect physical condition.
For instance, I should quickly go
And hide behind the nearest hummock,
If I were made to face the foe
And fight upon an empty —.

When round the soldier cannons roar,
And bullets ping on every side, he
Is apt to realise that war
Can make one dreadfully untidy.
And if he gets, by way of change,
A hand to hand exciting scuffle,
His clothes he's sure to disarrange,
His hair he'll very likely ruffle.

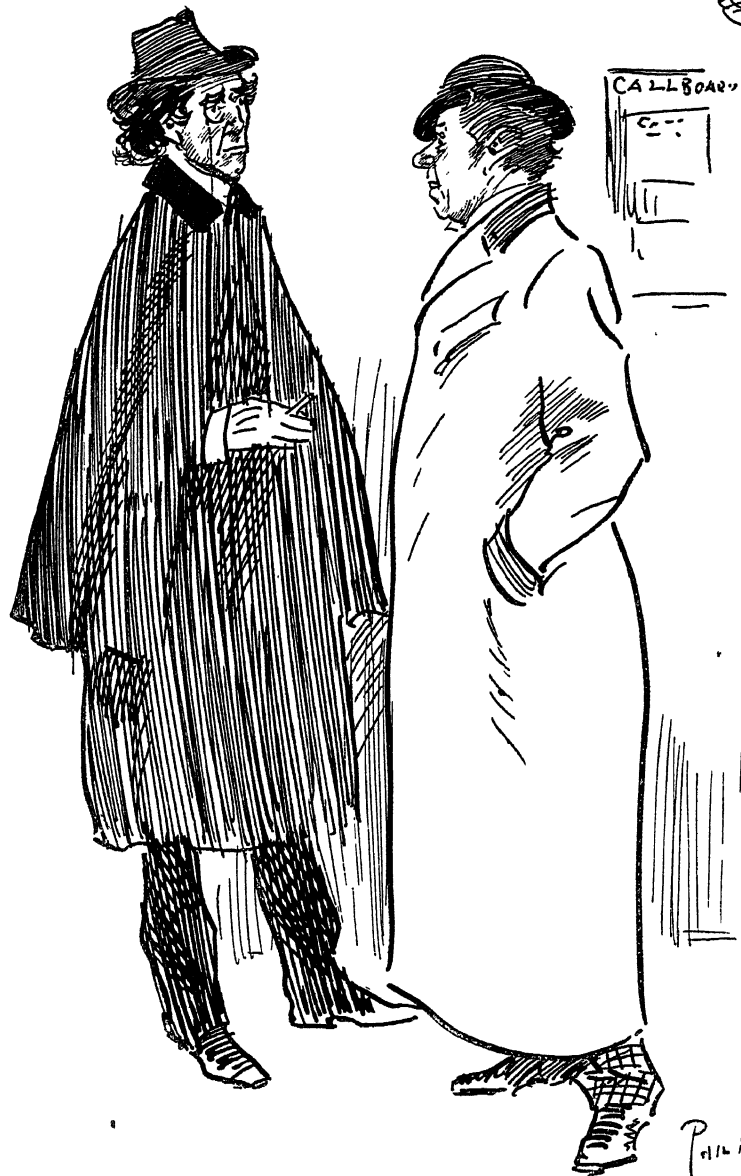
But now, if such should be the case,
No longer need he be down-hearted;
When'er there comes a breathing space
His hair can once again be parted.
Then onward boldly he will rush;
His locks are smooth, and he, of
course, is
Quite eager for another "brush"
(This time with the opposing forces).

In days to come it will be seen
We may have some department that'll
Provide bay-rum and brilliantine
For use upon the field of battle.
So, while 'mid storm of shot and shell
Our soldiers give the foe a few fits,
For all that lookers-on could tell,
They might have just come out of
TRUEFIT'S.

MERCIFUL ESCAPES.

In a recent account of election proceedings, in which a candidate was pelted with dirt, mud thrown in the face of his wife, and his daughter struck with a stick, a daily paper remarked that "the police had difficulty in preventing a breach of the peace." A correspondent sends a brief account of various other episodes, in each of which, by an equally narrow margin, a contretemps was similarly avoided:—

The extensive premises of Messrs. BLANK & Co., oil and tallow merchants, were completely gutted by fire last night, all five stories being ablaze at once. It needed all the efforts of the local brigade to forestall what promised to be a conflagration.



THE NEW PLAY.

Low Comedian. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE NOTICE?"

Tragedian. "No; IS IT A GOOD ONE?"

Low Comedian. "IT'S A FORTNIGHT'S."

A motor-car, proceeding along the High Street the other evening, took fright, it is supposed, at a constable on point-to-point duty, and exploded, blowing the occupants in various directions over the adjoining buildings. The policeman is to be congratulated upon averting what might have been a serious accident.

The whole of the carnivora confined (until Wednesday last) in Barnwell's Menagerie simultaneously escaped from their cages on the date in question, and

invaded the space usually reserved for the patrons of the show. A great many of the latter were present, and were caused considerable annoyance. It is said that the turnstiles at the gates were literally hidden beneath more or less fragmentary articles of clothing left by the audience in making its exit. The authorities had no easy task in staving off a veritable *sauve qui peut*.

A SURE AID TO MATRIMONY.—Proping-punguity.



Village Swain. "LOVELY MOON, AIN'T THERE, SALLY?"

Sally (revisiting her home). "NUTHIN' TO WHAT WE 'AS IN TOWN!"

LYRICS OF LABOUR.

EXAMPLE is very catching. The success of P. C. MITCHELL's little book of poems, *Ballads in Blue* (not published by CONSTABLE), a copy of which was accepted by the KING, has set many another honest fellow a-rhyming. P. C. GEORGE MITCHELL, 150 G, writes of his volume:—

"The work was done most on his feet,
At evening hour when on his beat,
When voices from high heaven
Would call to him to contemplate,
To study and to meditate,
And use the gift thus given."

This is an age of competition, and the Islington policeman's rivals are on him like a motor-car. Copies of *Ballads in Grey, White, Green, Black* and *Check* lie before us, another instance of the enterprise of the publishing business in spite of a bookbinders' strike.

Ballads in Grey is by Mr. JENNY CRACK, of Pentonville. One at least of his poems seems to bear upon P. C. MITCHELL's muse:—

The only comfortable beats
For burglar-men in London streets,
Is where the slop's a poet.
For when they're busy copping rhymes
One has a chance of busy times—
And off before they know it.

Ballads in White cometh up like a flower from a Battersea baker, Mr. ALFRED BUNN. We quote one of its many pleasing verses:—

I never extricate a batch
But what some elegy I hatch,
Some lyric of delight.
So that each loaf that leaves my home
Becomes a veritable pome
To all that read aright.

Not to be outdone, Mr. HENRY SPROUTS, of Tooting, comes up smiling with *Ballads in Green*. Perhaps the most characteristic and succulent stanza is this:—

As parsnips from the soil I tug,
Poetic fancies fill my trug;
And when I've done my supper beer
I sets 'em down just like this here;
And to prevent domestic strife
I shouts 'em to my doting wife.

We have also received from Mr. JABEZ BERRYMAN, of Gravesend, a little sable volume entitled *Ballads in Black*, from which we quote a passage:—

I never look upon a hearse
But as a subject of all verse,
And whensoever I see a mute
I gets a grip upon my lute.

Mr. ATTILA HARRIS, of Savile Row, who sends us *Ballads in Check*, is a

more dexterous manipulator of the pen than any of his rivals. He writes a charming poem, "Sunset on the Tweeds":—

Think not because, in durance vile,
Behind the counter by the mile
I measure out material,
My simple soul is not possessed
By thoughts of Araby the Blest,
By ecstasies ethereal.

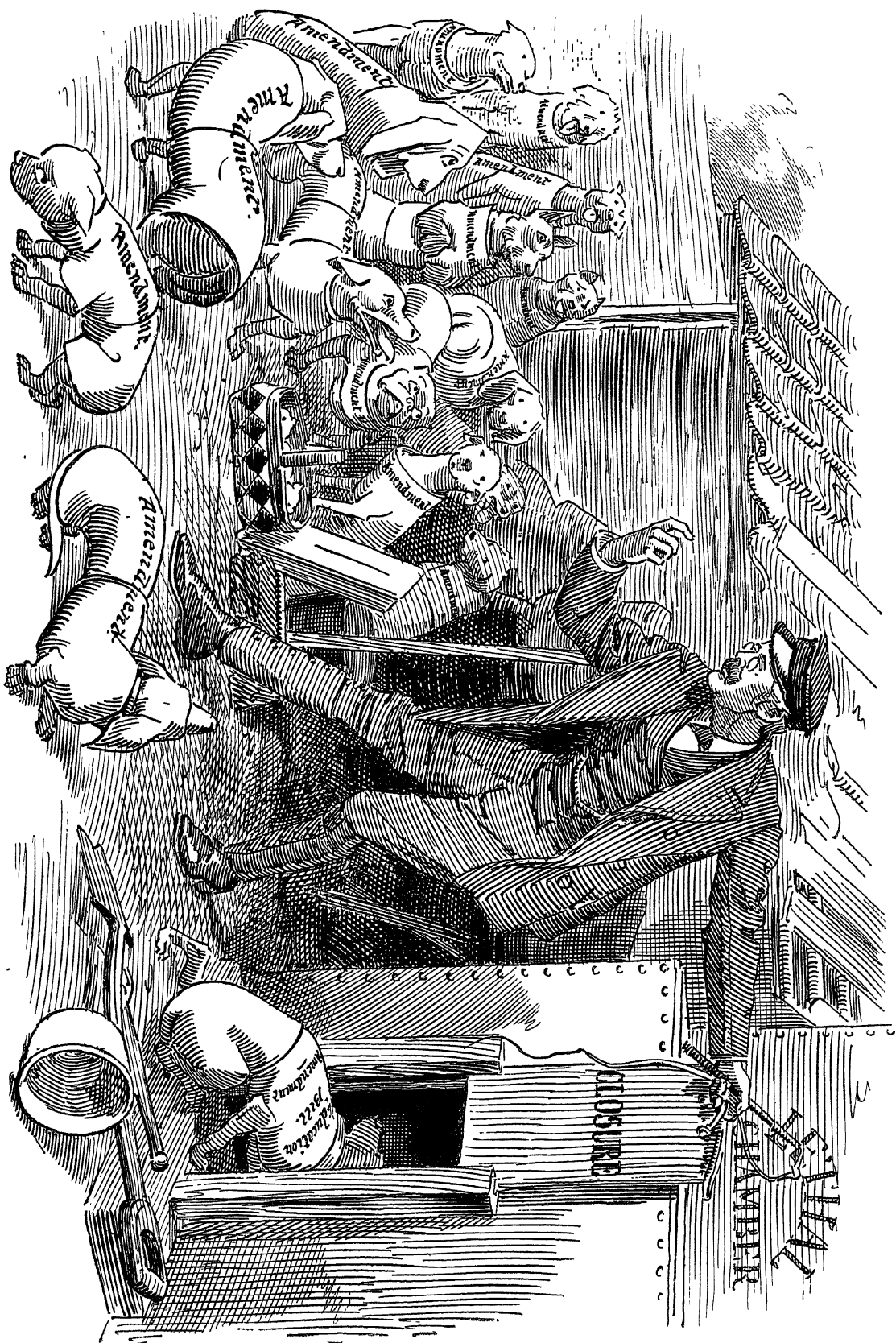
No, though the humble tailor's goose
May not invariably produce
Songs of the highest order;
Each length of Tweed I cut inspires
My bosom with romantic fires,
And visions of the Border.

"An Unexceptionable Reference."

Mr. Punch, who is "not for an age but for any time," being reminded of the fact by history repeating itself just at this moment, and so closely too, anent the Education Bill, begs to draw public attention to his Cartoon for April 23, 1853, entitled, "Who shall Educate? or, Our Babes in the Wood."

["The Macedonian chief DONTCHO has returned to Kustendil with sixty men."—*Daily Paper*.]

ADVICE TO MACEDONIANS ABOUT TO "REVOLUTE."—Dontcho.



THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

RIGHT HON. SUPERINTENDENT B-I-F-R. "IN YOU GO, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES!"

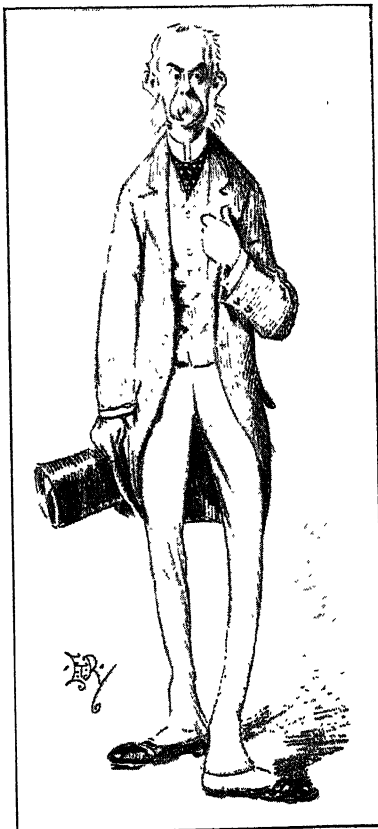
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

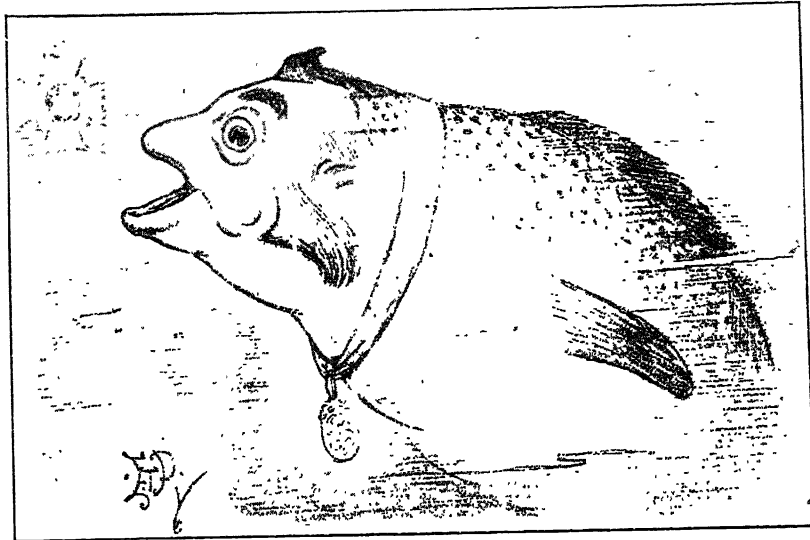
House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 10.—House with pleasure finds in Birthday Honours List the names of two of its oldest and most esteemed Members. A. H. BROWN is what the late Claimant spoke of as B.B.K., meaning Baronet of the United Kingdom. GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY is Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

If it were possible to associate Sir ALEXANDER BROWN, Bart., M.P., with anything approaching old age, it might be said that (being of course a married man), he approaches the status of Father of the House. HICKS-BEACH, who holds that honourable position—and has by the way run away from his sorrowing brood—took his seat only four years before the Shropshire Member. Man and boy the new Baronet has sat in the House for thirty-four years, and is still more boy than man. All comes of military training. Born and brought up amid commercial associations, he sighed for the tented field, the clash of arms. Entering the Army he, before retiring on his laurels, fought his way to the rank of Cornet in the 5th Dragoon Guards.

One sees to this day the effect of early



"Cornet Brown."
(Sir A. H. Brown, Bart.)



"Sir Trout" B-RTL-Y, K.C.B.

training; the spruce, upright figure, the martial step; one hears the ringing voice of command with which he remarks by way of preface to his speech, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir—"

Just before they went out to the war, BOBS and KITCHENER looked in at House of Commons. Seated in Peers' Gallery, they observed a martial figure in full view below Gangway on Ministerial side.

"It's all very well, KITCHENER," said BOBS, "to be pleased with our little advancement. Tell you what, if CORNET BROWN had stuck to his guns, you and I wouldn't have had a look in."

KITCHENER, a man of few words, said nothing. SARK, who relates the little episode, tells me he thought the more. CORNET BROWN, his helmet long a hive for bees, has been content to live with us in the House of Commons, winning the esteem and regard of more than one generation of Members.

In his way, and naturally there is about him less of the clang of spurs, Sir TROUT BARTLEY, K.C.B., has in equal measure gained the esteem of the critical Assembly in which he has sat for seventeen years. Time was when he heard the chimes at midnight with CORPORAL HANBURY and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. When opportunity for promotion came, and, after the manner of Ministers, malcontents were looked up, of the new Fourth Party one was taken and two were left. CORPORAL HANBURY received his commission. Now the blameless BARTLEY is Sir TROUT, and to-night CAP'EN TOMMY, ashore in the backwater, puts a pistol to the head of PRINCE ARTHUR and demands instant reply to the question "Whether His Majesty's Ministers are responsible for the grant of Peerages and Baronetcies, and the distribution of Orders and other honorary distinctions."

Always been about Sir TROUT a certain rugged independence that pleased the House. Making no attempt at oratory he has a way of putting his finger on the weak link in a chain of argument embarrassing to the adversary. Few more effective debaters, especially in business-like atmosphere of Committee.

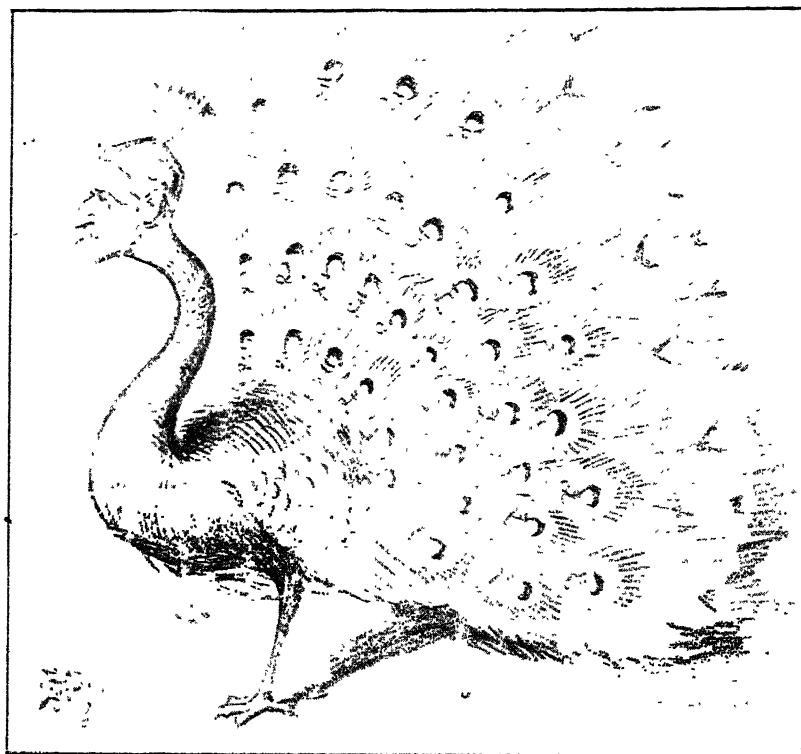
Observe I fall into habit of referring to our new K.C.B. by his third Christian name. No authority for the preference; but trust it may be confirmed. Sir GEORGES are common enough, and we already have Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS. Sir TROUT stands alone, pleasantly suggestive of being followed in due course at the festive board by Sir Loin.

Business done.—Indian Budget expounded.

Tuesday night.—"May 'you never, dear TOBY, know how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have the SPEAKER getting up every other minute interrupting a carefully prepared oration."

Thus HARRY CHAPLIN, mopping massive brow with Brobdingnagian handkerchief. Case truly hard. H. C. differing from his right hon. friend PRINCE ARTHUR, on subject of closure by compartments, resolved to speak and vote against it. Rare opportunity of showing young things new to the present Parliament the sort of discourse based on high Constitutional grounds that used to be the thing when DIZZY was in his prime, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was writing letters to the *Times* over the signature "Historicus." Devoted some days and nights to production of masterpiece worthy of occasion. His position in debate fitly recognised by a call to follow Leader of Opposition, who had succeeded to speech of PRIME MINISTER.

Members so excited by coming event



THE INDIAN RU-PEACOCK.

Lord G-age H-m-l-n "in (justifiable) pride" over the financial prosperity of India under his rule.

that scores rose to their feet and, being in standing attitude, walked out of the House. Got along very well to begin with. Referring to judgment given in particular case by Mr. SPEAKER PEEL, H. C., with generous air of patronage, expressed the belief that Lord PEEL's successor would be equally true to the principles of the Constitution. Turning over his folios in search of next point equally good, was startled by loud cry of "Order!" Looking up, discovered SPEAKER on his legs. At first indisposed to give way. More yells of "Order!" from Radicals opposite. Slowly resuming his seat, heard SPEAKER roundly rate him for presuming to dictate to the Chair what course it should take.

Gasping for breath, H. C. protested that nothing was further from his mind than the conduct denounced. Went on again; alluded to O'DONNELL the other night dashing across House "to assault PRIME MINISTER." TIM HEALY, jealous for the already undermined character of a fellow-countryman who had actually hit nobody, appealed to SPEAKER to say if that was a fair description of what took place.

Once more H. C., pink of politeness, apologised. There was, however, one matter on which at least he was safe. No one could deny that JOHN DILLON had called the COLONIAL SECRETARY a liar. "I think," remarked H. C., regarding

his audience through triumphant eye-glass, "I am at least accurate in *that* assertion."

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER; "the right hon. gentleman is wandering far from the question before the House."

Members regarding the abject, literally limp condition into which H. C. was by this time reduced, cruelly laughed, and the great constitutional authority, fallen on evil days, folded his tent (represented by the pocket-handkerchief aforesaid) like the Arab, and as silently stole away.

Business done.—Wholesale closure for Education Bill approved.

Friday night.—Deeply regret to learn of fresh dissension on Front Opposition Bench. It is adorned and strengthened by the presence of two able, serious, middle-aged young men who have done the State service, one at the Foreign Office, the other at the Colonial. What they have fallen out about is not war or peace, or the Education Bill. It is fly-fishing. EDWARD GREY is the author of a learned work, in which he insists that the proper way to land a fish is to hold the rod in the right, the landing net in the left hand. Mr. MURRAY this week publishes a treatise on *Fishing and Shooting*, by SYDNEY BUXTON, in which he takes precisely opposite views; insists that the operations of paying out, reeling in, and the handling

of the net are more delicate manipulations than the work of simply managing the rod, and should therefore be entrusted to the right hand. The matter being referred to the arbitrament of the Leader of the Opposition, he suggested as a compromise that, if the fish would only kindly wait, the right and left hand might be alternately employed.

This little schism is the only drawback to the pleasure of a book which, written by an expert, will be most enjoyed by those who know how to handle gun [and rod, and will make those who don't wish they did. SYDNEY BUXTON is equally at home with either.

To personal experience by stream and moor he adds in this work the genial glow of research through elder times. The value and interest of the book are added to by the introduction of old and rare prints. More particularly in respect of shooting, they recall the simpler manners of our ancestors, with their flint guns built by MANTON, their mole-skin or cord trousers, their blue or green coats, their stiff hats, their stocks



The great successor to W. E. Forster.

(Mr. W-nkl-n.)

and their shoes, their shot belts and their powder flasks.

Business done.—Getting on with Education Bill like house on fire.

"I COULD never see," observed Mr. MUDDLEHEAD, thoughtfully, "why it was always considered as expressing the performance of a brave and daring act to 'beard the oyster in his shell.' I have frequently done it, and"—he added triumphantly—"swallowed the oyster afterwards."



BROTHERLY CANDOUR.

Jack (to lady, come out to lunch). "ARE YOU COMING WITH THE GUNS THIS AFTERNOON, MISS MAUD?"
Miss Maud. "I WOULD, BUT I DON'T THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE A LOT OF POOR BIRDS SHOT!"
Jack. "OH, IF YOU GO WITH FRED, YOUR FEELINGS WILL BE ENTIRELY SPARED!"



Impudent Incroyable (at Covent Garden Bal Masqué). "I SAY, MR. SPANISH INQUISITION, WHAT PRICE YOUR COSTUME WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH IT? COME IN SPLENDIDLY FOR MY MOTOR-CAR, YOU KNOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a touching story, simply told, of the struggles of a brave-hearted woman, mother of a forlorn family. Cabbage Patch does not appear to have even been able to grow a single cabbage. A queer neighbourhood situated in an American town, ramshackle cottages play hopscotch over its railroad track. There being no streets, when a new house was built the owner faced it in any direction fancy prompted. Here existed *Mrs. Wiggs*, the late *Mr. Wiggs* having in a state of chronic intoxication stumbled into eternity. Her two boys were named respectively *Billy* and *Jim*. Her three girls severally received at the baptismal font the names of *Asia*, *Australia* and *Europa*. Amid the squalor and the daily struggle for bread *Mrs. Wiggs* seldom loses courage. The philosophy of her life is summed up in her casual remark, "It ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrell' till it rains." My Baronite reading with delight MISS ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN'S little book finds anew how nearly kin are pathos and humour, tears and laughter.

The ladies' heads that MR. CHARLES DANA GIBSON draws in his *Social Ladder* (LONDON: JOHN LANE) would alone suffice to render this collection of his drawings popular. In respect to the noddles of his models, he is a perfect *Blue Beard*, who was a master in the art of taking off ladies' heads. Not a few of MR. DANA'S drawings are exceptionally humorous. His ladies are for the most part uncommonly fine specimens of "linked sweetness long drawn out;" and as to his men they are "sons of ANAK" whom he has a knack of reproducing.

In *Peggy and Gill* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL), another pictorial Christmas book, evidently after the model of *Alice* (who has

much to answer for), the illustrations by clever MISS DOROTHY FURNISS are by chalks, or rather by pencil, a long way the best part of MR. ASHTON'S book.

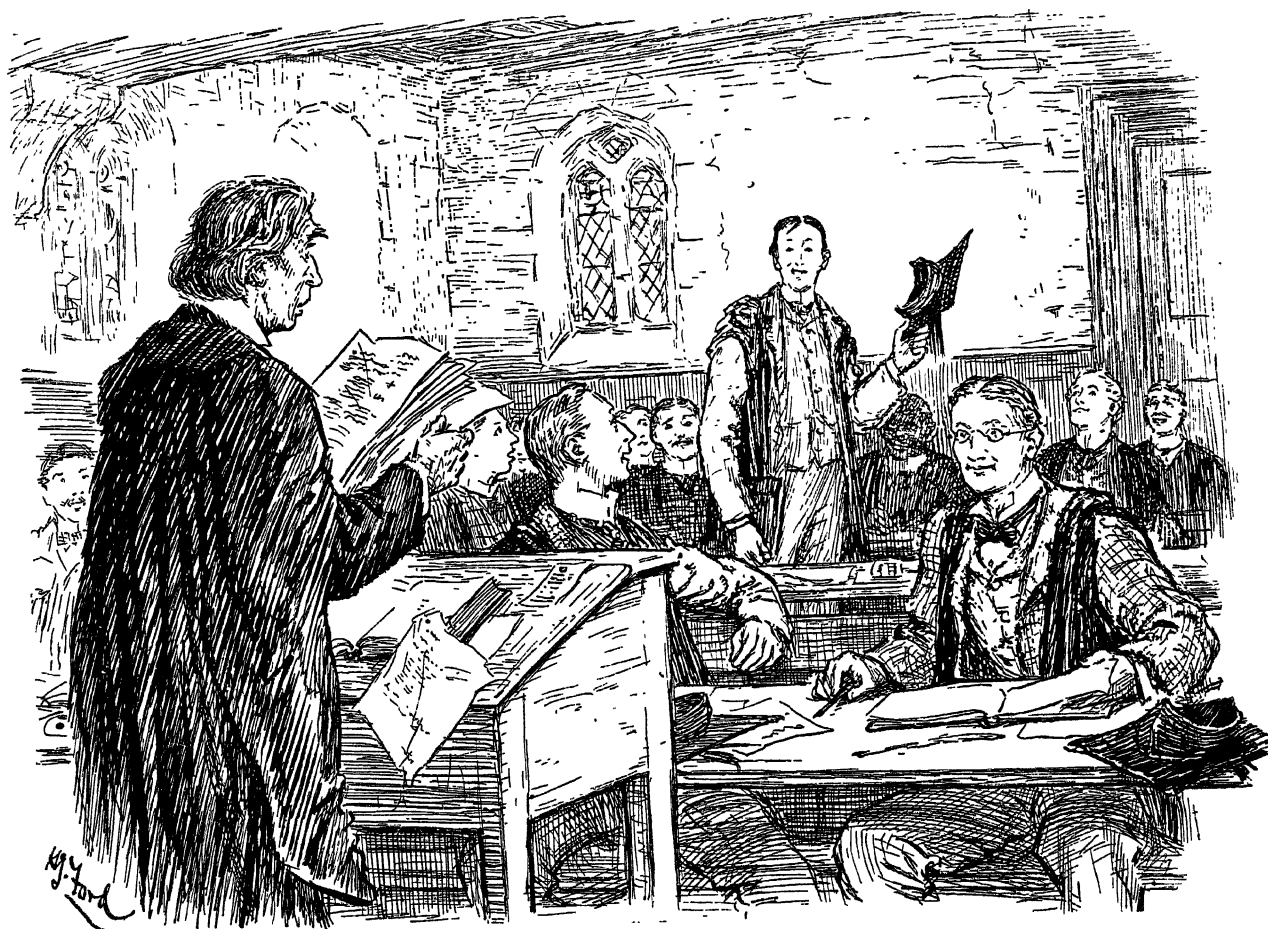
The Baron welcomes *Mr. Punch's Book for Children*, written in a delightfully nonsensical and irresponsible style, and capably illustrated, by MR. CHARLES PEARS, author and artist. The Baron, in full uniform, after inspecting the lines, salutes the artist's colours, and compliments him on having produced one of the very best and brightest of Christmas books. All the more pleased is he to give this testimony, seeing that MR. PEARS is one of *Mr. Punch's Own Militia*, not a Regular, and that this book is brought out by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, whom he congratulates on something "genuinely Christmassy," its style and get-up being neither affectedly old-fashioned nor ostentatiously new-fangled; just, in fact, the very thing to please everybody, which, as nobody knows better than everybody, is about the most difficult thing in the world to accomplish. If all good children are to have their desserts, then here is plenty of Pears for them, and let 'em "live 'appley ever after."

In *A Roman Mystery* (METHUEN & Co.) MR. RICHARD BAGOT gives us a good pennyworth of sensation to an intolerable amount of prattle about Italian politics, a knowledge of which the author seems to have mastered on the plan adopted by the eminent authority in *Pickwick* who wrote an elaborate essay on "Chinese Metaphysics" by looking up in the Encyclopædia all that came under the head of China, and all that came under Metaphysics, and then "combining the information." Of course our friend the Skipper can be called in, but one doesn't take up a novel by MR. BAGOT for this sort of exercise.

To Messrs. MACMILLAN comes the happy thought of presenting to the present generation some of the books whose names it knows but lacks opportunity of reading. *Illustrated Pocket Classics* is perhaps the not very happy title of an enterprise that has no other blemish. The series includes MRS. GASKELL'S *Cranford*, with preface by MRS. RITCHIE, who also introduces MISS MITFORD'S *Our Village* to an England full of towns. MR. AUSTIN DOBSON presents *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and prefaces the JANE AUSTEN masterpieces, delight of MACAULAY. My Baronite would like to know how far the great critic and bookman's verdict is accepted by a public which delights in MARIE CAINE and HALL CORELLI. The little volumes, beautifully printed, daintily illustrated by HUGH THOMPSON and CHARLES BROCK, and issued at a modest price, form of themselves a priceless library.

To a majority the simple Gladstonian postcard is as objectionable as "an open letter." Therefore it is not without a certain feeling of gratification that the Baron recognises in the "Letterettes" of Messrs. WALKER & Co. an attempt at helping to facilitate brevity in correspondence. These "Letterettes" are described by them as "*Handy! Stylish! Economical!*" Now if anything could have set the Baron against this invention it would have been this same styling them "stylish!" "Economical" is another matter where time is money. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Note.—In briefly reviewing *The Intrusions of Peggy* last week my Baronite drew a comparison between *Peggy Ryle* and "*Trilby* or *Mimette*." But *Mimette* is a MRS. HARRIS; "there ain't no sech a person." The word originally written was "*Musette*," which, after being corrected to "*Mimi*" but, unfortunately, with the "ette" unerased, reappeared as "*Mimette*." A combination-word suggestive of MURGER'S two single heroines rolled into one.



OXFORD OF THE FUTURE.

Rhodes Scholar U.S.A. (to old-fashioned Lecturer, who has rather overstepped the time limit). "SAY, PROFESSOR, GUESS YOU HAD BETTER QUIT. I'VE GOTTEN AN APPOINTMENT DOWN TOWN!"
[Collapse of O.-F. L. in a dead (language) faint.]

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY falling on a Sunday hurt itself so badly that the festival had to be postponed till Monday the 10th, and if on that evening the Mansion House was as crowded as was the Pavilion, it must have been full indeed. Between the two entertainments—that at the Munching House and "the Pav."—it would be unfair to the former to institute any comparison, though, were Mr. DANIEL LENO elected by universal consent (as of course, could it be put to the vote, he would be) Lord Mayor of London, the Mansion House would have to be enlarged in order to accommodate the guests that would flock to the banquet to hear His Lordship's speech on things in general and nothing in particular, interspersed with a "refrain" occasionally recurring.

A mayor is a person of considerable consequence, but DAN LENO is a personage of the greatest In-consequence. He comes on to tell you how he went with JONES to the Races, and he gives you several family histories and a variety of family portraits, all in due race-course, and brings you safe home, although you had been like to "die o' laughin'" on the road. Then, after a brief interval, kindly allowed in order that the audience may mend their split sides, he returns in such a nondescript costume that, as you regard this "little star," you can't help saying to yourself, "How I wonder what you are!" but before an answer can be given DANIEL has announced that he has re-appeared to give an

imitation of a Robin Redbreast, which he forgets to do until he has wandered through half a hundred various topics, treating them all in his own utterly inimitable and inapproachable style, pausing, after all these flights of fancy, for just one second to "give it to the bird," and then performs the final feat (in which no imitator can come anywhere near him) of *taking himself off*.

"Laughter holding both her sides!" Why the very walls crack with hilarity, and even the eccentric comedian can hardly hear himself speak, so hilarious is the audience.

So occupied have we been with this eccentric Professor of Inconsequence, that little space is left to tell how good is the entire entertainment, including Lux's Performing Dogs, a talented troupe, exceptionally light-hearted; Mr. GEORGE ROBESY, immensely funny as *Oliver Cromwell*, with his mixture of twentieth century topics, seventeenth century allusions, and fourteenth century expressions; fascinating Miss IDA RENÉ, with her song more "serio" than "comic," reminding us of YVETTE GUILBERT, and all the other amusing "turns" in an entertainment whereof the motto is "one good turn deserves another." The "Pav." is the very place for a Lord Mayor's night, commemorating WHITTINGTON, who, following the advice of the chimes "to turn again," did his "turn" so effectually as to be three times the King of the City east of Temple Bar. The motto of the music-hall must always be "Everything by turns and nothing long." *Vivat Leno!*

CHARIVARIA.

ALTHOUGH the KAISER brought over with him the tallest officer in the German army, we are glad to say that Lord LANSDOWNE made it clear to him that we are not to be frightened into concessions.

It is generally felt that Sir EDWARD GREY might have chosen another time for declaring our "foreign relations" were not satisfactory.

Meanwhile we fear the EMPEROR is in a fair way to forfeit American respect. He is said to have refused an offer to appear on the stage of a first-class Music-Hall as a Quick Change Artist. And this in spite of the fact that the terms mentioned were the highest that have ever been offered to a monarch by a Music Hall.

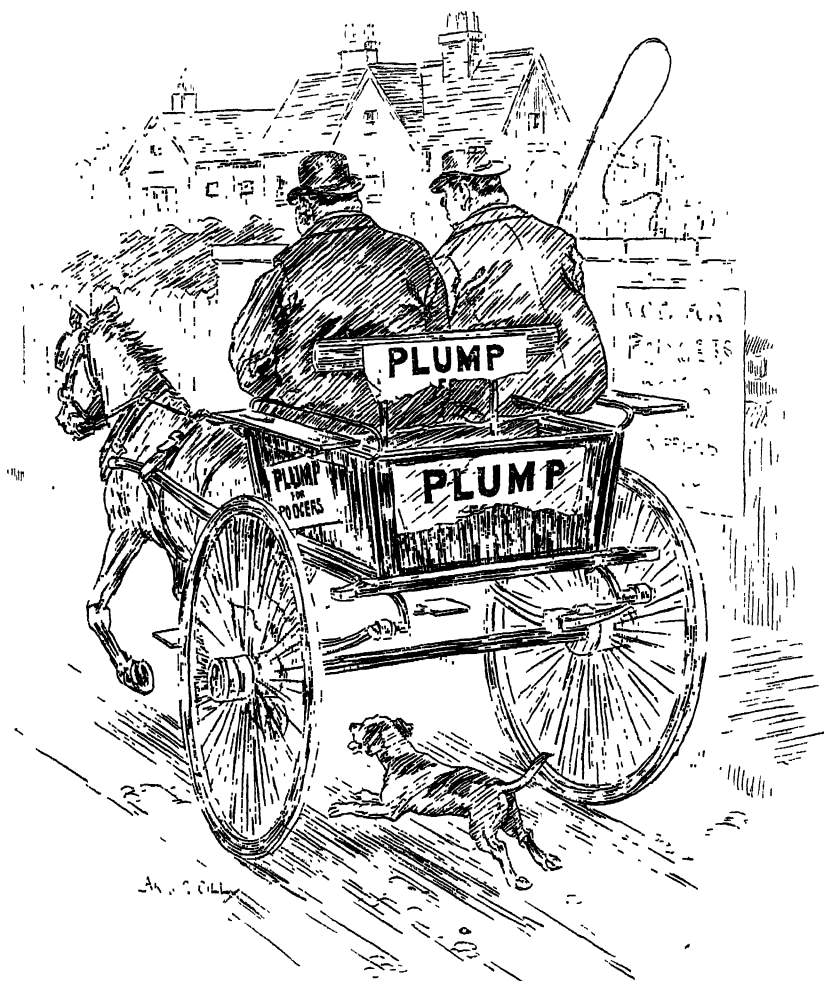
There are certain papers which, while never backward in finding fault with our Navy, always fail to bestow praise where praise has been earned. *Mr. Punch* is not one of these, and would draw attention to the fact that the EMPEROR was escorted to England by six of our torpedo boat-destroyers, not one of which destroyed another, or even itself. Let us hope we shall be able to surprise an enemy as completely in time of war!

By the by, those who say that our seamen are ill fed may be interested to hear that some of the French ships in the Mediterranean have skeleton crews on board.

It has been discovered that in the poorer parts of Sydney horseflesh is being disposed of as butcher's meat. When there was a demand for re-mounts this was not so.

The *Bourse Gazette* of St. Petersburg is desirous of promoting better relations between Russia and England, and has put forward the following suggestion:—"Would it not be better to recognise once and for all that in Afghanistan, as in Persia, China, and throughout Asia, Russia has legitimate interests which threaten nobody? It would be enough for the British to adopt this simple point of view in order that the many questions which give them nightmare might vanish—such as the regulating of the Russo-Afghan frontier relations, and the establishment of a Russian representative in Kabul." *Mr. Punch* is always pleased to welcome a humorous rival.

A Coronation Dinner was eaten last week by the male inhabitants of Brundall, Norfolk. It was cold.



GOING TO THE POLL.

A SKETCH AT OUR URBAN COUNCIL ELECTION.

N.B.—One of the supporters of the rival candidate has been busy with the placards on the trap.

Considerable irritation has been caused in Gurney Street, Newington, by what is looked upon as a miscarriage of justice. A sentence of two months' imprisonment has been passed on a tenant for throwing a landlord downstairs, although the provocation came from the landlord. He had asked for his rent.

An exhibition of dogs trained for war has been held at Frankfort. One dog was created a Sergeant in the German Army, and a General in the British Army.

The Government is ordering several thousand harrows for Boer farmers. It is said that the *Daily News* is delighted at the prospect of describing "More Harrowing Scenes in the Transvaal."

The bulk of the Irish Members continue to stay away from the House of Commons, and Ireland is now less likely

than ever to get Home Rule, as the *ennui* due to their absence from Westminster is described as almost intolerable.

The great feature of the Lord Mayor's Show this year consisted in seven cars emblematic of the Decay of Pageantry in England.

Quite one of the prettiest decorations on the route was, we hear, to be seen in Petticoat Lane. It took the form of the word "WELCOME," cleverly arranged out of the legs of second-hand trousers.

A Corner in Waste Paper.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of a person who was arrested the other day at Plymouth charged with "having in his possession forged Bank notes worth £40,000." One trembles to think what they would have been worth if they had not been forged.

LES DEUX ROIS.

LE MYSTÈRE DE WINSOR. RÉVÉLATION COMPLÈTE.

Du moment qu'un roi voyage quelque part, ou s'occupe de quelque chose, nous autres journalistes français, c'est à dire les mieux renseignés comme moi, nous flairons un complot honteux. On a beau dire qu'il s'amuse à la chasse, qu'il passe une huitaine de jours chez des parents, en effet qu'il s'amuse, nous nous moquons de tout ça, nous cherchons la vérité, et nous la trouvons toujours. Ces derniers jours le roi de PORTUGAL est allé à Winsor chez le roi d'ANGLETERRE. Deux rois qui se rencontrent ! On voit immédiatement une belle occasion de flairer quelque chose. Les infâmes journaux d'outre Manche, subventionnés par l'ignoble gouvernement anglais, nous ont raconté un tas de petites histoires de chasses, de tours de propriétaire, de visites aux écuries, au parc, comme si les deux rois n'étaient que de simples *countrys gentlemen*. Mais moi, HENRI TROPPORT, je ne me laisse jamais tromper par les mensonges des journalistes, étant journaliste moi-même. Donc j'ai pénétré le mystère de Winsor. C'est on ne peut plus simple.

La perfide Albion cherche toujours la domination universelle. Donc elle désire le Portugal et toutes ses colonies. Elle est énormément riche ; elle peut offrir des milliards de livres sterling. Mais, en même temps, elle est avare. C'est un pays de négociants, le plus grand et le plus infâme syndicat du monde. Donc elle offre le moins possible.

Il y a quelques mois le roi d'ANGLETERRE est allé visiter l'Île de Man. Pourquoi ? Je vais vous expliquer tout ça. D'abord le nom veut dire l'Île de l'Homme. Qui est cet homme ? C'est un certain EARL CAINE, propriétaire de l'île, qui a reçu le roi d'ANGLETERRE en ami et allié. Ce Comte CAINE est non seulement prince de Man, où il possède un château si énorme qu'on l'appelle "Castletown"—ville du château—mais il est aussi très renommé comme littérateur. C'est lui qui a écrit *Marie Corelli*, et plusieurs autres romans. Et où est-il dans ce moment ? Le malheureux Comte, privé de sa principauté et chassé de ses terres, a languï pendant des mois dans la "Maison des Clefs," prison publique de l'île. Enfin il a pu s'évader, et se réfugier au sein de la grande République de l'Ouest. Il demeure à présent, en souverain exilé, aux États Unis. Et les Anglais, ayant saisi son territoire, échangera l'Île de Man contre le Royaume de Portugal et toutes ses colonies.

Voyez-vous, c'est tout ce qu'il y a de plus simple. Ça saute aux yeux. Mais



Bill. "ULLO, SALLY, GOIN' TO THE THEATRE?"

Sally (who is wearing her big sister's hat). "'Course I ain't."

Bill. "Ho, I THORT P'RAPS YOU WOS, FROM YER MATINAY 'AT!"

je suis seul à flairer la vraie explication du mystère de Winsor ! Le Duc de LANSDOWN, Ministre des Affaires Étrangères, et le Marquis de SOVERAL, Ministre portugais, ont assisté aux "chasses" selon les abominables et mensongers journaux londoniens.

Non seulement ça. Le roi d'ANGLETERRE a tenu ouvertement un conseil. Pourquoi ? Evidemment pour arranger l'échange. Et un seul ministre est venu de Londres. Lequel ? Non pas BALFORE, qui est uniquement occupé de son projet d'éducation, pour enseigner l'ignoble jeu de "golfe" aux innocents enfants d'honnêtes "*noncomeforemistes*." Lequel, alors ? le Duc de DEVONSHIRE. Naturellement. Il dort toujours, et par conséquent il n'entend rien. A la fin du conseil on l'éveille, il signifie son

adhésion au procès-verbal de la séance en criant "*Hip, hip, hourra!*" à la mode anglaise, et tout est fini.

Vous allez voir bientôt si j'ai raison. Ou le roi de Portugal ira à l'Île de Man, ou il n'y ira pas. S'il y va, c'est qu'il la possédera ouvertement. S'il n'y va pas, c'est qu'il la possédera secrètement. Ainsi dans aucun cas je suis sûr de ne pas me tromper. D'ailleurs je ne me trompe jamais.

Et notre misérable gouvernement ne s'en occupe point. L'ignoble LOUBET, l'infâme COMBES, l'exécrable PELLETAN, qu'est-ce qu'ils font ? Ils ne font rien ! Ils n'essaient pas d'aider le malheureux EARL CAINE. Ils diminuent même la flotte française. Et moi, seul patriote français, j'ai beau crier "Au voleur !"

HENRI TROPPORT.

"HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA."

[Being an intelligent anticipation of certain spasms of emotion likely to occur on H.M.S. *Good Hope*, southward bound, in Lat. 37° 16', the region, broadly speaking, where this kind of outburst has become a hallowed tradition. Consult the works of Messrs. ROBERT BROWNING, HENRY NEWBOLT, &c.]

ALOO upon the silent prow
His lonely watch he kept;
Across the night from left to right
The constellations crept;
Lashed to his larboard button-hole
A withered orchid slept.

His civil retinue had passed
Each to his cabin'd crib;
As on she strained the vessel sprained
From time to time a rib;
A little more of this, and she
Would be inclined to Gib.

What is it sets the old sea-dog
A-prowling to and fro?
Say, does he muse of the boilers' flues
About to burst below,
And roughly reckon whereabouts
His fractured frame will go!

Or is it some less poignant theme
That holds his thought in fee—
As how to tell the safest spell
For keeping cigars at sea?
Or why the deep and men's insides
Are apt to disagree?

Does Biscay's memory, strangely green,
Obsess him even now?
Can that be why with pensive eye
He promenades the prow,
Letting the night-wind play upon
His rudely furrowed brow?

Or does the neighbourhood recall
His flag's historic star—
The bloody fray in Vigo Bay,
The rout of Trafalgar,
And other local feats that went
To make us what we are?

Does he rehearse that heavy task
The future has in store?
Does he devise some rich surprise
To stagger Afric's shore?
Or deem DE WET has spoilt his pitch
By going on before?

O no! On other flights than these
His winged fancies fleet;
They double back along his track
To where the Commons meet;
And he wonders whether the Cabinet
Remarks his vacant seat!

And as a mother yearns to keep
Her wayward boy in sight,
Nursing the fear that he may sheer
Off from the path of right,
He asks of the unresponsive seas,
Where is that *Bill* to-night?

O. S.

Second Standard.

Q. What is a river?

A. A river is a piece of water jutting out into the sea.

"UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS."

Old Nursery Rhyme.

IN *Lyre and Lancet*, the amusing comedy in two Acts by F. ANSTEY and F. KINSEY PEILE, recently brought out at the Royalty Theatre, there are twenty-six genuinely distinct "characters," and every one of them with something to say and do essential to the action of the play, which is simply a "Comedy of Errors." The incidents, however, are purely farcical, as are those in *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Hundred Pound Note*, or *The Clandestine Marriage*, which are all on the borderland between low comedy and broad farce. The First Act goes with first a ripple and then a roar of laughter, and the curtain is raised for Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS, excellent as the Vet.; for Mr. COSMO STUART as the Minor Poet, a clever rendering of an eccentric rôle; for Miss TALBOT, Miss YOUNG, Miss HELEN FERRERS, Miss MABEL BEARDSLEY, Mr. GERALD GURNEY; Mr. FITZROY MORGAN, uncommonly good as the empty-headed, sporting, practical-joke-player; and for Mr. WYES, inimitable as *Tredwell* the Butler at Wyvern Court, who must be an elder brother of that other Butler who is now the hero of *The Admirable Crichton*. A study in stage Butlers would be instructive.

In the Second Act, which goes along briskly, though not quite up to the high-pressure of the First, Miss WOOLGAR MELLON gives a sharp sketch of a scullery-maid that might be twin sister to Miss PATTIE BROWNE's highly coloured *Tweeny* at the Duke of York's; Miss DOROTHY CHESTER, Miss SOPHIE LONGWOOD, and Miss S. FRANCIS distinguish themselves as the "three little maids," not "from school," but quite at home in *The Servants' Hall* at Wyvern, where perfect *Mrs. Pomfret* (Miss KATHARINE STEWART), the Housekeeper, reigns supreme. Master VANE, as the Steward's Room Boy, is capital, but the gem of this High Life Belowstairs scene is the stud-groom *Adams*, as rendered by Mr. LITTLEDALE POWER. Only why that straw perpetually in his mouth? Is it "the last straw" which, as proverbially fatal to an animal, he prefers to keep in his own possession? But surely there are no camels in the Wyvern stable?

All are good, whether in First or Second Act, and a more effective finish, with the country dance and dialogue in verse to suit the music, a situation most ingeniously arrived at by the authors, could not possibly have been devised.

More than a word of praise is due to Mr. E. G. BANKS for his cleverly arranged and very effective scene, "*The Morning Room* at *Wyvern Court*," in Act I., as the Royalty stage is on a very miniature scale for such a *tableau*.

CONCERNING GIFTS.

DAPHNE, ah! what present shall I bring,
As a pledge and token of my passion?
No vain trinket, necklace, brooch or ring—
After vulgar wooers' foolish fashion!
Gifts like those can never be the sign,
DAPHNE, of a love as strong as mine.

I would seek an offering—precious, rare,
Fraught with mystic magic, to betoken
Fragrant thoughts, intangible as air—
Hopes too full for words that can be spoken.
Such a gift I crave, wherewith to pay
Homage, DAPHNE, to your natal day.

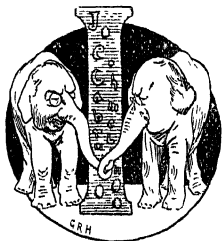
So with scornful discontent I ban
Costly bauble—casket, gem or jewel—
While the Stores impatiently I scan
For an apter type of love's renewal;
Until in despair (each year the same)
I select—another photo-frame.



He. "D' YOU THINK YOU COULD SING 'FOR EVER AND FOR EVER'?"
She. "WELL, I DON'T THINK SO. I'M ONLY DOWN HERE FOR THE WEEK-END"

THE SO-SO STORIES.

III.—THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD.



IN the high old Tory Times, Dearly Beloved, the menagerie at the Hotel Cecil was greatly excited by the goings-on of a gay and galumphing young rogue Elephant, who was full of 'satiabie impudence. He was a source of secret but sempiternal anxiety to his uncle the Dozy PACHYDERM until he retired into the Hatfield Wild Woods; and he kept his foster-brother, the ARTHURBOLF, on thorns, in spite of the succulent and salubrious affection that subsisted between them (isn't "subsist" a nice word, Dearly Beloved?) But when it came to his more distant relatives! He insulted

his great uncle the PLANTA GENISTA JUMBO so much that he retired permanently to his fireside in the New Forest. He abused his second cousins, the Misses TABERNACK—Miss HENRIETTA and Miss CAMILLA, you know—so dreadfully that they fell ill of a twinsky and had to be dosed with Epsom salts; and he was so unkind to his sensitive relative, Peer the Ploughman, that the poor fellow had to be given a new Chesterfield coat and a bunch of Neapolitan violets. And still the Elephant's child was full of 'satiabie impudence.

One fine morning in the middle of the equinoctial session, when all the Menagerie were eating Cabinet pudding with Education sauce, together, the young Elephant suddenly asked, "Where do the Cape Gooseberries grow?"

Then everybody said in a loud and unanimous chorus, "In South Africa, stupid; why don't you go and sample them yourself?"

So the Elephant's child immediately took

- 23 Saratoga trunks;
- 10 Long spoons;
- 13 Squeezed sponges in hermetically sealed sponge bags;
- 1 Aristocratic private secretary;
- 1 Man-of-War;
- and a long farewell of Birmingham;

and said to his weeping colleagues, "Good-bye, I am going on a wild Cape Gooseberry chase to enlarge my mind and examine my MILNER."

And they all cordially approved of his plan and wished they were as lucky, being very tired of Cabinet pudding and Education sauce, and they gave him a sumptuous and sonorous dinner and went to see him off, crying, "Don't come back too soon."

So off he sailed in the man-of-war to Durban, and from Durban he went to Bloemfontein, and from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. And the first thing he found at Pretoria was a highly educated Balliol bi-lingual Rock Python in a state of great suspensionist animation.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's child in his politest Parliamentary manner, "but have you seen such a thing as a gigantic Cape gooseberry all a-blowing and a-growing in these Pretorian regions?"

"Have I seen a Cape gooseberry?" said the Rock Python, with an agonised and academic inflection. "Great Markham's History, what will you ask me next? Why, I see nothing else."

So the young Elephant said good-bye to the bi-lingual Rock Python and went on to Johannesburg, and there the first thing he heard was the groans of a gay and gilded Crocodile, who was concealed in a deep level, shedding copious tears over his desolate and impecunious condition.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's child, in his most urbane accents, "but do you happen to have seen a great gooseberry in these penurious and pestiferous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and said, "Come hither, little one, why do you ask such things?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's child, "but I can't get any reliable information at home, and my uncles and aunts won't have anything to say to me. So I came to look for myself and forget Education sauce."

"Come hither," said the Crocodile, "for I am the proprietor of the gooseberry you are looking for."

Then the Elephant's child incautiously put his leg down into the deep level, and the Crocodile caught him by the leg and began to pull it with extreme pertinacity and power. Whereon the Elephant's child was much annoyed, and



"He insulted his great uncle the Planta Genista Jumbo so much that he retired permanently to his fireside in the New Forest."

said, "Let go, you are pulling my leg in the most audacious way. Your BEIT is as bad as your bark."

Then the bi-lingual Balliol aristocratic Rock Python uncoiled himself from an adjacent pedestal and observed, "My venerable but impulsive friend, if you do not immediately extricate your nether limb from the jaws of that vociferous and voracious Helot, I feel pretty certain that, before you can say J. B. ROBINSON, he will elongate your slim and elegant figure to such an extent that your fond relatives will hardly

know you. And having done so, perhaps you had better return to your own orchidaceous preserves, and ponder awhile upon the leg-pulling capacities of these southern and Semitic regions."

Whereupon the Elephant's child whistled to his man-of-war, and hastening to his native haunts, resumed the consumption of Cabinet pudding, accompanied however by less unpalatable sauce than when he left. And that, Dearly Beloved, is the true story of the Great Mission.



"Let go! You are pulling my leg in the most audacious way!"

THE RAVENS.

(After Mr. Seton Merriman.)

I.

THE four men had sat in silence for as many hours. What their thoughts were, who can say? Do we always know our own? Of all the strange company that the little room at the back of the bird-stuffer's shop in Fenchurch Street had seen, this was surely the strangest.

A man in a fur coat, with gold crowns on his buttons, after the fashion of Eastern Europe, was the first to speak.

"We are all agreed," he said in a cheerful voice, through which vibrated a deep melancholy—heaven help the country whose men speak cheerfully in melancholy accents—"we are all agreed that the hour has come?"

A man in a workman's blouse, whose name had before now lighted the fires of war through half a continent, assented wearily.

"We are ready," he said, as he made a pyramid of bombs on the table, "if the People will do their share. But one can never be quite sure of the People, *mon ami*. Yet we have left as few points unguarded as possible. It may be well to go through our plans once more before we separate."

The four men drew closer together

round the table, while their leader drew a map of Europe from his pocket.

"Our object, as you know," he said, "is to create a slight disturbance—nothing that can be called criminal, and nothing that can be attributed to the work of secret societies. We have at our disposal ten bombs," and he laid his hand lightly on them. "One is to be placed in the centre of the Newski Prospect; another in the railway station at Moscow; the students at the University have undertaken another; and I have here a telegram from Father PETER, of Odessa, promising to cherish another. Prince ASTRACHAN has made himself responsible for one, and I sent reply-postcards to the French, German and Italian Brotherhoods asking a similar favour. All, I am glad to say, are willing to oblige us in this matter. We will provide homes for the remaining two among ourselves."

There was silence for some minutes after he had finished speaking. There was nothing to be said in criticism of so simple and yet masterly a scheme.

From the adjoining shop came the croak of a bird of prey. A slight pallor, quickly erased, suffused the brow of the chairman.

"A foolish association of ideas," he said. "For the moment I thought it must be one of the Ravens."

A keen, dark-eyed man with a curiously sweet voice added the finishing touch.

"And the bombs," he said simply, "will be sent to the Army and Navy Stores to be packed by skilled workmen. They will be at Victoria Station on Tuesday evening in time for the night train to Dover."

And they all walked unostentatiously out of the dingy shop into the roar of the London traffic, as, in days gone by, their ancestors had unostentatiously mounted thrones—or scaffolds—in the cause of Freedom.

(To be continued.)

A RAINBOW BATTERY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The current Mail Imparts the strangely moving tale That, seeking what might best avail

To keep our troops un-spotted,
Some genius did, of late, devise
A Battery painted rainbow-wise,
Which beats the most attentive eyes,
Even when being trotted.

Sir, I perhaps need hardly say,
If a disguise so strangely gay
Conceals our guns in open day

And renders them immune, it's
The Public's right to have the plan
Tested as widely as we can—
All I would urge is, leave the man
Alone, and stick to Units.

Thus, having sealed a pattern shape,
You let the individual drape
His manly form, from foot to nape,
In any shade he fancies;
While, as for stuff, the varied tints
Would go with anything from prints
To cretonne, Harris tweeds, and chintz,
As fits the circumstances.

And when throughout the ranks you get
The bilious, florid, blonde, brunette,
Arrayed in uniform, and yet

In colours *per* complexion,
The total blend, of every hue
From Crimson Lake to Prussian Blue,
Should, if the papers tell us true,
Simply defy detection.

The Officer, tho' dressed to match,
Should have a huge, obtrusive patch
Of something stuck in rear, to catch

The eye that wants to find him;
By this a double debt you pay;
He simply *has* to "face" the fray:—
For if he turns to run away,
Think of the "mark" behind him!

As for recruits, I understand
Supply is far below demand;
But once let TOMMY's form expand

In fancy-coloured suiting,
Why, obviously, there you are!
It would assuredly go far
To "make the army popular,"
And stimulate recruiting!

DUM-DUM.

A LAMENT FROM THE LINKS.

[Mr. J. L. Low, the golfing expert, in a recent article makes use of two new terms: "dunch" (a peculiar digging stroke) and "flub"—presumably the American for fizzle.]

You ask what makes my cheek so wan,
What dims my lustrous eye,
Why I deliberately don
An unbecoming tie?
Why when I saunter to my club
I sit alone and grunch?
My friend, it is the fatal flub,
It is the deadly dunch.

My waggle satisfaction gives,
My swing is free and fine,
No golfer boasts of expletives
A richer store than mine.
Yet do not for these reasons dub
Me happy, Mr. Punch,
For I'm infected by the flub,
Distracted by the dunch.

In vain I seek the means to win
Remission of my ill:
I've tried sloe gin, phenacetin,
White port and salicyl.
I've tried ammonia in my tub,
Hot water after lunch;
But man, alas! is born to flub,
Predestinate to dunch.

And yet, though desperately tried,
It mitigates my woes
To find my symptoms coincide
With Mr. JOHNNY LOW'S;
To learn that at the golfing hub
The pick of all the bunch
Are just as apt as I to flub,
And just as sure to dunch.

Hints for Housewives.

WHAT to do with yesterday's mutton.
—Eat it yesterday.

Soups should be made the day before
they are required—never the day after.

For keeping the bed deliciously cool
in the summer months there is nothing
like sleeping on the sofa.

To make people feel at home.—Visit
them at their own houses.

To prevent sunburn.—Keep in the
shade.

The best thing to do if you desire to
have soft white hands.—Nothing.

OFFICIAL METHODS.

It is anticipated that the official
reports of the War Commission will
exert a wholesome influence on the Press
of the country, and that in place of
detailed accounts of contemporary events,
the daily and weekly papers will ultimately
publish their news in some such
form as the following:—

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who
is many years of age and looks younger,
and who has had much experience of



NOTHING IF NOT CLASSICAL.

Free Kirk Grocer. "AN' HOO MONY O' THE APPLES HAVE YE EATEN ON THE ROAD, SANDY?"
Sandy (a youth of promise in Standard VI.). "ET TWO BRUTE!"

clerical and scholastic work during the
past half-century as assistant master,
head master, parish priest, Inspector of
Schools, Bishop, Archbishop, &c., spoke
on the Education Bill.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, M.P., who
recently succeeded his uncle as Prime
Minister of England, and who has led
the House of Commons longer and
farther than most men—who is also
believed to have gained valuable experi-
ence on the golf links, made some
suggestions as to mendacity, prevarica-
tion, misstatement and the like.

The House of Commons, an institution
gradually becoming known to the people
of the country, met yesterday. The
sitting took place at Westminster (a

city adjoining, and not less important
than, the City of London), and lasted a
number of hours. Several Members
spoke.

The Budget has been introduced, and
some new taxes have been imposed.
The Income Tax is altered.

The cricket match between Australia
and England concluded yesterday.

The match for the America Cup—a
trophy given for the best racing yacht
—has been decided.

The University Boat-race came off on
Saturday.

A "strike"—that is to say a concerted
cessation from work on the part of men
employed in a common occupation—has
been in progress in America.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

I AM not responsible for the meaning usually attached to the word "Society." I suppose, as a matter of fact, the satirists invented it and the aspirers agreed to recognise it. The former wanted something to lash. At that remote time neither Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN on the one hand, nor, on the other, Mr. HALL CAINE and Miss MARIE CORELLI, had been born. All ingenuity therefore was diverted to creating a monstrous agglomeration of brainless and chattering beings to be called Society and to be taught by slings and arrows to know its proper place at the tip-top of the social ladder. Society, of course, not having a thought to spare never gave one to the question. It just went on—you see I am now assuming that it actually exists—fribbles inviting other fribbles to dinners, theatre-parties, suppers, balls, Hurlingham, receptions and the rest of the giddy round of pleasure, snapping out their silly catch-phrases at one another, flying off occasionally to Monte Carlo (it's called Monte for short), eventually taking possession of the great game of Bridge and puckering their foolish foreheads over its amazing intricacies, and never doing a single hand's turn of decent honest work in the whole course of their useless and preposterous lives.

But the aspirers had got what they wanted—an object for their ambition, something that they could toil for and spin for. The stupidity of the thing didn't affect them in the least: all they cared to know was that it was at the top. Having once assured themselves of that, they felt bound to be of it and in it without any regard to consequences. Avaricious men of the aspiring class flung their money about like water; stout matrons, whose days might have been spent in comfort and their nights in sleep, plunged into the whirlpool and grew as skittish as young minnows; poor girls whom steady men of trade were pining to make their mates, began to turn up their noses at anything under a guardsman or a Foreign Office clerk, and fresh-looking youngsters intended by destiny for careers of commerce or law, in which clothes count but little, devoted all the time that they could spare from vapid flirtations and inane evening parties to the selection of ties, coats and trousers and waistcoats, and to the invention of collars and Society slang.

Of course I know that there are people so lost to every sense of decency as to hold all this is not necessarily Society. I myself used to think that we were all right up in Glen-Edward's Avenue. We were quite happy—at least we thought we were. We paid our rent and our rates, and grumbled no more than was proper for good honest constitutional Conservatives. Our girls looked pretty in their fal-lals, our boys went to their businesses and occupations day in and day out, and our wives, bless their ample hearts, rated their cooks, suspected their butchers, and brought up their families much as their mothers and grandmothers had done before them. We had plenty of what we then called society—it was in the days of our shining innocence—and we really enjoyed it. There were some agreeable rectors and vicars, a few amiable curates not above taking their share in the little amusements of our circle, and quite a sprinkling of gentlemen attached to journals, men who had either written articles that had been printed, or were thinking of writing them, and wondering who was to be privileged to produce them. We had a statistician, a fellow of the Geographical Society, and two fellows of the Zoological Society, who were very useful with Sunday tickets for the children. London roared at our feet with its various theatres, and for the higher culture we had the literary and artistic institutions of Hampstead, a region into which our energies extended.

Then there was our Happy Evenings Society, with which was incorporated the Book and Magazine Club. Wednesdays were appointed for the happy evenings, that day of the week having been chosen in deference to HOBSON, who had an uncle in the House of Commons, and thought he might be able, as he expressed it, to bring the old buffer along with him occasionally if we fixed Wednesday, which was the evening off for M.P.'s in the ante-week-end period. The old buffer did come once, and held us all spell-bound on the subject of out-door relief—but HOBSON never asked him again. We took turns to meet, men and women, in one another's drawing-rooms at 8.30 and stayed till 10, paying one another little cheerful expected compliments, or listening to the girls while they sang bits of ballads, and saying, "Thank you so much. Who did you say composed that?" when the song was finished. Sherry and cake were always on the table in the dining-room, sometimes sandwiches, and often creams and jellies in wine-glasses; and the young fellows were always very polite in offering their arms first to the matrons and taking them off for refreshments any time after 9.30. And when it was all over we put on our boots in the passage, popped our pumps into our overcoat pockets, and, having helped the ladies on with their cloaks and shawls, trudged home as merry and contented as we could be. Oh, yes, those were delightful days.

Of course the Book and Magazine Club wasn't what you would call a hurrying concern—but you never had to wait more than six weeks and might not have to wait more than a fortnight for *Cornhill* or *Blackwood's*, and you might be fairly sure of getting a biography or a book of travel—we didn't bother about novels or poetry—within a year after publication. We knew we were bound to get them some time or other, so we could afford to wait. And if anyone asked us if we had read some celebrated book we didn't have to pretend we had: we replied "Not yet: let me see, there's the Vicar and HOBSON and Mrs. BODDINGTON before me. I shall have it in six weeks from now," a fortnight being the limit of time fixed for keeping any book. Of course our etiquette was strict. We kept the rules about calling and being called on in return, and we took off hats in a very dignified way when we met a gentleman we knew walking with a lady we didn't know. Altogether we were very happy. But there came a serpent into our midst. I must tell the painful story next week.

(To be continued.)

AT A HEALTH RESORT.

First Elderly Lady (in a hoarse voice). Poor dear Mrs. WHEEZER is quite worn out to-day.

Second Elderly Lady (through a respirator). Her husband died last night.

First E. L. Yes, poor dear! She says he woke her up several times to tell her how ill he felt.

Second E. L. Men always make such a fuss about themselves.

First E. L. (in the tone of one who tries to be just). So they do—still—you know, my dear—the weather!—and—after all, he died.

Second E. L. (impatiently). Yes, yes. I know. Very trying for him. *(Then, reluctantly)* And of course—as you say—the weather!

At a recent trial a witness was called, described as a "traveller in whisky." Had he been a traveller in liquor, it is questionable whether he would have been a competent witness, unless the Judge held that "*in vino veritas*" covered the case in question.



Husband. "Look out, KITTY. THERE ARE SOME BIRDS JUST IN FRONT OF YOU!"

Wife (out for the first time). "THEN, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, KEEPER, CALL THAT SILLY DOG OF YOURS! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S STANDING RIGHT IN MY WAY?"

THE ALL-PERVADING.

[The Editor of *King and Country* tells us that he has been "endeavouring to get a new patriotic poem for the first number from the poets of to-day, but up to the present he has obtained nothing worthy of the name." He therefore gives us his own adaptation from the German of ARNDT called *The Briton's Motherland*.]

WITHIN my patriotic breast
My loyal spirit glowed;
It cried aloud to be expressed,
It clamoured for an ode;
It craved a living song to tell
Of country, King and Queen,
And, incidentally, to sell
My half-crown magazine.

My thoughts turned Putneywards: if he,
Who fulminated in the *Times*
Against the Boers, would write for me
Some adjectival rhymes—
I called, but to receive regrets:
"Too busy. When you rang
I was selecting epithets
To hurl at ANDR-W L-NG."

Next R-DY-ED K-PL-NG I addressed,
And he replied: "I send
A patriotic piece—the best
I ever yet have penned.
The thirstiest here may drink his fill
Of patriotic pride."
I read it, but my spirit still
Remained unsatisfied.

Then A-ST-N tried his laureate hand:

The lion opened his jaws,
Stiffened his mane, as usual, and
Did something with his claws.
But though each anatomic part
So loyally behaved,
My yet more patriotic heart
Still fresh gymnastics craved.

The minor poets next I tried,
And slowly waded through
The hundred thousand odd supplied
By generous *Who's Who*?
But even in his boldest flights
Not one had ever flown
Up to the aerated heights
In which I breathe alone.

So, finding Britain barren ground,
"I'll go abroad," I thought,
And in the page of ARNDT I found
The very thing I sought.
Alas! that patriotic fire
And songs to suit the Free,
Like all things else which we require,
Are made in Germany.

THE annual Westminster Play is given by the scholars in the Dormitory, "temporarily transformed into a theatre." How often, under the influence of a soporific drama, have we seen a theatre temporarily transformed into a dormitory!

THE ANGLO-GREEK ENTENTE.

Mr. *Punch* has pleasure in publishing, on the authority of one of His Majesty's Middies, a selection of Hellenic wine-shop advertisements, put up to allure the trusting British sailor on the occasion of a recent visit paid to Nauplia by our Channel and Cruiser Squadrons. Much may be done in the way of diplomacy, as Lord ROSEBURY so happily hinted, by an occasional Conference at a wayside inn.

UNION JAG.—The Gretest Restahrant in Greece.

COME COME COME BOYS to this English Public House Where all drinking are found Viz Beer Lemonade wines liquors and all sorts of things to the English Tast A Pint will oblige.

CONCERT JOHN BROWN Shiling for a juges and 3d. Glass Long life Edwar king.

WELL COME NOBLE SAILORS Wine is sold here Wine agence.

GREAT CONCERT ALABRA Consert beautiful dansin and sinkin Place evoru kind of drink is to be found Enklissh well spokn.

TO THE ENGLIS NAVE well come UNION JACK

TEETH extrated momentarily and without acke

CONCERT RAMILLIES British Arms Triumphed in the Transvaal



Master. "SHORT RUNNING FOX, WILL. WHERE'S HE MAKING FOR, DO YOU THINK?"
Will (who suspects a bagman). "TRYING TO FIND 'IS WAY 'OME, SIR—LEADEN'ALL MARKET."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BRODRICK has stated that the contributions from foreign sympathisers would have kept the Concentration Camps going for exactly six hours. This has been stigmatised by the foreign newspapers as characteristic of the campaign of lies that is being carried on by Great Britain. They prove conclusively that the correct figure should be nearly double that mentioned.

A cruel proposal has been put forward by one of the German newspapers. It is that in future our country should be referred to, not as Great Britain, but merely as Britain.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has aroused much ill-feeling by refusing permission to reporters to accompany him on his shooting expedition. He asserts that "they scare the game." It should be explained that in America the crow is considered to afford excellent sport.

The French Government has instituted proceedings against the manufacturers of chocolate cigars. "The French laws forbid imitations of tobacco, which is a Government monopoly," explains a

contemporary. There is an amusing misprint here. "Is" should, of course, be "are."

THE CROWN PRINCE of SIAM says he knows nothing of the engagement between himself and the daughter of the Emperor of JAPAN which has been arranged by the American Press.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has bequeathed his brains to a gentleman who is making a collection of similar relics for scientific investigation. This official statement puts an end to the cruel rumour that the Professor had already parted with them.

Much irritation continues to be expressed in India at the way the MAD MULLAH Campaign was bungled by the Foreign Office, owing to insufficient troops being employed at the outset. To show how things ought to be done, the Indian column which is operating against the Waziris has begun by asking for reinforcements.

TERRIFIC dust-storms have visited Australia, and so strong was the general opinion that the end of the world had come that many politicians among them

were sorry their Colonies' indebtedness was not still greater.

THE Policeman who has "taken up" poetry has been interviewed. "The ideas come to me when I am out at night," he has explained. "And you cannot prevent ideas entering your head." The constable must not abandon hope. Doctors are very clever nowadays.

By-the-by, the introductory poem in the constable's little book of verse declares that "The work was most done on his feet." We should have expected a bigger volume.

IN Ireland the cold is more severe than has been experienced for many years, and the VICEROY has gone to Ulster.

QUALITY STREET was performed last week before a delighted and distinguished audience at Windsor Castle, and is to be re-named *Quality's Treat*.

THERE has been a fire at the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens. It is said to have been caused by a careless smoker, who threw away an unextinguished match, which lighted the tapir.



ABOARD ! ABOARD !

Polonius . . . Mr. JOHN BULL. Laertes . . . RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

POLONIUS. THERE, MY BLESSING WITH THEE !

AND THESE FEW PRECEPTS IN THY MEMORY
SEE THOU CHARACTER

GIVE EVERY MAN THY EAR, BUT FEW THY VOICE

TAKE EACH MAN'S CENSURE, BUT RESERVE THY JUDGMENT.—*Hamlet*, Act I., Scene 3.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 17.
—Majority of Members have hitherto maintained fair appearance of under-

DILKE assure PRINCE ARTHUR that he could not understand the much-mangled clause! It is true he softened the blow by adding that no other man in the House could work out the complicated sum it presented. Should have been

CHARLES DILKE feared to tread. Had drafted amendment to new clause. When he rose to move it, discovered his manuscript copy was a-missing.

"I am afraid, Mr. Chairman," he said anxiously, "as I haven't got copy of amendment with me I can't move it. I lent it to an hon. Member, who has not returned it." At this moment a guilty figure crawled up and handed piece of paper to SINCLAIR, who had shown no sign of resuming his seat.

"Ah, here it is," he said.

Presently began to wish it hadn't been there. As far as Committee could make out he was impartially inclined to make the proposed grant from the Imperial Exchequer less or more. Sometimes he said less, anon more.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL's reply, enfeebled by this uncertainty, further obscured the issue. SINCLAIR looked furtively towards the door; murmured something about "a meeting upstairs;" LOWTHER, as usual equal to emergency, threw a burst of energy into the remark, "The question is that the amendment be withdrawn. The amendment by leave withdrawn," he rapidly added.

SINCLAIR heaved a sigh of relief, withdrew, presumably to join meeting upstairs. Certainly has not since been seen in Committee.

Business done.—New Finance Clause Education Bill through Committee.

Tuesday night.—House learns with provoking equanimity news flashed over land and sea that DON'T KEIR HARDIE has been arrested by the Brussels police. Generally recognised that it was the cap and comforter that did it. Police in neighbourhood of Palace Yard have grown accustomed to the eccentricity. For some who know their DICKENS the worst comforter brings pleasant recollections of poor *Trotty Veck* going down the slide with the boys at Christmas-time, the ends of his comforter flying in the crisp air.

Apart from cap and comforter, and a little truculence about the tightness of his trouser leg, the Member for Merthyr Tydvil is the mildest-mannered man that ever posed as leader of a mob. His career a warning to ambitious youth. He started on too lofty a note. Never lived up to the brake in which, regardless of expense, he came down to take his seat in the Parliament elected ten years ago. As the equipage drove along the Embankment the hon. Member and his escort were mistaken for a company of beanfeasters, an illusion strengthened by the frantic efforts of the band. The new Member's heart's desire was that, descending at the gate of Westminster Hall, he should march its full length to the entrance door of the House, accompanied by his bodyguard, with trumpets also and shawms



AN EDUCATIONAL "PAS-DE-TROIS."—EMINENT EX-SCHOOLMASTERS.
(Mr. M-cn-m-ra, Mr. Y-x-ll, and Mr. Ern-st Gr-y.)

standing intricacies of Education Bill. Have sat out long addresses from MACNAMARA, YOXALL, ERNEST GRAY, and other eminent, though retired, schoolmasters. When, the other night, MACNAMARA, carried away on the flood of volubility, fancying himself back in old scene, observed, "But I don't want to weary the children," hon. Members politely murmured, "Oh, go on." Which he did.

To-night a flush of hope and pleasure mantled corrugated brows. Resuming Committee on Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR moved new clause dealing with the grant in aid. Even as he spoke, further vacillation was indicated by announcement of considerable change in the clause, printed only on Saturday morning, amending the old one standing on the Paper these many weeks. At this juncture DILKE interposed. Belated Members sat bolt upright. Now they would know all about it; dark places would be made clear. Well-known Parliamentary axiom, "If when occasion for reference to fact or figure arises and you haven't got a copy of *Encyclopædia Britannica* in your waistcoat pocket, consult DILKE." He's sure to know.

Committee almost paralysed to hear

printed in time to pass on conundrum to local authorities and obtain their solution.

Unwarned by this paralysing confession, LOUIS SINCLAIR rushed in where



"Heaved a sigh of relief and withdrew."
(Mr. L-s S-ncl-r.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A GORGEOUS binding in blue and gold attracts the Baron's notice to Mr. ANDREW LANG's *Book of Romance*, with artistic designs in grey and black and brilliant colours by HENRY FORD. This is for the elder children who were once Gammer Gurton girls, but are now students of the Arthurian Legend. A delightful book. Likewise issued by the same firm (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is *Alick's Adventures*, by "G. R.," with humorous illustrations by JOHN HASSALL,—not bad fun, were it not that *Alick* had been preceded by *Alice*, who went *Through the Looking Glass*, accompanied by her faithful knight Sir JOHN TENNIEL.

Mr. CHARLES H. E. BROOKFIELD, hitherto noted as an actor, a wit and a good fellow, has written his *Random Reminiscences* (EDWARD ARNOLD). It is a delightful book, crammed with good stories from beginning to end—and they are all told with such a skilful care of their point, and with such a breezy humour, that the Baron's Assistant, having rushed headlong through the feast, murmured as he came to the last page:—

You reach the end and wish he'd just begun,
This Brook of laughter in a Field of fun.

Mr. BROOKFIELD must forgive the play with his name, and count the B. A. his debtor for a large loan of pleasure and amusement.

Dainty, portable, in most readable type, are the little books that go to form the *York Library* (R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON). Here the pleasant, simple fiction of a bygone day is revived. The two latest stories are *Rosamund Gray*, by CHARLES LAMB, and *Two Love Stories*, by ROBERT SOUTHBY. Both are delightfully chosen, and will be welcome to those who enjoy their literature in scraps.

Side Walk Studies is the title given by Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON to his latest contributions to 18th century history, just issued by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS. It worthily takes its place in the charming library of kindred books, coming from the same scholarly and sympathetic pen. There is no modern writer who has so completely mastered life and work in the Georgian era as Mr. DOBSON. He is equally at home with men of letters, artists, actors, and (particularly) actresses. In this new volume he gives a charming account of PEG WOFFINGTON, its value increased by reproduction of a mezzotint portrait of the enchantress. Looking on this, my Baronite feels he never before realised the power of her spell. If she could charm mankind in this dress, the skirt fashioned after the style of an inverted barrel, what fatal work would she have wrought had she been gracefully gown'd! Dr. JOHNSON's haunts and habitations, the story of the *Spectator*, the illustrators of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, are among the subjects about which Mr. DOBSON delightfully chats. Anyone already tired of the so-called twentieth century should turn back to the eighteenth, and, under Mr. DOBSON's genial guidance, tread its restful by-paths.

An Antarctic Queen, by Captain CHARLES LAMB (F. WARNE & Co.), will certainly captivate the boy reader as she did the heart of the adventurous hero in this exciting story. After a varied and wonderful knockabout existence he discovers an island, which being discreetly placed by the author in



THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

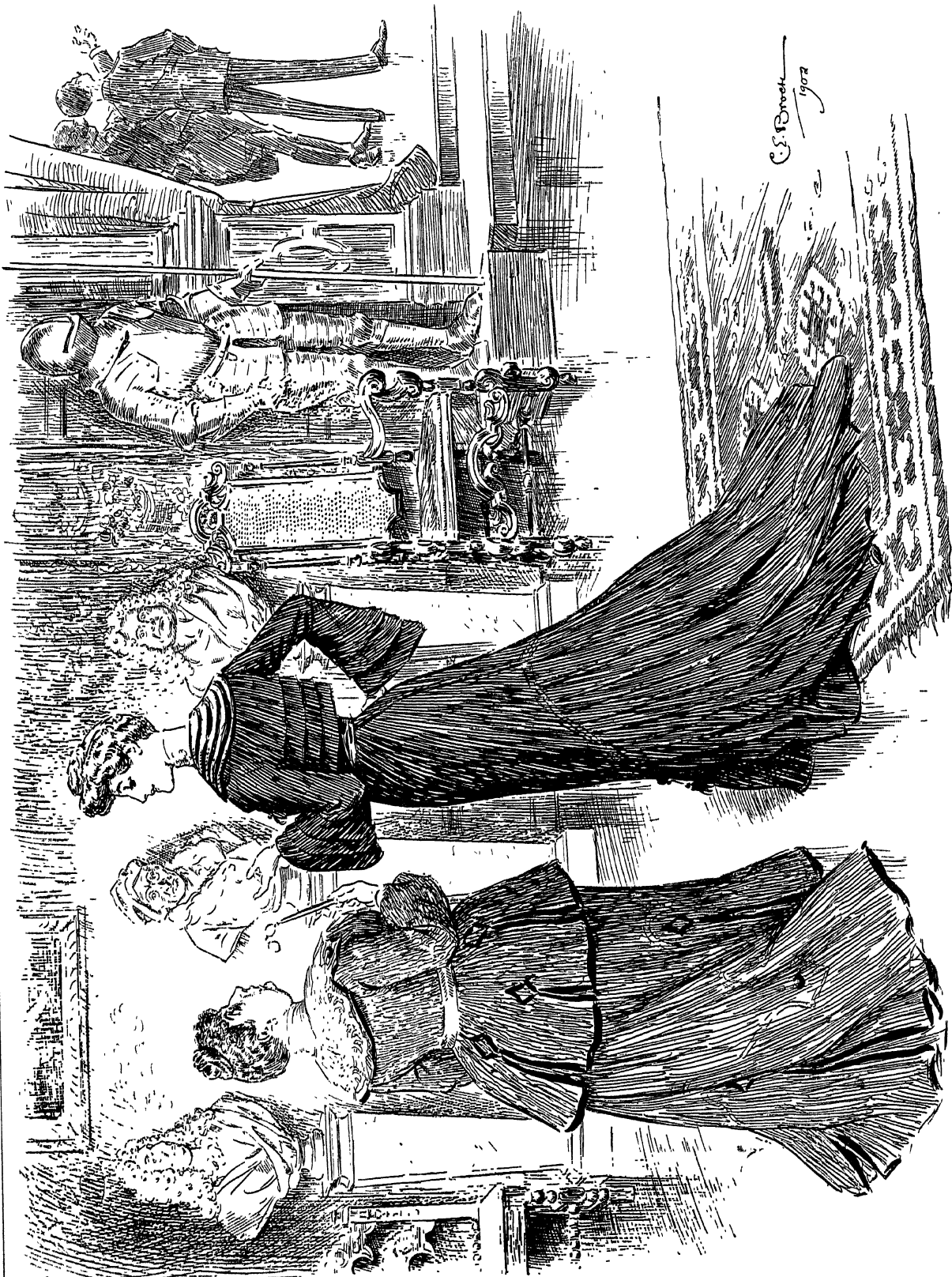
Benevolent Lady (fond of the good old customs). "HERE, MY BOY, IS SOMETHING FOR YOUR GUY."
Conscientious Youth. "WE AIN'T GOT NO GUY, MUM; THIS 'ERE'S GRANDFATHER!"

some unknown region of the South Pole, he is able to commandeer. And the QUEEN thereof gives him her hand. Ahem! not unlike the story of the well-known ballad "*His heart was true to Poll!*"

The war being now really over, Sir ARTHUR (why not Sir CONAN?) DOYLE has wound up his story of its progress. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER publish it with elucidation of an excellent map, and the assistance of a carefully compiled index. My Baronite has on earlier editions written of the special features of this masterpiece of vivid, condensed, yet comprehensive narrative, which need not shrink from comparison with KINGLAKE's laborious and massive masterpiece. He notes, in proof of the completeness of the final chapters, that the chronicler records one of the finest—if one of the saddest—episodes of the War, when the son of the chairman of the P. & O., young SUTHERLAND, fresh from Eton, still blushing with pride over his commission to a lieutenancy in the Seaforths, separated from his men and his horse, scornful to surrender, fought his way on foot a mile along the veld before he was shot down by the encircling and admiring Boers. Sir ARTHUR does not add the pathetic incident that the news reached the young hero's mother on the very day the bells in London were clanging the joyful news of peace. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Tongues are Cheap To-day.

MRS. — REQUIRES GOVERNESS to prepare boy and teach girl 12 languages, music, £50. Ditto for girl 16 and housekeeping £80.—*Morning Post*.



SOME DISTINCTIONS AND A DIFFERENCE.

Hostess has just been showing Guest the Picture Gallery and other glories of the ancient Baronial Halls, at the same time discoursing of the family greatness.

Guest (pointing to row of Busts). "AND ARE THESE CELEBRITIES OR JUST RELATIONS?"

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

III.—THE ETERNAL SILLY.

(Being a study in the everlasting futilities of melodrama.)

ACT I. SCENE—Deputy BOSSHI's lodging in Rome. TOMMASO, a red-shirted Garibaldian, who looks rather like an aged member of the Bootblacks Brigade, is discovered in conversation with BRUNO ROCOCO, Donna BOOMA's eccentric assistant in sculpture.

Tommasso. BOSSHI's very late to-night.

Bruno. He spent the afternoon in denouncing Donna BOOMA under the Prime Minister's windows. The Prime Minister is her guardian.

Tommasso. Not a very chivalrous proceeding.

Bruno. No. BOSSHI is one of Nature's gentlemen. It's not a chivalrous type.

Tommasso. I doubt if GARIBALDI would have approved.

Bruno. Very likely. His methods are rather out of date now-a-days.

Tommasso (sulkily). You say that now. But you'll need us veterans some day. As KIPLINGHELLI sings:—

TOMMASO questo, TOMMASO quello,
Via, Via, TOMMASO!

[Exit crooning the rest of this popular ditty.

Bruno (grumbling). Tiresome old fool. Why doesn't he sing "Linga Lunga LUCIA" instead of that balderdash!

Enter Deputy BOSSHI. He has a pallid face and long hair, and looks rather like a cheap edition of a minor poet.

Bruno. Well, did you denounce her?

Bosshi. Oh, yes. It made quite a sensation. BEERBOHMELLI had a party at his house, and I denounced her right under his windows. His guests giggled like anything. It was an interesting exhibition of ill-breeding.

Bruno. But what will your fellow Deputies think?

Bosshi. Think me rather a sweep, I suppose. (A Lady in elaborate evening dress strolls into the room quite unannounced) Donna BOOMA!

Donna Booma. You consider my turning up at your lodgings shortly before midnight rather extraordinary?

Bosshi. That is certainly the impression I intended to convey. Do Italian ladies of good position usually wander about the streets of Rome at night in an opera cloak and a diamond tiara?

Donna Booma. They do not. But these paltry conventions do not apply to melodrama. I came in an opera cloak because I wished to impress you with my loveliness. The same explanation applies to the tiara.

Bosshi (puzzled). I don't think I quite follow.

Donna Booma. It's quite simple. This afternoon you grossly insulted me. Naturally I at once felt an irresistible craving to make your acquaintance.

Bosshi (politely). If you mean that what I said to-day was untrue—

Donna Booma. On the contrary. It was perfectly true. And very pungently expressed. That's what attracted me to you.

Bosshi (bewildered). My dear young lady, what you say seems to me to make no sense at all. Either you are out of your mind or I am.

Donna Booma. I expect it's I. I'm a sculptor, you know. An amateur sculptor. (Bosshi shudders.) And that is mentally very unsettling. With me it is peculiarly so. Whenever anyone insults me publicly I at once long to do a bust of them. May I do a bust of you?

Bosshi. Certainly, if you wish it. I seem to have done you an injustice. I thought your moral character was defective. I see it is only your intellect. You are evidently crazy, and I shall be delighted if you do a bust of me.



Tourist. "WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START FOR CORK, PORTER?"
Irish Porter. "SHE'S JUST GONE, SORR!"

Donna Booma. You evidently don't know my busts!

Bosshi. That's true. What are they like?

Donna Booma. It's impossible to say what they're like, and goodness only knows whom they're like. But never mind. We'll begin to-morrow. Good-night. I can find my way out.

Bosshi. Well I'm——!

ACT II. SCENE—Donna BOOMA's Studio. Window (c) looks out on Colosseum. Donna BOOMA is at work on her bust of BOSSHI, her method of sculpture being to buy a bust already baked, and then to scrape its surface with a knife, thereby setting her sitter's teeth on edge and causing him to groan at frequent intervals.

Bosshi (after a more than usually excruciating scrape). Isn't there something wrong with that tool?

Donna Booma. No, it always makes that noise.

Bosshi. I suppose that's why so few people become sculptors. It must be a very painful calling. (Rising) I really must go now. I am going to make my great speech in the Colosseum.

Donna Booma. I wish you could have delivered it somewhere else. The acoustic properties of this apartment are such that I can hear every word that is said in the Colosseum. Odd, isn't it?

Bosshi. Very.

[Exit by the window, which seems to be a popular method of leaving Donna BOOMA's apartment.

Donna Booma. I do love him dearly. But I wish I wasn't going to hear that speech again. Poor BOSSHI repeats himself sadly.

Enter, by door, Baron BEERBOHMELLI, a sinister man whose black hair, bald crown, and eyeglass, immediately reveal the villainy of his character.

Baron. Good afternoon, dear BOOMA. Was that our



["It has been decided at a meeting of prominent yachtsmen, to found a Marine Motor Association."—Vide "Daily Telegraph."]

OUR ANTICIPATORY ARTIST HAS A VISION OF AN ENDLESS VISTA OF PLEASANT MARINE-MOTOR WEEK-ENDS.

agitator friend whom I saw disappearing by the window a moment ago?

Donna Booma. Yes. He's gone to the Colosseum—to denounce you. BRUNO's gone too. He has taken his little boy JOSEPH with him, as there seems every prospect of a riot.

Baron. Rather a curious reason for taking him?

Donna Booma. Not for BRUNO. He's a Roman father!

Baron. Bust getting on?

Donna Booma. Yes, I'm rather pleased with it.

Baron (looking at it curiously). Pleased with it! My dear BOOMA, I've never seen anything so dreadful in my life. After this poor BOSSH will never be able to hold up his head.

Donna Booma. Is it really so bad? I thought it was getting on rather nicely. What can I do, do you think, to improve it?

Baron (sardonically). Break it, my dear. (*Donna BOOMA proceeds to do so regretfully. Enter BRUNO by window.*)

Donna Booma. BRUNO! Where's JOSEPH? Is he hurt?

Bruno (crossly). No. The Police wouldn't lay a finger on him. The poltroons! When he threw stones at them they merely cowered in corners and blew their whistles for assistance.

Donna Booma. But BOSSH?

Bruno. He ran away. Scenes of violence always unnerve him. And little JOSEPH was very violent.

Donna Booma (with a cry). He'll be arrested before he reaches the frontier!

Baron (testily). Nonsense! Who wants to arrest him? As far as I am concerned, the sooner he's out of the country the

better. Let him go back to his organ and his monkey in Soho.

Donna Booma. You say that because there's no photograph of him by which he could be identified, and I've just broken his bust.

Baron. My dear BOOMA, the bust hadn't the smallest resemblance to him. You know that well enough. And as for his photograph, it's been published repeatedly in all the evening papers. Politicians are always photographed. Their constituents insist upon it.

Donna Booma (alarmed). Then if he ever does come back he'll be identified?

Baron. He won't come back. Revolutionaries who run away never do. His career is over. BOSSH's bust.

Donna Booma. That's not a nice joke.

Baron. Nor was he. He was one of the dullest jokes I know. But he'll make an effective organ-grinder.

[Curtain.]

Baba-au-Rhum.

Lady (entering barber's shop). I want some stimulant for my boy's hair.

Smart Shop-Girl. Certainly, Madam. Here is the article. [*Hands bottle with label printed in French, and headed "Pour la Barbe."*]

Lady. But that is for the beard.

Shop-Girl. Oh no, madam; those are instructions for the lady-barber.

Lady. Well now, that's curious. (*Translates*) "It renders her glossy and supple, and prevents her falling out and splitting at the extremities."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE practised novel-reader will be puzzled by the opening chapter of *The Little White Bird* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Mr. BARRIE does not stop formally to introduce his *dramatis personæ*. There they are, and they must explain themselves; which is, after all, the true dramatic manner from the time of SHAKESPEARE downwards. Only, in *King John*, for example, there is a prefatory table of "Persons represented," as "John, King of England; Prince Henry, his son, afterwards Henry the Third," and so on. Mr. BARRIE does not even give a name to the delightful elderly bachelor who tells the story, whilst his heroine is *Mary A—*, her husband nameless, and their son simply *David*. This is provoking, and might lead short-tempered people, who don't like being bored with problems when they take up a novel, to lay the book down after stumbling through its first chapter. Therein my Baronite assures them they will make a mistake evermore to be regretted. This book with its tenderness, its grace, its poetry, will rank amongst the finest accomplishments of the author of *A Window in Thrums*. The description of the wooing of *Mary A—* and the anonymous youth foregathering at the pillar box finds its only parallel in literature in the courting of *Ruth Pinch* in Temple Gardens. Lightly touching and leaving these human people, making us long to know more of them, Mr. BARRIE leads the way into Kensington Gardens, which by a stroke of genius he peoples with fairies, each possessing an individuality and a humour of its own. After centuries of existence this immigrant Scot has added a new world to London. No one who reads *The Little White Bird* will thereafter walk through Kensington Gardens without thinking of *Peter Pan*, *Solomon Caw*, *Queen Mab*, *Brownie*, *Maimie Mainwaring*, and all that takes place there "after Lock up."

The Baron has no hesitation in pronouncing *The Miniature Series of Painters* (GEORGE BELL & SONS) to be a most companionable set; interesting and instructive, and portable. The series might belong to that department of literature styled "'Bell' Lettres."

A Woman's Checkmate (JOHN LONG) is a novel by J. E. MUDDOCK, a name suggestive of "ships that" don't "pass in the night," but are laid up on their beam ends in a mud dock during the winter. So it came about that the Baron expected a stirring tale of the sea. Alas! no. Mr. MUDDOCK, in somewhat slipshod style, spins a fairly interesting yarn out of rather worn materials, thus offering to the alert skipper some rare opportunities for the exercise of his agility.

It must be far easier to write something original about Christmas than to invent an entirely new Christmas game, "and yet," quoth my juvenilest Baronitess, "here are 'Ding-Dong,' 'Trefoil,' and 'Jee-Jo-Jo,' all (FAULKNER) most exciting." The Baron takes this as the opinion of an expert. Also after personal inspection he agrees with the aforesaid Baronitess that their "'Art Calendar' is most attractive."

A propos of this same Firm's "Christmas show" the Baron recognises as somewhat of a novelty, their "National Portrait Gallery series" of cards, a fanciful "Pierrette and Pierrot series" and Channel Island sketch-cards, one side being blank for postal address. This notion might be developed for invitation cards: address of the invited one side, and photographs of the place he is to stay at and the sort of people he will meet on the other. Such truthful representations would determine the reply.

From Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, comes



"BUT, YOU SEE, I ONLY WANT THE TEAPOT AND THE SUGAR-BASIN. DON'T YOU BREAK THESE SETS?"

"NO, MADAM. WE GENERALLY LEAVE THAT TO THE SERVANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS."

a batch of books for children of various ages. For the nursery, says the Baron's Assistant, I can recommend with enthusiasm *Denslow's Mother Goose*. Nothing more gorgeously and grotesquely pictorial and attractive has lately struck my eye. I know one nursery at any rate where it met with a *succès fou*. Then for older children, up to, say, ten years, there is *Lassie and Laddie*, by MARY D. BRINE, a simple, pleasant story very prettily told. Next I have tested a group of four suitable for girls in their teens. *Miss Bouverie*, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH; *A Plucky Girl*, by MAY BALDWIN; *Girls of the Forest* and *The Rebel of the School*, both by L. T. MEADE. All these are very interesting and admirably wholesome. They have plenty of spirit and dash. Christmas buyers should not miss them.

When Mr. W. E. W. COLLINS wrote *The Don and the Undergraduate* the B. A. expressed a hope that he might be heard from again. Here he is, then, in *Episodes of Rural Life* (BLACKWOOD), a collection of short sketches excellent in design and not less excellent in execution. Mr. COLLINS has a great gift of playful unforced humour, he loves the country and country folk and pleasant dogs, he is evidently a good cricketer, and his stories are delightful.

A collection of spirited pictures representing the *Courting and Sporting Adventures of Wm. Wobbleswick, Esq.* (Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), drawn by W. J. HODGSON, is a well-got-up volume, with plenty in it to amuse. The style of the letterpress giving the incidents which are the subjects of the illustrations recalls to the Baron's memory some fairly familiar passages descriptive of a "run with the harriers" that occurred in a certain Punchian series entitled *Happy Thoughts*, of which work Mr. HODGSON has been evidently an appreciative student.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE RAVENS.

(After Mr. Seton Merriman.)

II.

THE stately house in Berkeley Square was lighted up. A great reception was being held. That part of London which was not asleep was awake. Cold-faced men and hot-hearted women were streaming up the grand staircase; diplomatists who shared the same rooms were being introduced to each other by their hostess, and exchanging their views on London scenery. "London," said a wit from the banks of the Vistula, "is a city to think of, not to think in," and he smiled as he thought of the ten organ-grinders he had that morning picked off with his pocket-pistol.

RODERICK WAGONER, of the International Secret Service, was leaning against the wall of the great reception room, waiting for the traffic to pass. From the height of his six foot ten he looked gently at the crowd surging below him. A quiet, simple man, of few words, people nevertheless always turned to look at him, in the street or in the ball-room, a fact which, in a quiet way, seemed to amuse this calm, strong, fair Englishman.

At the other end of the room the hostess, Lady ORMSBY, was talking of him to the latest comers, a fine-looking Russian Count, with beautifully chased gold crowns on his buttons, and his daughter, Princess ADELA.

"Yes," she was saying, "that is RODERICK WAGONER. I don't know if you know that he is one of the greatest diplomatists we have. They say that the CZAR admires him so much that there is a suite of rooms at the Winter Palace devoted exclusively to his use, which the CZARINA dusts herself every day; while the KAISER sends him a telegram twice a day. But come, my child," she continued, turning to the young girl at her side, "let me have the pleasure of introducing him to you," and they passed down the long room together.

The introduction was effected, and the two were left alone together.

A dead silence ensued, which the Princess was the first to break.

"So we meet here again, my—love," she said, as she slowly raised her dark eyes, in which smouldered the wrongs of fifteen centuries of oppression.

"Again," he replied, with the bow that men only give to women who are worthy of it.

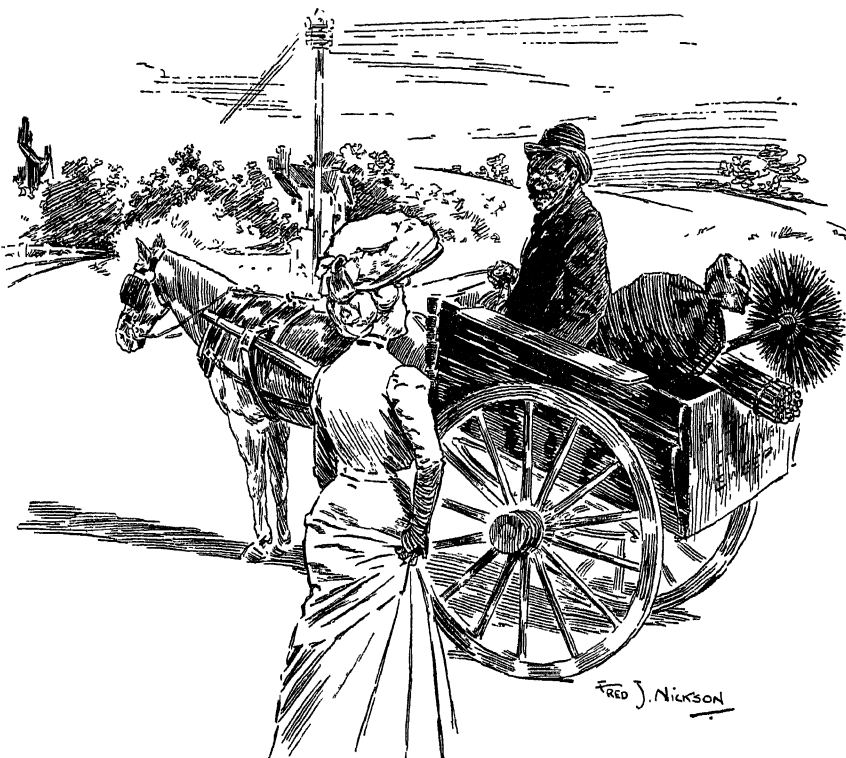
"And you are still the same?"

"Still."

"And you are on the one side, and I," the words came bravely, "on the other."

"The other," was the quiet answer.

"And Duty and Honour forbid that a



Young Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME THE NEAREST WAY TO GET TO PULHAM FROM HERE?"

Sweep. "WELL, MISS, I'M GOING THERE MESELF. SO, IF YER JUMP IN, I'LL DRIVE YER!"

woman should betray her cause," went on ADELA, with a proud smile.

"They forbid it," he answered.

"So that, even if she knows that ten bombs are being packed at the Army and Navy Stores, she must give no sign?"

"None."

"Even if they are to be sent off from Victoria Station on Tuesday evening, she must keep the knowledge to herself?"

"To herself," said the strong man, who would have died to save this woman from a pinprick.

They were both silent, with that perfect comprehension of each other's thought that can only come where Honour has triumphed, and Love is pure and strong.

A quarter of an hour later a servant placed an Invoice in WAGONER's hand. The Invoice referred to a revolving bookcase, and was dated from the Clock Tower at Westminster.

WAGONER glanced at it carelessly, and then threw it into a wastepaper basket.

"So it is to be Moscow this time!" he said, as he made his way to his hostess. "And yet I do not think it will be necessary. I—do—not—think—it—will—be—necessary."

In the hall below the servants were already helping two of his comrades in the Secret Service into their overcoats.

The Ravens were beginning to croak.

III.

The small waiting-room at the top of the stairs at Victoria Station is not, one would think, exactly a cheerful resort, yet on this Tuesday evening it was tenanted by no fewer than four men.

Presently one of them got up, and going to the door, looked out on to the deserted platform.

No one was in sight but a porter, who was whistling "God Save the King!" with much vigour.

"Has a box come from the Army and Navy Stores, my man?" inquired the man from the waiting-room, in perfect English.

"Why, bless you, yes, Sir, 'arf an hour ago," replied honest BILL SMITH. "And a gentleman took it away at once in an 'ansom—to the Foreign Office, for I 'eard 'im give the address."

The man went silently back to the waiting-room, and repeated the information to the other three men.

"It must have been WAGONER," he said, and a strange smile crept over his face. "That d—d strong man, WAGONER."

There was silence in the little waiting-room—the silence of strong men in extremity—and then they went slowly and thoughtfully to the telegraph office to send off eight telegrams.

For in their calculations the Ravens had overlooked the fact that Love is the greatest Anarchist of all.

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH COMPOSER.

[Of the thirty-three compositions set down for performance at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts, only one is by a British writer.]

I AM a British composer, priding myself on my *nous*,
Trained in the methods of WAGNER, steeped in the science of
STRAUSS,

Ev'ry device of the moderns I have at perfect command,
I can be strenuous, subtle, vicious, volcanic and bland—
Bold as a portrait by SARGENT, weird as a novel by JAMES—
Mine is the finest equipment linked to the highest of aims.
Physics, psychology, TOLSTOI, NIETZSCHE, LOMBROSO, VERLAINE,
All have gone into my music, all are stored up in my brain.
Ev'rything have I digested—ev'rything under the sun,
Till I am blest in possessing ev'ry advantage—save one.
I am a *British* composer, elbowed aside in the race—
Even a hearing denied me, doomed to enduring disgrace.

Would it, I frequently wonder, give me the ghost of a chance
If I renounced my relations, borrowed a surname from
France?

Shall I become a Bohemian, shall I inscribe on my score,
"This is no English production, this is the work of a Boer"?
Or is a Muscovite suffix, *insky*, or *offsky*, or *vitch*,
Solely and wholly essential Englishmen's ears to bewitch?
Must I insure my left elbow, must I develop a look
Less like a thoroughbred Briton than a diseased pastry-cook?
Tell me, O Concert Directors, tell me that I may begin
Changing my name and my nation, sloughing my insular
skin.

We are no megalomaniacs, planners of boycotting schemes,
Bent upon turning the tables, flying to hostile extremes.
Gladly we bow to the masters, yield to their conquering
sway,

Only, as moderns with moderns, claim for the native fair
play;—

Claim for his highest endeavour, claim for his work at its
best

Just an occasional hearing—surely a modest request:
Welcoming foreigners freely, yet, when their "place in the
sun"

Comes to be reckoned in England, grudging them thirty to
one!

TAILORS' TATTLE.

[Sir TATTON SYKES' eccentricity in the matter of coats—he always wears four or five—is said to have its counterpart in Mr. THOMAS HARDY's habit of invariably wearing two waistcoats, &c.]

SHEIKH T-M-THY H-LY (writes a Uganda correspondent) is noted even amongst Uganda's warriors for his quaint costume. Even in the hottest summer, when the mercury boils in the thermometer and a steak placed in the sun grills in two minutes, Sheikh H-LY invariably wears four loin cloths and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses. This peculiarity of the Sheikh has its counterpart in the sartorial eccentricities of his ally the MAD MULLAH. Before the latter will start on the smallest expedition he must attire himself in a double coating of blacklead.

A curious peculiarity of Doctor CL-FF-RD (writes a Nonconformist correspondent) is that he always wears two white ties—one at the front and one at the back of his collar. This is not due to personal vanity, but to the fact that in the excitement of addressing public meetings the Doctor's tie works out of place. Hence this ingenious contrivance. By the time the eloquent Doctor has spoken his usual hour and a half the front tie has worked round to the back and the back tie has come to the front. Indeed, it is said that in

more than one of his orations on the Education Bill the silver-tongued Doctor has talked the original tie back to its first position again.

In his morning walks on Putney Common Mr. SW-NB-RNE, in addition to the pair of lace-up boots which adorns his feet, carries another pair in his hands. A correspondent, anxious for information, stopped Mr. SW-NB-RNE and asked him what he used the second pair of boots for. "I carry them," said England's greatest lyricist, "to punish impudent intruders on my privacy." So saying he hurled them with remarkable accuracy at our correspondent's head and passed on. All true lovers of poetry will be delighted to hear that the author of *Songs before Sunrise* retains so much of the virility of youth.

"SHOULD WE ABANDON THE MEDITERRANEAN?"

[To Sir WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES, after perusing his masterly attempt to solve the above conundrum in Mr. NORMAN's excellent new Magazine, *The World's Work*.]

SIR, I have read your racy tract
In London's latest monthly organ;
And find your gift of naval tact
Scarcely surpassed by Mr. MORGAN.

You map us out the Midland Sea,
And show our ships unrivalled in it,
And yet their use would seem to be
Visibly smaller every minute.

Time was when we would take a turn
In any continental quarrel,
Whether the thing was our concern
Or had an interest merely moral.

But we have come in course of years
To fill a cosmic sphere of action,
Where Europe's little world appears
A purely academic fraction.

As for our Eastern water-way,
Reserved to meet a crucial juncture,
A pinch of dynamite, you say,
Would paralyse the Suez puncture.

But still, as your opponents urge,
This Sea retains its hallowed story;
One may remark about its surge
A halo exquisitely hoary.

Among its isles our sons have cropped
A heritage of rare exemplars:
At Cyprus CŒUR-DE-LION stopped,
And Malta used to teem with Templars.

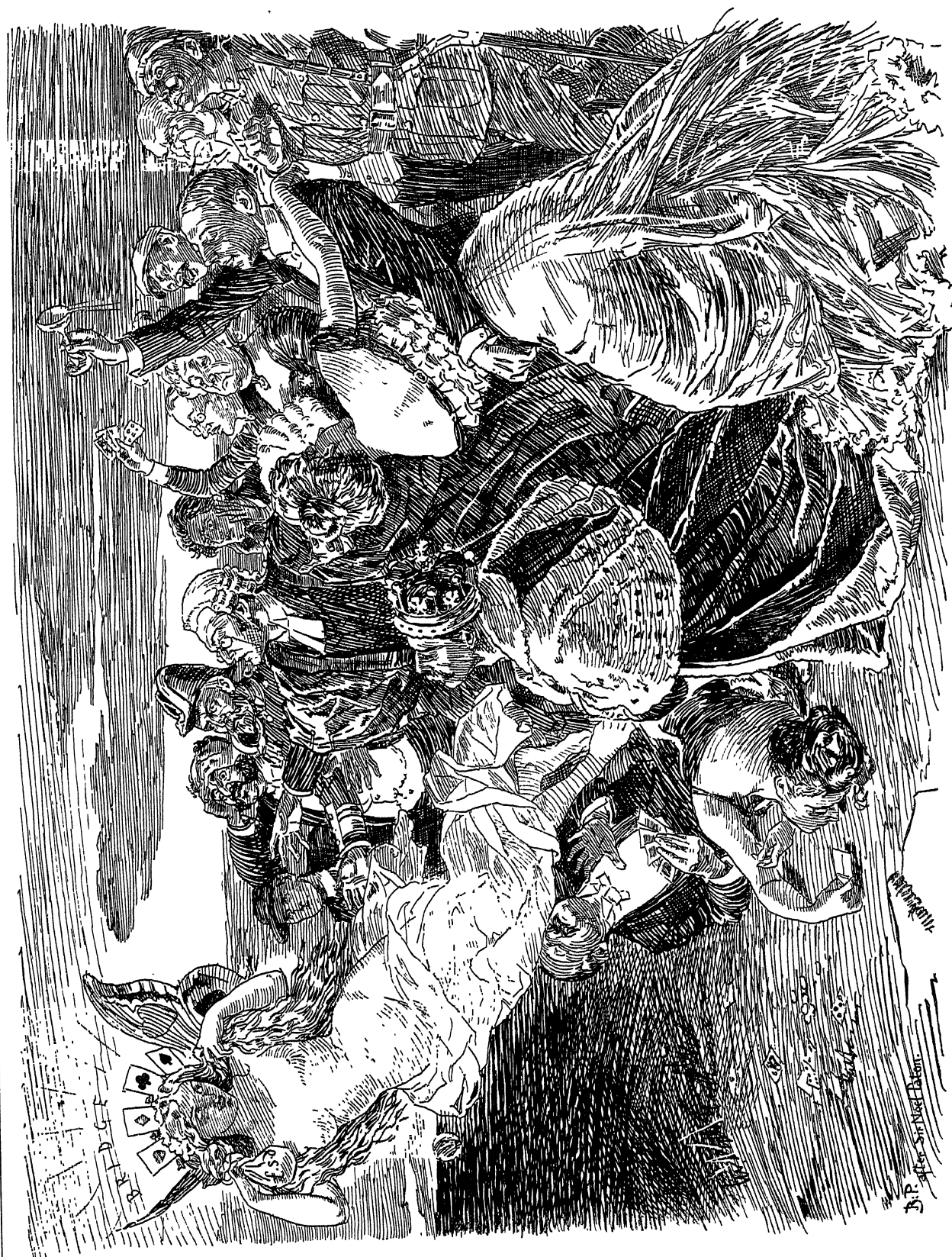
Good sentiment, but run to seed!
To-day we tackle broader Acres,
Our fleets must serve a larger need,
Escorting mightier Empire-makers.

Lords of a puny Latin pond!
It sounds a rather silly title!
Is it not time we looked beyond,
And clung to issues clearly vital?

Yes, as you say, this Sea must go;
Let France or someone else annex it;
And if the winds of war should blow,
We'll be content to block the exit.

Yes, let it go; we'll soon forget
How much it cost our pride to do it:
But not this week! O no, not yet,
With Midland JOE careering through it!

O. S.



THE PURSUIT OF "BRIDGE."

Illustrated by Sir Noel Paton.

By Sir Noel Paton.

DE MAXIMIS CURAT LEX.

(A Law Report of the Future.)

THE trial of Mrs. VERE DE VERE was concluded yesterday. Before the proceedings began, the learned Judge, addressing the prisoner, said he was afraid she might not be quite as comfortable as at home, and begged her to change places with him. His Lordship then took his seat in the dock, after handing the prisoner to his chair, where she was supplied with a footstool and a Society newspaper. After some more evidence had been given, the prisoner said she was tired of reading and felt awfully hungry. The Court immediately adjourned, and the prisoner, with a select party of invited guests, was entertained to a champagne luncheon in the Sheriff's room.

A decent interval having been allowed for coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes, the trial was resumed, the prisoner again sitting in the Judge's chair. Sir ST. JOHN STARS, K.C., Mr. ASTERISKS, K.C., Mr. DASH, K.C., and Mr. BLANK, K.C., having addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, the learned Judge was about to sum up when Mrs. VERE DE VERE said she was dying for a cup of tea. The Court immediately adjourned, and tea was served in the Sheriff's room. The jury were invited to join the party, but respectfully declined the honour.

When his Lordship returned to the dock the jury intimated that they had made up their minds, and unanimously found the prisoner guilty on all the counts of the indictment. The prisoner appeared rather surprised at this verdict, but after the Under-sheriff had handed her a bottle of smelling-salts, and the Judge's clerk had fanned her with a sheet of foolscap paper, she became as cheerful and unconcerned as before. Sir ST. JOHN STARS then called a doctor, who gave evidence that Mrs. VERE DE VERE suffered occasionally from chilblains, and that imprisonment might cause an increase in the attacks of this serious complaint.

The learned Judge then addressed the prisoner, and said how much he regretted to see a lady of her dignity and wealth in such a position, or rather how painful it must be for her to see *him* in such a position, though what he really meant was that the pain was caused to him by the very rude and vulgar verdict of the jury, who had shown no consideration for the feelings of a lady of good family, and the wife of a wealthy gentleman, himself a sort of Judge empowered to maintain the majesty of the law in his own neighbourhood. His Lordship said, in a voice broken by emotion, that he considered the verdict most disrespectful

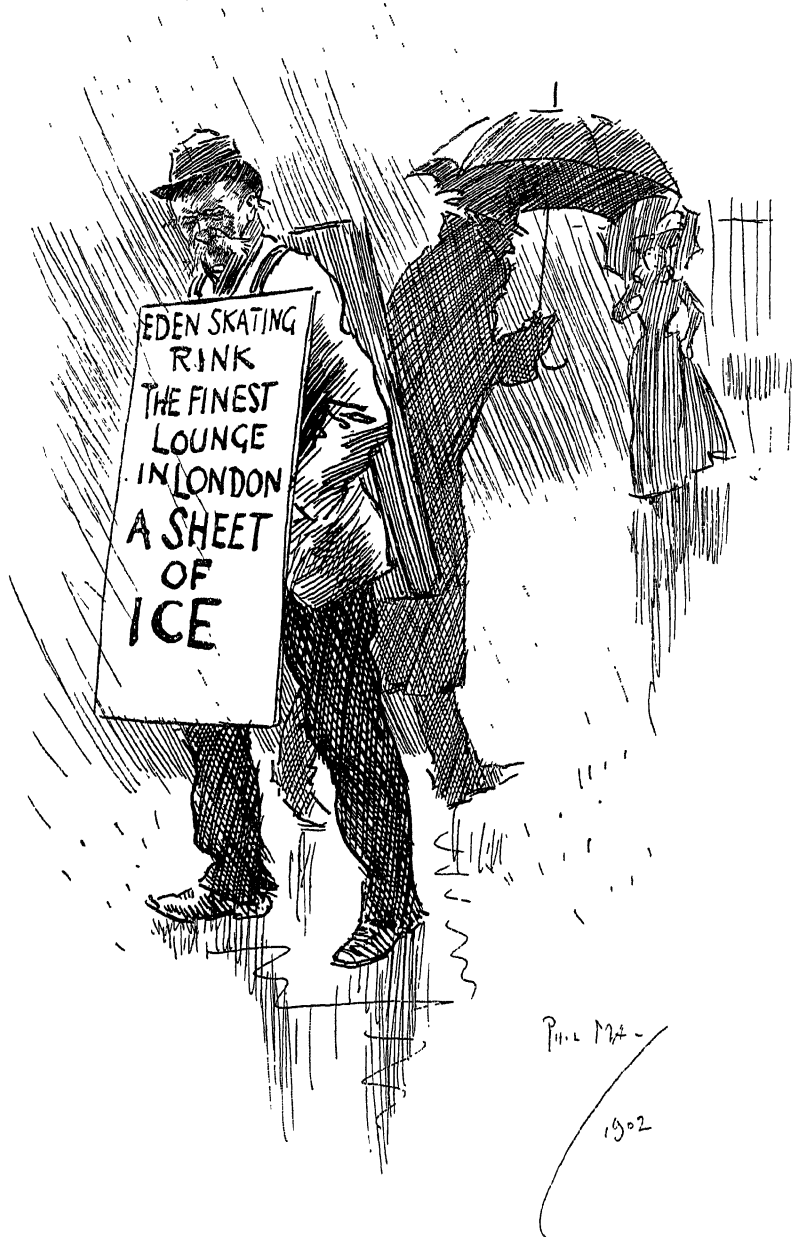
to the upper classes. However, since the jury had found her guilty (here his Lordship held his handkerchief to his eyes), it became his painful duty, his extremely painful duty, carefully bearing in mind the important medical evidence as to her health, to sentence her (here his Lordship sobbed aloud) to pay a fine of half-a-crown.

The fine was at once paid. His Lordship then skipped nimbly from the dock, and gracefully handed Mrs. VERE DE VERE to the Sheriff's state carriage, in which she was driven home. A man in the street, who ventured to hiss the lady, was at once arrested by the police,

and committed to prison for contempt of Court.

The learned Judge then proceeded to try MARY SMITH, a post-office clerk, for stealing six postage stamps. The case was of no interest. His Lordship, remarking on the enormity of her offence, sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude.

"DROPPING THE PILOT."—It is pleasant to hear that the dropped *Pilot* has been picked up again. Hearty congratulations to the skipper, Mr. LATHBURY.



SKETCHED IN OXFORD STREET.

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

IV.—THE MISADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE.

[Suggested by a visit to the play at the Adelphi which Messrs. MALCOLM WATSON and MURRAY CARSON have written round Mr. CUTOLIFFE HYNE's hero.]

SCENE—*The office of an Adventurous Drama Syndicate, London. Captain KETTLE, a peppery little man with sandy hair and a goatee beard, is discovered smoking fiercely. With him are Messrs. MALCOLM WATSON and MURRAY CARSON.*

Captain Kettle (in a menacing tone). So you two are going to make a play about me, are you?

Mr. Carson (gruffly). Yes.

Kettle (explosively). You'll have to be careful what you're about or, by James—! [Whips out revolver.

Mr. Watson (interrupting him nervously). We shall be most careful. Please put that away.

Kettle (mollified). Very well. *(Replaces revolver in hip pocket.)* But you must show me how you're going to do it. I can't have you doing anything to bring me into disfavour with the cheaper magazines.

Watson (meekly). Would you like to hear the plot?

Kettle. Perhaps I'd better. Fire away.

Watson. We open in the office of a Comic Irishman in Liverpool. *(Complacently)* That will be a popular feature!

Kettle (jumping up in a passion). By James—!

Carson (crossly). Do sit down. And I wish you wouldn't keep on using that oath. It's idiotic.

Kettle (reseating himself). Nonsense. I always use it. The public wouldn't know me without it. It's as characteristic of me as my chin beard or my revolver. Go on.

Watson. Everyone in the Comic Irishman's office is in mortal terror of you.

Kettle (pleased). Come—that's better.

Watson. So they all retire to the strong room as soon as you enter, and communicate with you through the speaking tube. Humorous, eh? Ha! ha!

Kettle (acidly). Well?

Watson. Of course you produce your revolver—no, you needn't do it now—and threaten to wreck the office with it.

Kettle. Couldn't I use a chair? I could do a lot more damage with a chair.

Carson (impatiently). Certainly not. The public associates you with a revolver, not with a chair. Besides, we can't have you breaking the properties.

Kettle. All right. What happens next?

Carson (yawning). Oh, after a lot of bluster and "By James" and similar nonsense the Comic Irishman emerges, and you agree to go in a steam yacht to rescue a prisoner in a French Penal Settlement. That's the end of Act I.

Kettle. Don't think much of that.

Carson (briefly). Nor do I. But it'll have to do. In Act II. —*(Yawning)* What happens in Act II., WATSON?

Watson. In Act II. you are on the yacht. The lady to whom it belongs wishes to kidnap you. She loves you, Captain.

Kettle (fiercely). I won't have it. I'm a married man.

Watson (soothingly). Yes, but she's Spanish, you know. Spanish ladies do these things. Besides, you refuse to have anything to say to her.

Kettle (mollified). Very well.

Watson. So the crew assemble ostentatiously upon the quarter-deck to make you prisoner.

Kettle (roused). I see. I fire into the brown, kill half a dozen, wound the rest, and keep the yacht for my pains.

Watson (hastily). No, no. Not a bit like it. You don't shoot anybody. In fact, you don't shoot a single person throughout the entire play.

Kettle (horrified). Not shoot anyone?

Carson (crossly). Certainly not. Your revolver isn't loaded. Your steward has drawn the cartridges.

Kettle (outraged). So I'm to be made a prisoner, am I? Well, that may be your conception of drama, but it isn't mine.

Watson (soothingly). It's only for ten minutes. Then you're released again.

Kettle (relieved). How do I manage that?

Carson. Easily enough. You see, after they have bound you the crew dump you down upon the deck and go below, leaving you quite unguarded.

Kettle. Will the audience swallow that?

Carson (grimly). They'll have to swallow a lot more than that before we're through.

Watson. Naturally your friend on board, who happens to be away at the moment in the jolly-boat, returns in the nick of time, and as everyone seems to have forgotten his existence he is able to set you free at once. The crew return to the deck. You threaten everybody with your revolver, and the mutiny is quelled.

Kettle. I thought you said my revolver wasn't loaded?

Carson (impatiently). No more it is. But they've forgotten that. Or at least, we had. That ends Act II.

Kettle. I call it beastly rot so far. Go on with Act III.

Watson. In Act III. the scene is the French Penal Settlement. And here we bid good-bye to the last glimmerings of reason. The prisoner has escaped by the aid of the prison laundress, whom he has promised to marry. You are suspected of having rescued him, and are about to be shot by the French when the prisoner saves you by giving himself up.

Kettle (enthusiastically). Noble fellow!

Carson (testily). Not at all. He's an absolute swcep. Why on earth he gives himself up to save you I don't know, except that he doesn't want to marry the laundress. Do you know, WATSON?

Watson (shaking his head). It doesn't seem very clear.

Kettle (scandalised). My dear WATSON! I appeal to you as a dramatic critic. Is that good enough?

Carson. Nonsense. When a dramatic critic begins to write plays anything's good enough. And I wish you wouldn't say "My dear WATSON" like that. You're not Sherlock Holmes.

Kettle (sadly). I begin to wish I was. I believe I should run longer! Get on.

Watson. The prisoner is marched back to jail. So are you. There's a Comic Irish Sentry—

Kettle (faintly). By James—!

Watson. You put a sack over the sentry's head to enable the other fellow to escape. Subsequently you escape yourself, concealed in a washing-basket.

Kettle (pondering). Haven't I seen a similar incident to that on the stage before?

Carson (crossly). No! You're thinking of *Falstaff* in *Merry Wives*. This isn't a bit like it. I wish it was!

Watson. Act IV. deals with the Spanish lady's determination to be President of a South American Republic. You are brought to her assistance—still in the washing-basket.

Kettle (alarmed). Have I been in it ever since Act III.?

Watson. I suppose so. The Comic Irishman turns up again.

Kettle. Which one? The Liverpool person or the sentry?

Carson (brusquely). Both if you like. Their presence is quite unnecessary to the plot.

Kettle. Then why bring them in?

Watson (with dignity). My dear fellow, in melodrama one should always bring everybody on in the last Act. That is what is called construction.

Kettle. I see. Well?

Watson. The President abdicates. The Spanish lady succeeds him. She asks you to share her presidential throne.

You hesitate. But the strains of a concertina recall Mrs. KETTLE to your mind and you refuse. The curtain falls to the strains of "*Home, Sweet Home*."

Kettle (blankly). Is that all?

Carson (bored). Yes. And enough too, I should think.

Kettle. And do you mean to tell me it has taken the combined intellects of a popular actor and a prominent dramatic critic to produce *that*?

Watson (meekly). Yes.

Kettle. Hum! I wonder what Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE thinks of it!

[Exit pondering this knotty question. (Curtain.)]

"AN OBLATION."

[Addressed by Mr. GERALD BALFOUR to a West Indian Sugar Plant.]

AIR—"Ask nothing more of me, sweet."
(SWINBURNE)

Ask something more of me, Beet;
All I can give thee I'll give;
Joy of my tart, were it more,
More should be paid for my sweet;
Lucre to help you to live,
Props that your prices may soar.

Duties are pleasures, pleasures to give,
Blow the expense! make it more!
So I may waste on you, Beet,
Wealth that should nerve you to live;
Proud of your prices that soar,
Cheered by this chance for my sweet.

I that am GERALD—no more—
Offer this boon to you, Beet!
'Tis but a song that I give,
Urging your figure to soar;
I that consume you, my sweet,
Bid the consumptive to live!

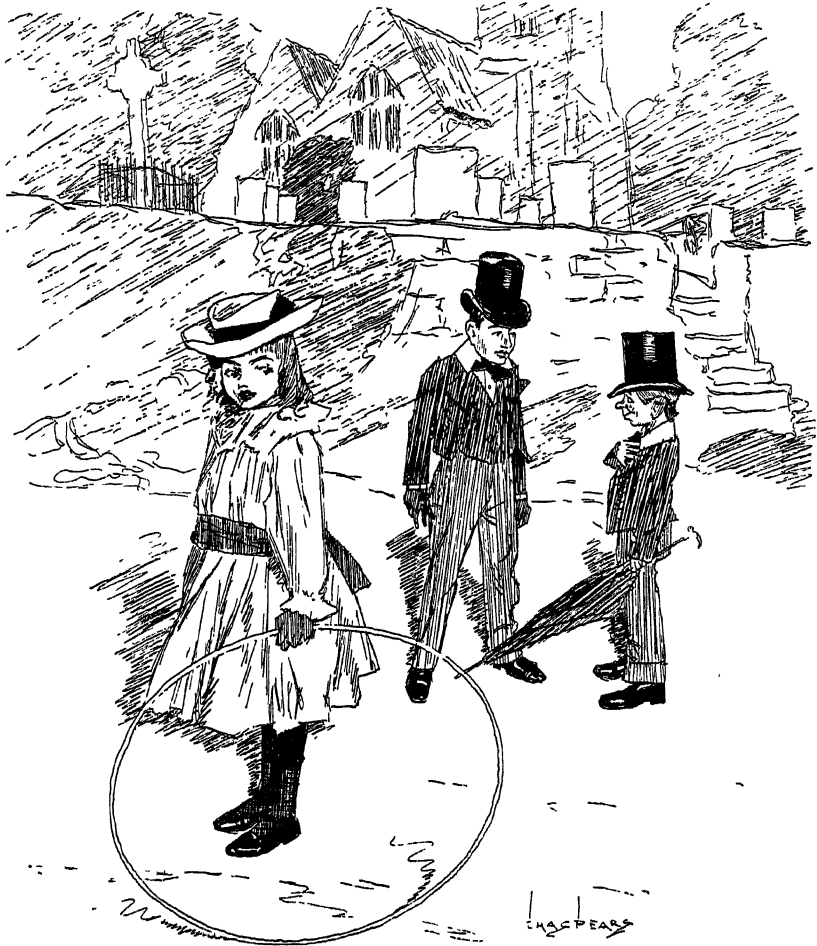
THE WEE WHITE WARBLER.

(With apologies to Mr. Barrie's "*Little White Bird*.")

It was the day when WILLIAM brought me a mutton cutlet instead of a chop. WILLIAM, you must let me tell you, is a waiter at my Club. I think I took him out of an old Christmas number of an illustrated paper. Not that this matters much; and the third turning to the right when you are past the Park gates brings you out directly opposite the Post Office. Why do I tell you this? I hardly know; but it may have something to do with the story, if you wait long enough. Or it may not. Poor little Post Office! Grim old bachelor as I am, you touch me strangely.

O MARY, MARY!

I hate mutton cutlets, and I said so. To be precise, I observed: "You dunderheaded simpleton, you blighted nincompoop!"—I always talk like this in order to conceal my tenderness of



Big Brother. "LOOK HERE, BILLY, IT'S NO GOOD YOU HANGING ROUND. YOU STAND NO CHANCE WITH MISS SMITH IN THOSE TOGS. ANYBODY CAN SEE THEY'RE MINE OUT DOWN FOR YOU."

Little Brother. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT CLOTHES, IT'S BRAINS THAT TELL!"

heart—"you've bungled again, you idiot!" And here I slipped something white and crisp into his right hand.

"Sir!" gasped WILLIAM—a good man as waiters go, but apt to be surprised at my most commonplace actions.

"If you say a single word I'll knock your ugly head off!" cried I, transferring another banknote into his left hand. "A chop this moment, WILLIAM!"

What made WILLIAM's mistake the more distressing was that I had but just returned from the Gardens, together with Aramis and a tremendous appetite. (Aramis is a Newfoundland dog in this chapter, but we'll turn him into a human being before long.) Such a walk we had had—JONATHAN Z., Aramis and I! Right past the Green Patch (which is where you fall and soil your pinafore), and along the Topsy-Turvy path (it was here that Miss JENNY LEE swallowed sixty-one peppermints; I must tell you about this sometime), and so out by the Sugarloaf Island, and home. And just as I had reached the Club a tall young lady of

twenty-one threw herself down before me, and tried to clasp my knee, and sobbed out idiotic speeches of gratitude.

"Avaunt, monster!" I exclaimed; and she ambled away—rather like a cow, I thought. Now this, you will be surprised to hear, was the daughter of WILLIAM, the waiter. And one day, twenty years ago, when she was quite a baby, she had a pain in her inside. She had a pain in her inside because her food disagreed with her, And her food disagreed with her because it wasn't cooked enough. And it wasn't cooked enough because the milkman was late on his rounds, owing to a fog. (Later on you will hear all about this.) So the baby cried, which made WILLIAM's wife cross. She, with the instinct of her sex (O MARY!) took it out of WILLIAM. Consequently the poor man was quite muddle-headed all day, and brought me a cutlet, as I have explained, when I had ordered a chop.

Ah me! Was this twenty years ago, or was it to-day?

It is all rather confusing.

• EXCHANGE AND MART.

[An American lady has recently made an offer through the "Exchange Department" of a feminine paper. TENNYSON would be "gladly exchanged" for "a few fruit jars." She "would like to exchange BYRON for some old lace," and adds, "I also need a little improved cabbage-seed, for which I will give a fairly good copy of BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*."]]

GREAT singer, on whose laureate brow
The wreath sat worthily enow,
Thou saidst in pessimistic strain,
Thy "mortal lullabies of pain
Might bind a book, might line a box,
Might serve to curl a maiden's locks."
But didst thou ever contemplate
Such rigours of a ruthless fate,
Or dream that thy poetic thought
To such base uses might be brought?
Alas, poor TENNYSON! How strange
That anyone would "gladly change"—
Ay, "gladly"—that one well might call
The most unkindest cut of all—
The music of thy tuneful bars
For—think of it!—"a few fruit jars."

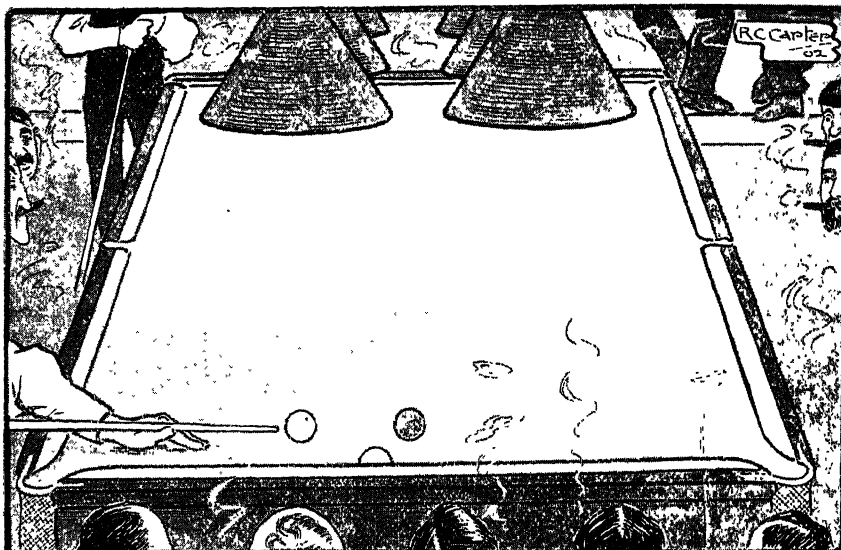
And this same inexpressive She,
How, BYRON, does she value thee?
The lyric rage, the frenzied, wild
Desires of thy poetic *Childe*—
Lives there the heart too dead to feel,
Too cold to answer such appeal?
This haggling soul would stickle not
To strike a bargain of the lot.
If BYRON rules so low to-day,
Then what price *Pilgrim's Progress*,
pray?

A little cabbage-seed?—Rest, rest,
Perturbèd JOHN! let not thy breast
Be overmuch to anger moved—
The cabbage-seed must be "improved."

O minor poet, as you stand
And finger with caressing hand
Those dainty tomes in calf and vellum,
The products of your cerebellum—
If these, the masters of your art,
Can fetch so little in the mart,
Weep, as you wonder what on earth
Your precious volumes can be worth.

INDEXITIS; OR, ALPHABETOMANIA.

THIS distressing cerebral complaint made its appearance in London during the summer months of this year, and has raged with considerable virulence in the neighbourhood of the British Museum. It is believed to be an American importation, and to have spread through the agency of a colossal and Encyclopædic undertaking, which is being pursued in our very midst with the full connivance of the authorities. The victims have been mostly adults who have not quite forgotten their A B C; for children, except in the Balfourian sense, escape from the contagion. A large percentage of the metropolitan "free-lances," not to speak of doctors, barristers, ex-school-



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. A BILLIARD MATCH.

masters, actresses (resting), and singers, have been attacked. The symptoms in the earlier stages of the epidemic were somewhat obscure, but the bacillus has now been identified, and it is confidently expected that within a few days the worst will be over. The survivors will then be free to pursue their ordinary vocations, if they have not already found quarters in the various lunatic asylums.

Among the more typical cases which *Mr. Punch* has been called in to diagnose are the following:—

CASE No. 1.—A. B., 43 years of age, married, and father of nineteen children. Was seized with a violent attack after working overtime, and found marshalling the family in his back garden with labels affixed (W for "Wrong," D for "Duplicate," and S for "Superfluous") under the impression that they were "Card-entries." He had also obtained a large waste-paper basket for his wife (to be put in).

Treatment.—A fortnight's attendance at Mr. Plowden's Police Court, listening to his *obiter dicta* on the duties of a husband and father. Was discharged as incurable on attempting to index his Worship's witticisms.

CASE No. 2.—C. D., aged 27, single woman. Keeping house for her brother. The peculiar feature of this case was that the patient insisted on rearranging the order of the items of her daily menu. The courses of the dinner therefore appeared thus:—Cheese, Coffee, Dessert, Entrée, Fish, Hors d'œuvres, Ices, Joint, Soup, Sweets, with the result that six cooks gave notice in a week, one after another, and the brother, to avoid indigestion, gave up eating altogether and took to drink.

Treatment.—A meal of one course only, viz. a salad of all the above-mentioned items together, was found to restore the patient's mental equilibrium, after a vain attempt on her part to sort out the various ingredients in their proper order. When last heard of she was imitating Succi.

CASE No. 3.—X. Y., bachelor, age not given. Here the mania for alphabetization took a peculiar form. The victim betrayed a disposition to betroth himself successively to ladies whose surnames began with A, B, C, etc., in order. Had, however, failed with Q, X, and Z, and suffered from extreme melancholia in consequence.

Treatment.—Ordered to read, four times a day, *Mr. Punch's* "Advice to Those About to Marry." *Result:* Doubtful up to the time of going to press. Tried to prevaricate that the Advice did not relate to Those About to be Merely Engaged.

CASE No. 4.—G. F., 207 years old, widower. Taken up on November 5 for causing an obstruction in Holborn. On examination at the Police Office, it was discovered that he had put his clothes on in alphabetical order—boots first, then braces, coat, cravat, hat, pants, socks, trousers, vest, and lastly waistcoat. To these some sympathisers had attached squibs and crackers in their proper and respective positions.

Treatment.—Was let off by the stipendiary together with the fireworks, and taken home on a stretcher. Since then discovered to be a man of straw.

Mr. Punch could cite further cases of mental obliquity, but considers the foregoing sufficient for those who are anxious to have an Index Finger in the resulting Printer's Pie.

THE PRAYER OF A LADY-PRINCIPAL.

(To Oxford Women Students. With apologies to Mr. K-pl-ng.)

TAKE up the housewife's burden—
All ye whose schools are done,
Who let your foolish fancy dwell
On thoughts of coming fun.
Put *Games for Girls* upon the shelf
With JOWETT, JEBB, and GOW;
Be Mrs. BEETON'S *Homely Hints*
Your *vade mecum* now.

Take up the housewife's burden—
No lofty rule of queens,
But long and sordid service—
The slave to ways and means.
Have done with flighty folly!
Throw off your infant past!
'Tis yours to cope with butcher's bills,
To make the mutton last.

Take up the housewife's burden—
The truceless wars of peace;
Go, humour whimsy housemaids,
And wait your cook's caprice.
And when your hopes are highest,
(When both ends nearly meet),
Your lord's untimely lavishness
Shall all your thrift defeat.

Take up the housewife's burden—
Ye shall not shun the call;
Nor cry too loud on Culture,
When darns and dusting pall.
Go, face the test of wifehood—
To wield th' adoring rod,
And treat a Man as merely
Half baby and half god.

A MARCONI TALK.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN?

Sir!

I suppose you are now quite at sea.

I? I'm never at sea. You must be thinking of BRODRICK—

No, no, no. I mean you are well on your way. Probably you have now a little leisure to answer questions. While on land I feared to approach you.

Yes? With my gentle yielding disposition? But your first question?

What about this Liberal Unionist revolt? Aren't you afraid of its taking form during your absence?

I don't know anything about it. Only revolting thing I know was the way the Radical papers—

Yes, yes; but you are accused of dragging red herrings across the trail and all that sort of thing, you know.

Ah—but you forget. It was only recently that Mr. *Punch* had occasion to refer to my joining the Fishmongers' Company, and, you see, I am bound to do something to justify my election.

And with regard to the possibility of an early election. May I ask what is to be your battle-cry?



NOTE TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

IT IS CONSIDERED LUCKY FOR A BLACK CAT TO CROSS YOUR PATH

I don't quite know yet. I may get a better suggestion from the Mayor of MAFKING if I meet him, but failing that I may tell you in confidence that I am considering this: *Every vote given to the Radicals is a pearl cast before swine.* Not Boers this time: but swine.

'Twill be a hit. A palpable hit.

I beg your pardon.

I was only making a quotation.

Was it—would you mind telling me if it was a quotation from DICKENS?

Good Heavens, no! But one more question. Can you tell me the object of your present voyage?

Ah. No one seems to have guessed

what I am going for. Some think my visit is intended to conciliate the Boers others that I am trying to dodge the Education business—

Whereas you are really going out to—

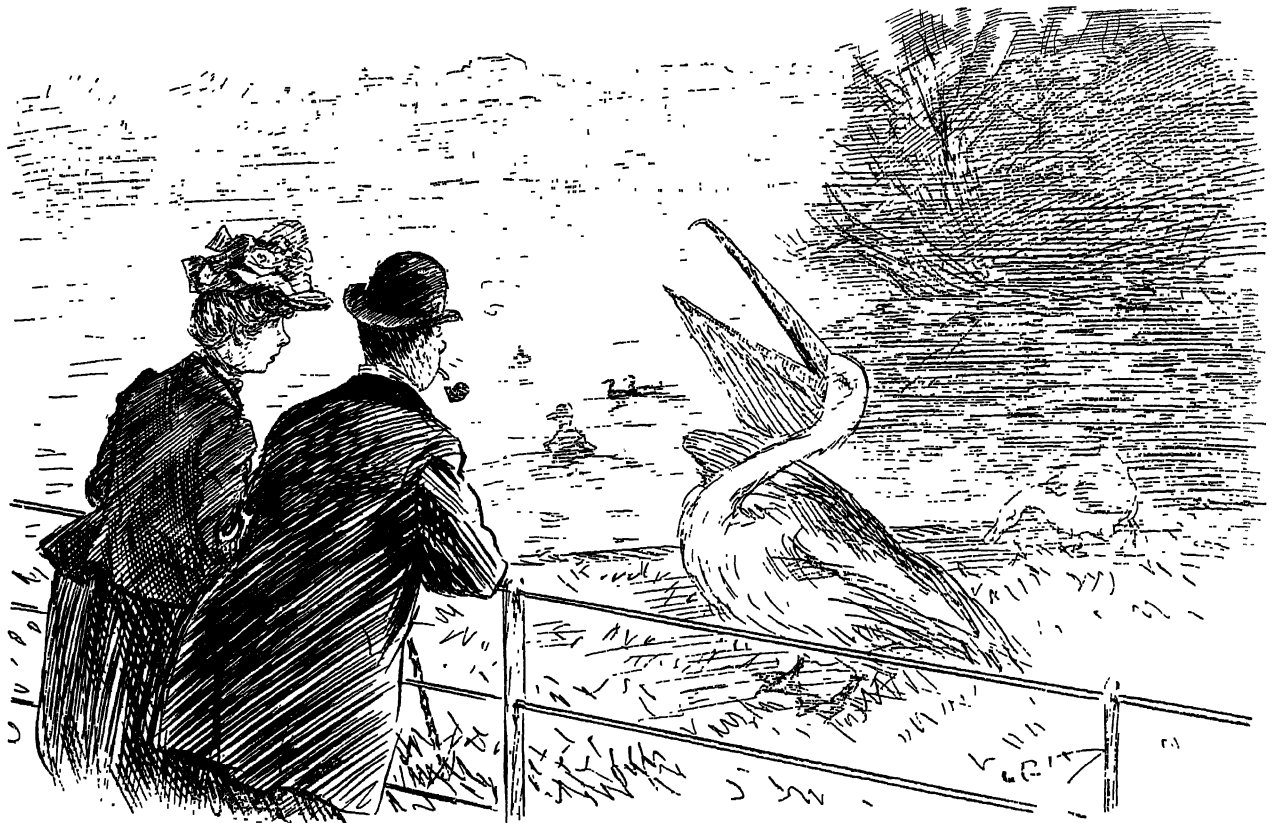
Whereas I am really going out as—what do you think?—special correspondent to the *Daily Mail*. You see HALSBURY got some reviewing from the *Times*, and I didn't see why—

He should have it all his own way in the journalistic line?

Exactly.

And have you any final message?

Yes. *What I have marconied I have marconied.*



NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Country Cousin. "LOR, BILL, AIN'T THAT A HOSTRICH?"

Bill. "HORSTRICH? 'CORSE NOT. THAT 'ERE'S A MONGOOSE!"

CHARIVARIA.

A FEATURE of recent times is the way in which the Colonies have been drawn closer to the Mother Country. One or two of them now promise to be especially close in the matter of contributions to the National Navy.

Many of the diplomatic representatives of the Ottoman Empire abroad have received no salary for over a year. A request for payment has been met with the reply that it is a matter of regret to the Ottoman Government that the national finances will not admit of such payments being made. There is, in consequence, much grumbling among the diplomats, and it is thought that, with a view to pacifying them, the SULTAN will increase their salaries.

It is well known that all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy, but in the statement that, on our new cruisers, Maxim-guns are to be discarded in favour of ping-pongs, there is an obvious printer's error.

A cannon has been found to be missing from the defences of Sydney Harbour. That is the worst of a certain kind of gun. It is liable to go off unexpectedly.

The incident, by the way, reminds us of the report that, not so long ago, one of our most recently adopted guns was stolen from Portsmouth, and subsequently discovered in the State Museum of a certain foreign Power.

The following telegram comes from Kingston, Jamaica:—"Sir AUGUSTUS HEMMING, the Governor, and his family, returned to the Colony to-day after an absence of five months. His Excellency had a hearty welcome. A severe earthquake shock was experienced here at 3 o'clock." Yet people still discuss the pathetic fallacy!

The Rev. H. MAULSON believes that dogs have souls. Dogs, we hear, are not so sure about men.

Juries are human, after all. In the stage slander case at Manchester allegations were made as to the free and easy conduct of the ladies who frequented the Comedy Theatre at that town. The jury requested leave to visit it.

It is now announced that, following the example of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, a number of "distinguished Americans" have bequeathed their brains to Cornell

University for scientific investigation. Curiously the newspapers of the same date contained a paragraph about a gentleman who had recently died, and had, by his will, disposed of considerably more property than he possessed.

Since 1880 the gross public debts of Australia and New Zealand have leaped from £90,000,000 to £280,000,000, and these Colonies are still trying to borrow. Suggested revision of motto:—"Advance to Australia."

Count Tolstoy will publish about Christmas-time a new book entitled *The Corpse*. His gift of fancy is said to be as fresh and dainty as ever.

EX-P. KRUGER'S MEMS.—From recent letters written by credible witnesses it seems that the Ex-President and his immediate surroundings—who could not by any manner of means have been termed his "*suite*,"—were transformed from "horrid Boers" into "dirty pigs." At least such apparently is the opinion of correspondents in the *Times*, corroborated by Mr. MELTON PRIOR, who might truly have signed himself "ONE WHO NOSE'D."



BLOW THE EXPENSE!

RIGHT HON. G-R-AD B-L-F-R (*to FÄULEIN GERMANY and Mlle. FRANCE*). "THE PRICE FOR YOUR SWEETSTUFF, YOUNG LADIES, IS RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP. MY FRIEND HERE DOESN'T MIND WHAT SHE PAYS—FOR A CHARITY"

Mrs. BRITANNIA. "EXCUSE ME! BUT I DO MIND! VERY MUCH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 24.—RICHARD THE THIRD, asleep in his tent on the eve of Bosworth Field, had quite a pleasant time of it compared with DON JOSÉ. He suffered but for a portion of a night, and there was some limit to the procession of long-laid ghosts that rose to disconcert him. DON JOSÉ never knows from hour to hour what ghost of a speech made in unregenerate times may not rise and mock him. As he remarked to-night, circumstances change, and with them men's opinions. His misfortune is that most active epoch of a strenuous life befell between 1880 and 1885. He was then more Royalist than the king (GLADSTONE). His unauthorised programme, greatly cheering extreme Radicals, gave pause to some of his Cabinet colleagues, notably including the present Leader of House of Lords.

The then President of Board of Trade flashed over the country like a whirlwind, blasting churches, denominational schools, the House of Lords, and, generally, people who toil not, neither do they spin. Unfortunately for DON JOSÉ his words were, as they say in the police court, taken down, and have since been used as evidence against him. To paraphrase a characteristic remark, What I have written was printed. Thus it has come to pass that by strange irony the most powerful, pungent, unanswerable critic of the conduct and policy of Lord SALISBURY's third and fourth administration, of PRINCE ARTHUR's first, has been their chief pillar.

The peculiarity of the situation illustrated to-night afresh. Brother GERALD in lively and concise speech, an hour and a half long by Westminster clock, moved resolution confirming Brussels Convention, whereby certain Sugar Bounties, from which the British consumer has hugely benefited, will be abolished. Till midnight the talk rumbled, speech after speech denouncing suicidal project; ominous signs of unrest manifested on Ministerial benches. The speeches were woefully long, wholly destructive of principle of debate. The briefest, most searching, most destructive criticism of action of His Majesty's Government in matter of Sugar Bounties was found in an extract SQUIRE OF MALWOOD read from memorandum bearing sign manual of President of Board of Trade in 1881. The very same question to the fore; the same facts operative; the identical principle at stake. DON JOSÉ, taking up his pen, pierced the fallacy through and through; rent the proposal to shreds, cast them to the winds, not to be heard of again till fatuous Baron HENRY DE WORMS, holding a minor Ministerial position, attempted

to put the pieces together. Result so disastrous that his affrighted colleagues made haste to hustle Baron HENRY into House of Lords, and there it seemed an end on 't.

That was in 1888. Fourteen years later the policy is adopted by Unionist Government, and, of all men, DON JOSÉ, President of Board of Trade in 1881, terror of poor Baron DE WORMS in 1888, comes forward as chief supporter, if report be true, inaugurator of the very policy twenty-one years ago shrivelled in the blast of his relentless invective!

CRANBORNE not been much to the fore of late; content to live on reputation of his haughty answer flung at trembling Japan: "We grant treaties, we do not seek them." But Cousin HUGH, like the poor, is always with us. Since Education Bill came to the front he has been on the alert, urgent that no harm shall come to Mother Church. Understood to hold midnight meetings in the crypt in secret confabulation with the Primate and the Bishops. Just when PRINCE ARTHUR, after infinite trouble, has engineered a critical clause



RICHARD III. (REVISED VERSION).

Joseph (airily). "Ah! here come those funny ghosts again! Getting quite used to 'em!"

Unlike RICHARD THE THIRD, DON JOSÉ shows no sign of perturbation when this last, perhaps of all most embarrassing, ghost presents itself. "Circumstances change, and opinions alter with them." With the same confident bearing, the same incisive speech, standing on the same lofty platform of patriotic policy, he demonstrates that what was hopelessly wrong in 1881 is imperatively right in 1902.

Business done.—On resolution approving Brussels Convention, Ministerial majority in full House, under urgent Whip, runs down to 87.

Tuesday night.—"Life would be endurable only for its cousins," said PRINCE ARTHUR, his eye resting for a moment with disturbed glance on Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, travelling beyond Gangway till it fell upon the ascetic face and frail figure of Cousin HUGH.

over a rusty piece of road, Cousin HUGH rises in his pulpit below the Gangway and either excommunicates his hapless cousin, cursing his clause by bell, book, and candle, or submits an amendment obviously drafted from a passage in the Athanasian Creed.

To-day set apart for consideration of Report stage of Bill. Time and opportunity for making it better in interests of national education are short. At eleven o'clock the guillotine will get to work, and further discussion will be impossible. For ordinary business assembly the thing to do would be forthwith to take up Bill, and in briefest fashion discuss and decide upon remaining amendments. Cousin HUGH, however, stepped in with a new clause bristling with controversial points. Not the remotest chance of passing it. If Government adopted it, it would mean the revolutionising and remodel-



A COLLOQUY IN THE CRYPT.

Lord Hugh. "Yes, I quite take your Grace's point, but you see the trouble is we have an 'Ordained Ministry' in Parliament too!"

ling of the Bill, involving another fortnight's sitting. What of that? In the dim recesses of the crypt, to the tolling of Big Ben moaning midnight, the clause was drafted. Cousin HUGH moved it, and the whole of the afternoon sitting is taken up with the discussion.

As for PRINCE ARTHUR, episcopal association, though reaching him only at second hand, suggests what plain, uncompromising Mr. BRYCE regards as a Jesuitical course. Except for the extreme clerical party Cousin HUGH's clause has no friends. It is contemptuously dismissed from consideration on the Opposition side, whilst from the Ministerial benches comes the voice of Mr. MIDDLEMORE, wittily describing it as endeavouring to enforce Christianity in compartments. The thing being foredoomed, PRINCE ARTHUR, yielding to the call of cousinly affection, feels safe in leaving his followers to go as they please. For himself he will not vote at all, and the Government Whips will not take official part in the division.

So, upwards of four hours of sitting having been unblushingly wasted, Cousin HUGH leads fifty-seven righteous men into the lobby, the sinners, too often in a majority, mustering 243.

Business done.—Education Bill at Report Stage.

Friday night.—BONAR LAW, whose maiden speech from Treasury Bench was one of the features of debate on Sugar Bounties, will go far. To begin with, he is a private discovery of PRINCE ARTHUR'S. Wisdom likes to be justified

of her children, and it is a good thing for starters in public life to be *protégés* of the PRIME MINISTER. But the new Secretary to Board of Trade will get along without personal favouritism. His speech in one detail a *tour de force*. Ordinarily a young Minister standing at the Table for the first time to take part in big debate fortifies himself with a sheaf of notes. The Secretary to the Board of Trade had not even jotted down a mem. on his thumb-nail. Master of the subject, gifted with power of lucid expression, he made what was, take it for all in all, the best speech in defence of a hopeless position.

His fault, easily got over by taking thought, is too rapid delivery. Made it difficult always to follow his argument. Another mannerism to be avoided, is toying with the brass loop in the centre of the Ministerial box, still dented by application of Mr. GLADSTONE'S arguments. Very early in his speech BONAR LAW'S glance fell upon this not uncommon accessory to a box. Thereafter it exercised upon him a fatal fascination. Standing back half a pace he, time after time, advanced to the Table, cautiously put forth a forefinger, and, lifting the sunken brass loop, tilted it over to the other side, starting back in amazement at the result.

A remarkable discovery. Through the ages, certainly from the time of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, no Minister even noticed that in the centre of the box is this brass ring, presumably designed to lift the lid. Certainly none in the

course of his speech discovered that with forefinger inserted it could be turned over. Credit is due to Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Trade. The incident testified to quick observation, and aptitude for mechanics. But the matter is not worth insisting upon.

Well worth noting that BONAR LAW'S success was achieved within the space of twenty minutes. The debate never quite recovered from depressing influence of Brother GERALD'S lively and concise discourse of an hour and a half. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, quick to see the mote in PRINCE ARTHUR'S brother's eye, happy in his manner of indicating it, presently displayed a beam in his own. His speech opened brightly, but drifted into the abyss measured by an hour and a quarter. The fatal example spread, varied only by LAW'S speech, at once the shortest and most successful of the sitting.

For years the MEMBER FOR SARK, a voice crying in the wilderness, has insisted that, with exceedingly few exceptions, such as the exposition of an intricate Bill, everything it is useful to say in debate can be compressed within the space of twenty minutes. ASQUITH, one of the most effective Parliamentary debaters, rarely exceeds that limit. BONAR LAW'S triumph on the same line should work wholesome effect upon general habit. But it won't.

Business done.—Report Stage of Education Bill carried by closure.

MUSICAL NOTE FOR BECHSTEIN HALL.—To read of a programme put forward by the Musical Artists' Union is encouraging to musical art. What perfection in variety may not be expected from a union of colours—for there are colours in music—under the direction of Mr. LAURENCE RAINBOW!

The Lucas Malet Birthday Book is made up of materials from L. M.'s various works, deftly extracted by OLIVIA DETHRIDGE, and placed in a pretty cover by FISHER UNWIN as "a dainty dish to set before" those who revel in dates and autographs. The compiler is to be congratulated on the Little Jack Horner-like way in which she has picked out most of the nice things from the unpleasant Calmady story wherewith to spice this compound for Christmas.

To ETONIANS.—Might not any scholar distinguishing himself among the Collegians under the present Headmastership be correctly described as "A 'Tug' of WARRE"?

NEW BOOK (*probable announcement*).—"New Sneezers," by the author of "Ancient Coffers."



ECHOES OF THE CHASE.

Huntsman (who has been having a very bad ride). "EITHER MASTER WANTS SOME NEW 'HORSES OR A NEW 'HUNTSMAN!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

I WAS telling you last week about our little circle in Glen Edward's Avenue in the days long ago, before the serpent, at whom I hinted, had come into our midst for our undoing. Before I tell the story of the serpent I should, however, like to add a few more details to complete the picture of what we were.

We used to have a good many marriages from time to time, for we always had a plentiful supply of nice girls in stock, and our young men and the male friends they brought amongst us were of a sound, steady-going family kind, not overburdened with riches, of course, but in fairly good positions, with a prospect of advancing themselves by their own efforts. A youngster who could command £300 or £400 a year never imagined for a moment that he could be frowned upon as being unable to provide for a wife, and, as a matter of fact, he never was so frowned upon. He didn't waste his time in thinking himself too poor, and incurring large debts to tailors and haberdashers and florists. Not a bit of it: if he fell in love and the girl seemed to like him, he just went in like a man and popped the question in the good old style. "Miss HARRISON," he would say, "I have something rather important to—ahem—communicate to you. I thought, Miss HARRISON—that is, I wondered—may I call you KATIE? Well, KATIE, will you marry me?" Thereupon KATIE would blush in the back drawing-room, and hang her head and murmur, "Oh, Mr. FIELDING—" ("Call me DICK, do," from the gentleman)—"Oh, this is so sudden, Mr.—DICK, I mean—no, no, I really—well, just one, then." And DICK would go off the happiest man on earth, but for the gloomy shadow cast upon him by the approaching interview with Papa. And not long afterwards Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON would beg the honour of our company to the marriage of their daughter CATHERINE EMILY with Mr. RICHARD FIELDING, and nearly all of us would accept and turn up at the church in full strength, and then proceed to the house for a substantial wedding breakfast (old style), at which there were speeches—a feeling one from Uncle WOOSNAM, proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom, a manly one from DICK FIELDING, which produced tears of affection and sentiment from Mrs. HARRISON and the whole available body of aunts married and single, and finally a humorous one from Tom TRANTER, the best man, proposing the bridesmaids in a chorus of giggles from these amiable and fascinating creatures. There were no fashionable paragraphs about the wedding in the evening papers, but the local hatter, who was always chief of the corps of waiters on these occasions, and was also a contributor to our district weekly, used to provide a column or so to that organ, relating how Miss HARRISON had been "led to the hymeneal altar," and how the catering had been provided on its usual scale of comfortable magnificence by Messrs. BLOSSOM AND BRANCH, "so well known in the district for their efforts in this special department of catering." A full description of the wedding-cake and a long list of presents concluded the account. Then after a few weeks the young couple came back and set up house amongst us, and our wives all went and called on Mrs. FIELDING, who had been, so to speak, brought up amongst them, but would have eaten her wedding-dress sooner than visit anyone who had not paid her the compliment of such a call. It was all very simple and pleasant and easy, and we had it all over again in the following year when we helped to turn off TOM TRANTER.

Another indication of our social simplicity may be gleaned from our attitude towards royal personages. Of course we know—and proud we were of the knowledge—that we had



THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.

"COME AND 'AVE A LOOK, MARIER. THEY'VE BEEN AND PUT A CHICK ON A LIDY'S 'AT, AND THEY DON'T KNOW 'OW TO SPELL IT!"

a QUEEN and a Court and a Prince and Princess of WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family. Some of us had even seen them and cheered them at processions or the layings of foundation stones—but there we stopped. We never pretended either to ourselves or to one another that we were on terms of familiarity with royalties or their circle. If in those days any Glen Edward's Avenue man had said to another, "Painful business this about old FUZZLETOP: I wonder how he's going to get out of it," his friend, far from understanding that he was referring to a great and titled personage, would have stared blankly and asked for an explanation. Indeed we were quite Spanish in our tacit assumption that members of our royal house not only failed to have legs, but that they were saved by their position and our respect from all the other attributes of mortality. I can remember that TOM TRANTER in his bachelor days was supposed to have committed a very serious offence against courtesy and good manners by speaking in a matter-of-fact tone of a happy event which was then being expected in a Palace. We knew just as much about it as he did, naturally, but we all resented what he said as an undue affectation of familiarity. These events were not usually referred to in anticipation, but, of course, when they came off we had the church bells rung and hung out our flags and showed our loyalty in every possible way. It took Tom a long time to recover from his unlucky use of the word "confinement" in connection with a royal Princess. There's a very nice polite French equivalent, which carries with it a much loftier idea, and is, therefore, obviously more suitable when you are talking of people born in the purple. If Tom had used that word nobody would have minded a bit, but I suppose he wasn't quite certain about the pronunciation, a matter about which some of us were sticklers—especially HOBSON, who had once spent four days in Paris, and was a

good deal deferred to as a first-hand authority on barricades and revolutions.

Such was our condition. Of course you will say we were suburban, and, having said so, you will imagine you have stamped us as being mean and unworthy of consideration. For my part I prefer to think that we were primitive and simple, and had most of the virtues implied by these words. To us, then, living our lives in the fashion I have described, there arrived HILARY JOWETT, the serpent. But I must defer him for another week. (To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

QUEEN ANNE is dead, and Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has written the history of her reign. The two handsome volumes published by CHATTO AND WINDUS form a fitting appanage to those standard works, *A History of Our Own Times* and *A History of the Four Georges*. They have the same charm of literary style, are enriched by the same gift of creation, in swift sentences, of picturesque figures that in various ways have played a part in the making of the Empire. *The Reign of Queen Anne* is an epoch peculiarly attractive to Mr. MCCARTHY. It was an age of great wars, great men, and a new birth of English literature. The men glide across these pages in the outward habit fashioned two hundred years ago. Mr. MCCARTHY does not limit his sketch or commentary to actual contemporaries of Queen ANNE, for we have MARLBOROUGH and ADDISON, BERKELEY and BOLINGBROKE, BURKE and BURNET, CLARENDON and COLLEY CIBBER, DEFOE and DRYDEN, GODOLPHIN and GRATTAN, HOGARTH and HANDEL, JOHNSON and BEN JONSON, ORMONDE and ROBERT HARLEY, PETERBOROUGH and POPE, SACHEVERELL and SWIFT, WALPOLE and, not least interesting, the homely sun round which these constellations at less or greater distance revolved—Queen ANNE. My Baronite has found the narrative more enthralling in interest than the average novel.

If dainty books my lady please, then the Baron is sure she would be delighted with this re-issue of ELIZABETH BARRITT BROWNING's poems and those of TENNYSON, each collection in a clearly printed, artistically bound volume (BLACKIE AND SON), portable and pocketable, with an appreciative preface by Mistress ALICE MEYNELL, than whom there are few better qualified for this work, which is to her a labour of love.

The Four Feathers (SMITH, ELDER), by A. E. W. MASON, is a work, says my Nautical Retainer, on which any author might have the best warrant to plume himself. It is the study of a nature physically nervous in defiance of cumulative heredity. Forced by family tradition to enter the service, young *Feversham* lives in terror of disgracing himself; and to avoid this he finds some natural excuse for sending in his papers at the moment when his regiment is ordered to the front. Three of his fellow officers mark their sense of his behaviour by posting to him a packet containing their cards and one white feather apiece. To these a fourth is added from the fan of the indignant lady who was about to marry him, though she nearly breaks her heart in the act. The book tells how he sets himself to redeem the fault of nature, and by mere force of moral courage (for he retains his physical terror in prospect of peril, though never in the actual face of it) endures hazards and sufferings more deadly than could be found on any field of battle. The issue must be left to the reader to trace.

Mr. MASON has a clear eye for environment and a cunning hand to portray it. He is equally at his ease in Donegal or the Soudan. His account of the House of Stone, the terrible prison at Omdurman, is vivid and enthralling. Perhaps his appreciation of the psychologic effect likely to be produced



"MARY, THERE'S THREE MONTHS' DUST IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"
"THAT ISN'T MY FAULT, MUM. YOU KNOW I'VE ONLY BIN HERE A FORTNIGHT!"

by abnormal physical conditions is more successful than his actual observation of normal character. His studies of women just fall short of probability. He is himself, like his *Ethne*, a little the creature of theories. He believes that as a general principle brute courage is, for women, the most appealing quality in man. But he does not allow for the personal element. With so gentle a nature as *Ethne's*, Love and Pity would have found their opportunity in her lover's disgrace. Her first instinct would have been to try the power of her sympathy to console him for the gift of the three feathers, certainly not to complete the quartette—very certainly not to spoil her best fan in the process. Again, one asks oneself, in view of the exceptional heroism brought out by exceptional circumstances, whether the normal conditions by which *Feversham* was bound to uphold the honour both of his Queen and his lady, would not have called out at least a normal exhibition of courage. But the book is fascinating, and that is really all that need be said.

Let anyone who wants a good hearty laugh read *The Lady of the Barge*, by W. W. JACOBS (HARPERS). There are also in this volume some stories that prove Mr. JACOBS a "master of craft" in the direction of creepiness. But it is not for these but for his genuine sense of humour as herein exemplified that this book is strongly recommended by the appreciative
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WANTED, Underhand Maltsters; wages 20s. per week.
Peterborough Advertiser.
SAD! for isn't the Member for Peterborough responsible for the Pure Beer Bill?



UNDER THE SEA.

Hawker. "YER DON'T WANT TO BUY A NICE LITTLE OCTOPUS, DO YER, GUV'NOR?"

THE DAILY SEDATIVE.

AN American project is afoot for establishing a daily paper for nervous readers, in which catastrophes will be narrated in the most soothing terms, and all calamities studiously discounted. We submit a few paragraphs written in specially prepared anodyne ink for this enterprising periodical:—

Another eruption is reported from Vesuvius. The lava is said to have wandered down the mountain side in streams of exquisite tints, ranging over the whole gamut of colour. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than this sight as the gloaming merged into night. Indeed it is considered that ten thousand persons never before have died under such charmingly prismatic conditions.

Eyewitnesses of the recent delightful railway accident in Spain relate that the massed wreckage of the train presented a most fascinating spectacle, to which only a MERVON or WHISTLER could do justice. The cries of the wounded, principally in A flat and E major, produced a most soothing harmony, and altogether the disaster may be numbered with the most artistically successful of our day.

Latest advices from Ireland show that the Union of Hearts is already a *fait accompli*. Dr. WALSH has been seen walking down Grafton Street arm-in-arm with Chief Baron PALLEs. Mr. REDMOND has presented Mr. O'BRIEN with a diamond breast-pin. Lastly, Mr. HEALY, in the intervals of editing a complete edition of the orations of TULLY, is engaged on a fascinating volume of stories for children, entitled, *Chronicles of a Kilkenny Kitten*.

How exaggerated are the usual reports concerning the dangers of influenza may be gathered from the experiences of Dr. METHUSALEH TIBBLES, the President of the Old Parr Khayyam Club, who has just celebrated his hundred and third birthday. This gentleman, who is in the pink of robust health, has never omitted to have a severe annual attack of influenza since the emergence of that alleged malady in 1890. It is, he holds, a blessing in disguise: it compels one to go to bed and enables one while there to clear the system of other disorders. Such a testimony cannot be too widely disseminated.

The opening of the burglary season is always welcome. We now discover how far our window fastenings and

door bolts are in satisfactory condition; whether or no our servants can be trusted; and what is the general opinion in the neighbourhood as to our wealth. These things are cheaply acquired at the expense of a little silver, especially when we have the satisfaction of knowing that some poor fellows have for a while come within the refining influence of a superior home. As COVENTRY PATMORE says, the burglar is the true angel in the house.

Early Lessons in Ornithology.

Squire (to rural lad). Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?

Boy. By the teeth, Sir.

Squire. Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth.

Boy. No, Sir; but I have.

QUITE INEXPLICABLE!—Our distinguished friend ALFRED COOPER was recently made "Sir ALFRED," though still remaining "Sur-geon!" *Query*, was the above puzzle suggested towards the close of the banquet given to Sir ALFRED last week? Anyway, a reward is offered for its solution.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

VIII.—MR. YERKES.

WHEN we asked to be shown into the presence of the Moleonnaire, as Mr. YERKES has been facetiously called from



"He's down there," said the boy.

his burrowing proclivities, we were led by a confiding and very buttony boy to the brink of a yawning chasm.

"He's down there," said the boy.

"But we've come to interview him with our little camera," we replied.

"Can't be helped, Sir," said the boy.

"He's in the blue clay, and nobody's allowed down for fear it's Mr. BEERBOHM MORGAN in disguise."

"But we're not," we said; "anything but that. We haven't the change for half-a-crown."

"I daren't run the risk," said the boy. "These tubers would make very small



"My taste for excavation is hereditary."

potatoes of me if I let down a member of the wrong syndicate. You've no idea how complicated life is since the row in the Parliamentary Committee."

"And does Mr. YERKES live under the earth always?" we asked.

"Yessir, except when he comes up for air, or to read the Parliamentary Reports."

"But how about his meals?"

"Oh, we sends them down a soup-tureenian tunnel communicating with the kitchens."

Seeing that our endeavour was useless we desired to be allowed to telephone to the great Pluto-crat in his infernal regions, and in a few moments communications were satisfactorily established.

"How do you like London?" we asked.

"Very much, down here," replied Mr. YERKES in a rich *basso profundo*. "But then my taste for excavation is hereditary. My grandfather was a confirmed Troglodyte, and lived exclusively on truffles. My mother, also, was passionately fond of tuberoses."

"Is it true, Mr. YERKES," we asked, "that you have made some remarkable archæological discoveries in the course of your excavations?"

"Certainly," responded the eminent financier. "I think of permanently taking up my residence in a Roman



"Mushrooms grow in the greatest abundance."

villa which I have restored, and lighting a set of catacombs on the Brush system."

"Don't you find the atmosphere trying?"

"On the contrary, it is singularly pure. We are entirely free from fogs, and mushrooms grow in the greatest abundance. The underground cure for insomnia is gaining converts every day."

"And your recreation—how do you manage that?"

"Easily. First of all there is the Multiple Unit Library, for those of a studious habit. Personally I am devoted to tubular bridge and music."

"May I ask what is your favourite song?"

"Down Among the Dead Men," immediately responded the genial millionaire.

"And your favourite author?"

"BRET HARTE, the digger poet."

"One word more," we ventured. "How do you pronounce your name?"

Mr. YERKES coughed inscrutably.

"Does it rhyme to PERKS?"

He signified the negative forcibly.

"To turkeys?"

He admitted it. "According to the *Chronicle*," he added, "that's the only rhyme."

"But do you know a better?" we persisted.

"Parliament's an odd place," he said meditatively. "I was thinking of 'work'us."

MARRIAGE AND COOKERY.

["A lawyer named FRANÇOIS BOTTA has just died in Grosswardein, Hungary, leaving his entire fortune of £10,000 for the foundation of a school for cookery, which shall bear his name. In his will he says that bad cooking has been the means of much conjugal unhappiness, and the object of his legacy is to help to remove this evil."—*Daily Mail*.]

In Britain, as in other lands,

We hear of men and women suing
To be released from wedlock's bands,

Repenting of a hasty wooing;—
These tragedies might not have been
If girls were taught *la haute cuisine*.

A wife who understands her part,
And fashions light and toothsome
dishes,

Would conquer any husband's heart,
And bend him to her lightest
wishes:—

So brides can scarcely overrate
A cookery certificate.

A varied daily bill of fare
Acts as a potent antiseptic,
And heals the temper of the bear
Who rages when he feels dyspeptic;
But wedded bliss soon comes to grief
When mutton alternates with beef.

Hence this intelligence should move
Lone spinsters from their vain repin-
ing;

Not all the means that make for Love
Can match the dearer art of dining;
Nor groundless is the wide repute
Of that old maxim, "Feed the brute!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—"Dr. JIM" (the P. M. G. said in a note last week) "at a dinner given at Salisbury, Rhodesia, sat next to His Honour C. J. KORZE, who, as Chief Justice of the Boer Republic, had condemned him to death after the celebrated Raid." This will remind some readers of Major MONSOON dining at the same table with the Duke of WELLINGTON, who inquired his name, and on being informed looked across at the Major and said, "MONSOON, eh?—thought I hanged you—knew I intended it. Glass of wine?" I quote from memory, but think it near enough.

THE LAST OF THE DURBAR LINERS.

[The S.S. *Arabia* (*Felix sit omen!*), which carries the last batch of visitors to the Durbar, sailed from the Thames on Friday, December 5. The following verses are dedicated, with affectionate compliments, to the author of *The Sailing of the Long-Ships*.]

THEY heard the sirens singing, they saw the barges rock;
Society (a remnant) stood weeping by the dock;
Away, away, to silence melted the City's roar,
And blasts of briny ozone came whiffing round the Nore.

"I come from various quarters that reek of English fame"
(This was the Blizzard speaking; he knew the sites by name);

"I noticed all the landmarks, just where they used to be
When your remote forefathers arranged to rule the Sea.

"They sailed with CŒUR DE LION, they ran the old Crusades;
They shipped with Admiral HAWKINS on sundry sporting raids;

They served with DRAKE of Devon (Devon for wind and rain!)

And helped themselves unhindered to half the spoils of Spain.

"They raked Gibraltar's ridges, they shot and burned and rammed;

They roused the Nile from slumbers long ere the thing was dammed;

Long ere ye got your highway where JOSEPH's bark has gone,
They had confirmed the Charter secured by honest 'JOHN.'

"Fair-minded were your fathers, great gentlemen at play,
They never growled in mangers, 'twas not the Sea-dogs' way;
But while they grudged no foeman the stuff they counted trash,

They fought like fiends for credit, they worked like wolves for cash.

"Heirs of the valiant Sea-Kings (assembled here on board),
Lo! in their wake ye follow, if not with fire and sword;
Armed with the tiffin-basket, the fine mosquito-net,
Ye still conduct the Empire whose suns refuse to set.

"Your fathers fared in frigates, they went in homely guise,
With 'Victory or the Abbey' ever before their eyes:
To-day with trunks and trousseaux safely insured ye go,
Pacing in soft apparel upon a P. and O.

"The Sea-Kings drew their sabres, they dealt the frequent dint;

Ye too would leave impressions wrought in a rarer mint;
The East, so short of colour, shall fall about your feet
To catch the Carlton manner, the mode of Curzon Street.

"Ye go to see and win her with culture from the West,
To lift the load of languor that lies upon her chest;
Hope not too much! She'll suffer that temporary strain,
Then turn (a local habit) to 'plunge in thought again.'

"Ye cannot all be JOSEPHS, to do what he would do,
To take and make an old world nearly as good as new;
But ye may share the feelings that lately filled his head
When longing (under hatches) to join the mighty dead.

"So, outward bound or homeward, through scenes ye know by name,

Observe the panorama that reeks of English fame;
Do note the ancient landmarks just where they used to be
When your sublime forefathers arranged to rule the Sea."

O. S.

INTERNATIONAL LETTERS.

(Lost between London and Berlin.)

LIEBER GRAF BÜLOW,—An letzt wir haben gethan mit unser Education Bill, so ich habe ein klein Zeit zu spare zu schreiben zu Sie. Es ist sehr unfortunat, aber ich vergesse ein klein mein Deutsch, welch ich lernte in Deutschland letzt Herbst. Ich habe genommen gross—I don't know how to say it, but I mean I have taken great care of my beautiful Red Eagle. It is the only decoration I have, except a Primrose League scarf-pin. Ich bin awfully proud von es, und auch von mein khaki suit of clothes, und wenn ich wünsche zu fühlen wie ein Deutschmann ich put them both on,

Wir haben jetzt ein deutsch Theater—what a funny way you Germans spell theatre! Why not "theayter"?—in London, und natürlich ich gehe zu jeder Spiel. Ich verstehe nicht ein single Wort, much less a compound one, aber BALFOUR und die andere fellows think me no end of a swell at German because I go. Letzt Woche ich sah ein sehr gut Ding, ein comedy called *Im Bunten Rock*, und immer seit ich habe gewünscht dass ich hatte ein hussar uniform like *Lieutenant von Hohenegg* in the play. My khaki riding-suit for your manœuvres, which I thought so dashing and swagger, looks quite shabby and mean compared to the other. It's simply nowhere. Es ist kein wo.

Glauben Sie der KAISER will machen mich Honorary Colonel of a Hussar regiment? Ich wünsche er würde. Das uniform wurde show off mein Rot Adler so beautifully. Wenn Sie können thun dieses für mich, ich werde sein sehr viel obliged, und ich werde wear whenever ich kann, in the country, ein von die neue English travelling caps, with a bulging flat top—a sort of imitation of the German soldier's cap—which I think quite lovely for civilians, though most fellows call them beastly ugly. Perhaps they don't suit ordinary men, but they give me quite a military air; and I simply adore all German fashions in clothes.

Aber ich bin vergessend was ich wünschte zu sagen. Ich bin so sorry dass Sie haben so viel bother over your Tariff. It seems almost as bad as our Education Bill. Aber mit ein gut majority Sie können thun almost anything. So wünschend Sie glück, glauben mich Ihren sehr treulich,
ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

P.S.—Solch ein Spass! GIBSON BOWLES hat gefunden viele mistakes in LANSDOWNE's Französisch. Awful blow for poor LANSDOWNE! Aber es nimmt ihn nieder ein peg oder zwei, und mit mein Deutsch ich bin jetzt der linguist von der Cabinet. Bitte nicht zu vergessen der Coloneley of Hussars.
ST. J. B.

DEAR MR. BRODRICK,—I gratulate to the successful accomplishment of the educationbill. I also gratulate to your studies of the german language. You shall be later quite proficient. I have not the time in order to write a very long letter. Thanks for your joywishes. This tariffbillbusiness is frightful! Poor BALLESTREM and BÜSING are more troubled as I. They brake their bell in the Reichstag the other day, trying to overcome the noises.

It rejoice me very that Lord LANSDONNE has made one mistake. I fear it was not about Shanghai. Unluckily no hussarregimenthonorarycoloneley is vacant. Would a horsepoliceman's uniform do?

Yours truly, von Bülow.

THE *Fête de la Raison* was celebrated last week in Paris. The party got on as best they could without the "Flow of Soul" invariably associated with a "Feast of Reason," as, though the *animus* of such meetings is evident, yet the *anima* is with them a *quantité négligeable*.



OFF TO THE DURBAR!

ANOTHER "GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My publisher assures me that, thanks to your kindness in publishing the prospectus of my great work on "Canada, her History, Customs and Resources," the advance sale of this comfortable book already exceeds the total sale of all my previous works. As it is quite apparent that I have discovered the true method of writing fascinating books, I am emboldened to seek a further favour at your hands.

This little world is growing a-weary of higher criticism, and the stupid belief that prevails in many learned quarters that descriptive works should describe facts. At the same time it is manifestly impossible for us to go back to the good old days when the pious editor of the *Arminian Magazine* published accounts of the Upas tree and similar marvels on the testimony of "a trustworthy sea-faring man," but we can secure matter of equal interest by following my method, and writing not what is true, but what people believe to be true.

In this way we should be able to develop much that would excite the envy of *Baron Munchausen*.

Following my original policy I propose to issue a volume on Great Britain, as she is believed to be by Canadians. While this will be published in a manner uniform with my history of Canada as known to Britons, it will not be encumbered with unnecessary historical erudition, but will deal chiefly with matters of contemporary interest, and I trust that you will further oblige me by publishing the following prospectus:—

CHAPTER I.—An introductory essay dealing with the universally admitted fact that JULIUS CÆSAR landed in England B.C. 55, and introduced the Eastern Question into British Politics.

CHAPTER II.—A diverting account of how King ALFRED let the cakes burn, and afterwards established the belief that Britons never, never, etc.

CHAPTER III.—A hiatus which embraces the author's remaining stock of historical information regarding the British Isles.

CHAPTER IV.—A dissertation on the inhabitants of the British Isles, showing that they are chiefly characters in poetry and fiction.

CHAPTER V.—A digression dealing with the excellent lethal cutlery manufactured in England, and brought to Canada concealed about the persons of adventurous young gentlemen-farmers whose mothers have warned them to beware of wild Indians, bears, buffalos and other deadly creatures.



SCENE—Street in a Garrison Town.

"WHY DO YOU SQUEEZE YOUR DOLLY SO TIGHTLY, EFFIE?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, AUNTIE DEAR, MY DOLLY BEGINS TO SPEAK VERY EASILY NOW, AND SHE TALKS TO PEOPLE A GOOD DEAL. I HAVE TO BE SO VERY CAREFUL IN A PLACE WHERE THERE ARE SO MANY SOLDIERS ABOUT. OH, VERY CAREFUL INDEED!"

CHAPTER VI.—A speculation regarding that mysterious body, the Privy Council, and an appreciation of its value in manufacturing issues for provincial elections by deciding disputes between the Government at Ottawa and the Governments of the different Provinces.

CHAPTER VII.—A digression, in which the author tries to discover a basis for the solemnity of JOHN BULL; it being popularly believed in Canada that he never smiles except when there is an eclipse of the moon. On these occasions a gentle glow is supposed to light his face, because he knows that the phenomenon is largely caused by his property getting between the sun and the lesser luminary and casting its shadow thereon.

CHAPTER VIII.—Great Britain, as the home of Princes, who occasionally make

a flying trip through Canada, and leave behind them a trail of feuds among aldermen and petty officials regarding the difficult question of precedence.

CHAPTER IX.—An inquiry into the foundations of the belief that Englishmen owe their remarkable chest development to blowing the froth off the best beer that ever was brewed.

Yours prosperously,

C. A. NUCK.

An Invidious Distinction.

GENERAL Servant Wanted, small house, family of two, one agreeable and obliging.—*Lynn Advertiser*.

MOTTO FOR CHRISTMAS TALE-TELLERS.—
"Just Sew Stories' and see what crops up."

CHARIVARIA.

THE London County Council are now happy. Some of the members were doubtful whether, from the designs that were submitted to them for the new Vauxhall Bridge, they had chosen the most hideous. Their minds have now been set at rest by a protest from the Art World.

It is incorrect to say that the Admiralty are building two more third-rate cruisers; they are, of course, third-class.

By the by, we believe the general public is under the impression that there are only two sorts of cruisers—first-class cruisers to carry the officers, and third-class cruisers for the men.

An excellent innovation is about to be introduced by the Admiralty. The stability of a torpedo-boat destroyer is to be tested without a crew inside her.

Belgium has one public-house for every thirty-eight inhabitants. This, perhaps, explains why Belgium is the most densely populated country in Europe.

Practice makes perfect, and we are improving in our accidents. They show a distinct tendency to be better managed. Last week an antiquated muzzle-loader was blown to pieces through the explosion of a shell at Lydd camp, without a single person being killed.

And the War Office, who manufactured the shell, are not a little proud that it exploded.

Mr. WYNDEHAM has declared, in reply to a correspondent, that no Irish M.P., since he has been in prison, has been set to do laundry work. The sensitive Celts now smell an insult in this. They allege that in stating that the Irish "won't wash clothes," Mr. WYNDEHAM had in mind a certain well-known advertisement.

Mr. HALL CAINE has sailed for England. "The Eternal City" is drawing large audiences in New York, and Mr. CAINE has secured commissions for a new novel, and a new play. He has also expressed his profound conviction that America has a great future before it.

Great enthusiasm was aroused by the statement in the daily papers that "the Good Hope passed Gibraltar without touching." Coming at the same time as a report that an American liner had passed the Isle of Wight without

hitting it, the public was largely compensated for the rumour that a Liverpool boat had grazed the Calf of Man, and another had knocked Seilly.

The *Daily Mail* has been protesting against the large foreign element of the Cobden Club. It is therefore gratifying to hear a report that the next President is to be a Mr. JOHANN BUHL.

AIDS FOR AUTHORS.

(Being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas.)

I.—WAS HE BLACK OR WHITE?

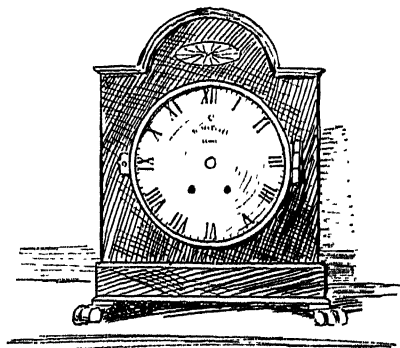
(Complex character sketch.)

HERO handsome, peculiarly attractive by reason of melancholy. Has poisoned two uncles, broken three widows' hearts, robbed four orphans, shut five female relatives in asylums, but bursts into tears at sound of great organ rolling in cathedral aisles, and, touched at sight of a Simple Girl dressed in white muslin and wearing a single string of pearls, he awakens to the longing for better things, and sees that as Humanity is inherently noble, he is a fine fellow after all.

II.—A MONARCH MISJUDGED; OR, OUR SOVEREIGN JOHN OF BLESSED MEMORY IN A NEW LIGHT.

(A historical romance.)

Character sketch of King JOHN, the heroic soul who saw the far-off ideal of the modern English constitution. His passion for the liberty of his people, hence noble determination to act the Wicked Despot that he might spur his subjects to win the Charter. Fine conception, cruelly misunderstood by his age. His death unwept. Introduce as villain STEPHEN LANGTON. Show JOHN's passionate love for ARTHUR; how, nevertheless, convinced that in ARTHUR he saw a future tyrant over the English people, he nobly murdered the boy in whom his soul delighted. A splendid crime! One child dying *pro bono publico*. (To be continued.)



"HANDS OFF!"

THE GOLDEN AGE.

["I think you must sometimes envy the lot of those happy people who lived at a time when it was within the capacity of any single individual to master without any undue effort the whole compass of human learning and of human wisdom."—Mr. A. J. Balfour.]

O FOR the days of long ago,
Of blessed old B. C.,
When it was possible to know
The *omne scibile*,
When all in everything excelled,
Nor specialised at college,
And one small cerebellum held
The sum of human knowledge.

There were no libraries as yet
Of huge ungainly size
For students emulous to get
The wisdom of the wise;
You did not gaze on rows and rows
Of volumes, half-demented,
For poetry was rare, and prose
Had hardly been invented.

Philosophy was simple: men
Had not begun to rant
About their apperception then
And transcendental cant.
They knew what souls were made of,
too,

For in those days so distant
No metaphysics worried you,
For they were non-existent.

Then language was a problem small
In golden long ago:
You talked in Greek, and that was all
There really was to know.
Linguistic incapacity
Itself could then deter none
From learning modern tongues, you
see,

Because, of course, there were none.

As for geography, a chap
Had only got to see
ANAXIMANDER's little map,
And none knew more than he.
You knew what history there was,
And law and medicine. Many
Knew all the sciences, because,
You see, they hadn't any.

"SIR OLIVER MARTEXT."—SIR OLIVER LODGE, after writing an erudite article in the *Nineteenth Century and After Magazine*, penned a letter to the *Times* disavowing the title given to it, presumably, by the Editor. Mr. KNOWLES will probably beware of his contributor in future, remembering him as "Sir Oliver Lodge-a-Complaint." By the way, the title of Mr. KNOWLES's Magazine has been a puzzle to us ever since its adoption. The *Nineteenth Century—and After*. What is it "after?" In point of order, "after" the Eighteenth; but as regards any particular object in view, what is it after?

THE FUTURE OF LONDON.

[It is announced that St. James's Hall is shortly to be pulled down and converted into an hotel.]

It was a blithe New Zealander,
Stalwart and straight and tanned,
Had travelled o'er the salt sea foam
To see his motherland.
He tarried not an instant,
He sped to London town,
He hired a guide and gaily cried,
"Come show me up and down!"

"Good Sir," replied the courteous guide,
"You have but to declare
What 'tis your chiefest wish to see,
And I will take you there."
"Oh, show me then," the stranger cried,
"The War Office, Pall Mall."
"Alas," replied the gentle guide,
"'Tis now a smart hotel."

"Alackaday!" the stranger said,
"That I was born so late.
Then pilot me unto the Tower
To see the Traitors' Gate."
"It grieves me sore," the other said,
"Your ardent hopes to quell.
That edifice is also turned
Into a new hotel."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the stricken youth,
Losing his ruddy tint;
"If I may not behold the Tower,
Then take me to the Mint."
"There is no Mint," the answer came,
"There are no beaver hats:
The site is wholly occupied
By residential flats."

"Westminster Abbey, what of that?"—
"Good Sir, you surely know
That MORGAN carted it away
To Boston, years ago."
"Then take me to the Mansion House"—
The answer, like a knell,
Once more was uttered by the guide—
"That's also an hotel."

It was a *triste* New Zealander
That hied him to the shore,
And thus in burning words appeased
His indignation sore:
"I came to see your storied piles,
Your fanes and citadels;
I find them all replaced by flats,
Or turned into hotels."

Historian of the War (to Private of the Dublin Fusiliers). Now tell me, my man, what struck you most at the Battle of Colenso?

P. of D. F. Begorra, Sorr, fwbat shtruck me mosht was the shower of bullets that missed me.

S.P.C.A. will again please note.

WANTED, a YOUTH, about 18 or 19, to cut and do for three horses.

Boston Guardian.



THE JOYS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Trainer (to G. R., who has taken a chance mount). "So GLAD YOU TURNED UP. THIS HORSE IS SUCH A ROCKY JUMPER, YOU KNOW, I CAN'T GET A PROFESSIONAL TO RIDE HIM."

NEW LINES.

THE following items are taken from a list of railway schemes which, in view of the success that has recently attended the efforts of various promoters of tube railways, are, we understand, about to be submitted to the House of Commons.

XIII.—A scheme to form, at some point not yet determined, a junction between the Campbell and Bannerman Railway and the Rosebery Overhead Light Railway.

The C. & B. R. connects, by a somewhat circuitous route, the two important industrial centres, Campbell and Bannerman, at which places are termini. The R. O. L. R. has no terminus, its lines forming a circle which frequently crosses the C. & B. R.'s permanent way. The object of the proposed junction is to facilitate the passage of through Parliamentary trains from either Bannerman

or Campbell to places in the elevated Rosebery Circle, or the reverse, and if the scheme should prove profitable it is not unlikely that at some future date the two Companies may amalgamate.

XCVI.—The Cowes, Atlantic, and New York Underground Railway.

This line, which will be used almost entirely for goods traffic, is to be constructed to meet the needs of sportsmen who wish to convey racing-yachts to New York. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Chairman of the Company, announced at a preliminary meeting of directors that the two powerful pioneer engines, *Hamrock* and *Jamrock*, both guaranteed to carry all before them, would make trial journeys on the completed line next year. The American terminus, he said, would be fitted with elevators specially constructed with a view to lifting cups. In reply to a question he remarked wittily that the new line should form a kind of cupling link between the two nations.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XII.—THE FURRY 'UNS.

I HAVE had the back seat to myself as far as St. Martin's Church, where a little man with a round red face climbs the steps and, sitting down beside me, deposits a large carpet-bag upon my foot. He unbuttons his overcoat, mops his face, and gazes at me genially.

"They weigh six pounds," he observes impressively, nudging me in the ribs, "if they weigh an ounce."

"More than that, I should think," I remark as I remove my foot.

"D'yer think so?" he exclaims joyfully. "They're all right, they are. 'Arf a dozen of 'em."

I apply myself again to my newspaper. My neighbour picks up the carpet-bag, and, nudging me in the ribs again, places the handle in my hand.

"Feel 'em," he enjoins; "feel the weight of 'em."

"I have done that already," I venture to remark, but am forced to accede to his request.

I again attempt to turn my attention to my paper.

"'Arf a dozen of 'em," he repeats, with another nudge. "The best that money can buy."

I fold up my paper with resignation.

"What are they?" I inquire.

My companion leans towards me with delight.

"Furry 'uns," he replies.

"Fur——?" I murmur vaguely.

"Furry 'uns," he repeats, slapping his thigh,—"Rats."

My boredom immediately gives way to keener emotions. I venture to ask if they are alive. My neighbour chuckles gleefully.

"Notarf," he replies. "They're all right, they are. They're for my terrier up at Fulham. Big 'uns. Feel 'em."

I nervously remind him that I have already felt 'em. He beams at me.

"We won't arf 'ave a time to-night," he says, "in my back gardening. Would yer like to 'ave a look at 'em?"

I hastily disclaim any such desire. He does not seem to be convinced of my sincerity.

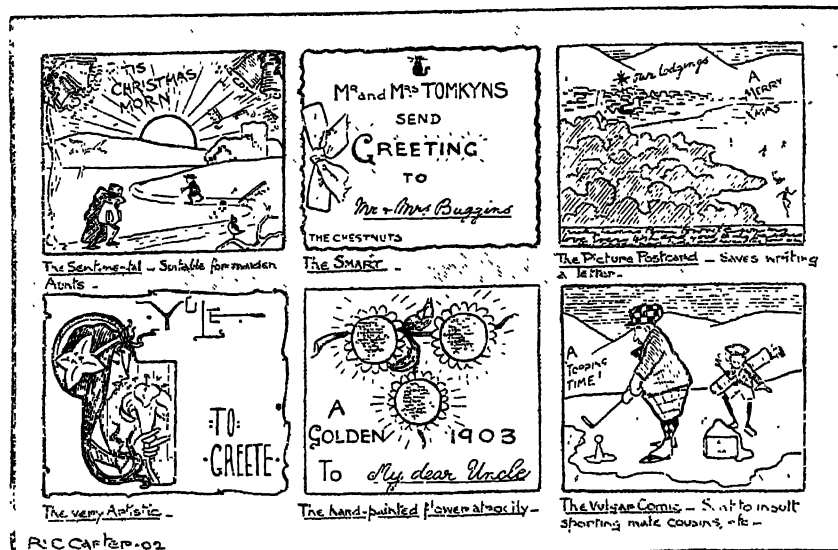
"I'd show 'em to yer willing," he assures me, "only yer know they *might* get out. Yer see I ain't used to 'em."

"I wouldn't have you run any risk on my account," I inform him earnestly. He appears to be the prey of self-reproach.

"Yer don't think," he asks appealingly, "that I don't *want* ter show 'em to yer?"

"I am certain," I assure him, "that you would be only too ready."

My obvious sincerity seems this time to carry conviction. He gazes round the bus, beaming.



CHRISTMAS CARD TYPES.

"Reg'lar beauties," he says loudly—"the best that money can buy. Furry 'uns."

He fails to attract attention, and for a time is silent. Suddenly he picks up the carpet-bag, and nudging in the back an old gentleman on the seat in front, lowers the carpet-bag over his shoulder.

"Feel the weight of 'em," he admonishes—"the furry 'uns."

The old gentleman turns round and glares at him, then waves the bag away without a word. My neighbour, nothing discouraged, gets up and begins to roam with his bag about the top of the bus, nudging people on the shoulder and asking them to "feel 'em." He meets with continual repulses until he reaches an elderly lady on the other side, who opens her purse and produces her ticket. My friend holds the carpet-bag in front of her.

"Feel 'em," he entreats.

"What do you want?" she inquires in surprise.

"Feel 'em," he repeats, dangling the bag in front of her face; "feel the weight of 'em, the beauties."

"What are they?" she queries nervously.

"Furry 'uns," he responds,—"reg'lar big 'uns.—Rats."

The elderly lady emits a stifled scream, and shrinks to the other side of the seat.

"Take them away!" she gasps.

"Don't be frightened of 'em, Missus," he says encouragingly; "they're the best that money can buy—feel 'em."

"Take them away!" cries the elderly lady.

My friend lowers the bag, and regards her with contemptuous amusement.

"You wouldn't never do ter take a-ferretin'," he observes.

"Go away!" cries the lady. "Take that bag away!"

My friend slowly retires towards his seat again.

"There ain't no call ter be afraid of 'em," he observes, beginning to rummage in his overcoat pocket. "I ain't afraid of 'em. Why I've got a little 'un in my pocket 'ere—"

Suddenly he breaks off.

"'Ere—ullo!" he exclaims, "where is 'e? I 'ad 'im all right when I got on the bus—"

"Driver!" cries the elderly lady. "Stop! I want to get off."

Which as the bus slows down she does with astonishing agility.

My friend has resumed his seat, and is still rummaging in his pockets.

"That's a peculiar thing," he observes.

I notice a prevalent atmosphere of uneasiness on the bus. A small girl near the front is attempting the task of sitting on her feet without attracting attention. I personally am conscious of unpleasant sensations in the spine. My neighbour gets up, still holding his bag, and begins to poke about under the seats. At last he arrives at the front seat, where a buxom young lady is leaning forward in intimate conversation with the driver.

"'Ere, Miss," observes my friend, nudging her with the carpet-bag, "d'you mind movin' your skirt?"

The girl turns round in surprise, then prepares to do what he asks.

"Ullo, ullo, wot's the trouble?" queries the driver, looking round.

"I've bin," he explains, "an' lorst one o' my rats."

The buxom young lady gives one ear-splitting shriek and leaps upon the

seat. My friend only just saves her from instant death by throwing his arm round her waist.

"There ain't no call ter be afraid, GERTIE," he observes, dangling the carpet-bag in front of her. "Why, I've got a bag full of 'em 'ere."

"Take him away from me!" screams the girl, pulling his arm from round her waist. "Let me get off!"

The driver has stopped the bus.

"Look 'ere, ole man," he says with heat, "you'd better get orf. We don't want no bloomin' rats on 'ere."

There is a murmur of assent from everybody. The conductor has just appeared at the top of the steps. He sees my friend and makes towards him.

"Ullo, it's you, is it?" he exclaims. "I've 'ad a complint abaht you already. Come on, orf yer get."

"I ain't goin' ter get orf," retorts my friend. "I'm lookin' fer one o' my rats."

"E's boozed, thet's wot's the matter with 'im," remarks the driver.

"Come on!" says the conductor, "I've 'ad a lidy complinin' abaht you already."

My friend puts down his carpet-bag.

"I ain't goin' ter get orf," he says firmly. "I'm goin' ter look fer my rat. I've lost 'im."

"Put 'im an' 'is bloomin' rats in the road," suggests the driver, "an' let 'im play with 'em."

The conductor so far acts upon this hint as to pick up the carpet-bag.

"You come on orf," he says, moving with it towards the steps.

My friend makes a dart after him and seizes the bag. There is a sudden click, and in an instant the top of the bus is inundated with live rats, which swarm over the roof or fall down the sides into the road.

A stampede ensues, everybody fighting for the steps. One young man only, standing upon a seat and folding his arms, shouts above the din to "let the women and children go first." In a minute the bus is absolutely empty, even to the driver who has clambered down from his box into the road.

The adjacent public-houses have emitted streams of sight-seers. A sporting policeman stops the traffic while the dogs of the neighbourhood enjoy a brief taste of Paradise. One of them is sent up the steps on to the bus. In five minutes there are as many rat-corpses in the street.

At last the conductor reconnoitres on top of the bus and pronounces it safe. The few remaining passengers climb up and gingerly resume their seats. The driver has clambered up to his box again, and with difficulty induced the buxom young lady to follow up the steps. My friend, surrounded by a



Conversationalist. "DO YOU PLAY PING-PONG?"

Actor. "NO. I PLAY HAMLET!"

crowd of urchins, is sitting disconsolately on the kerb, gazing at a little heap of five corpses, which he has gathered together before him. The driver leans over from his box.

"There's yer bloomin' rats," he calls, as he whips up his horses. "Now you'd better take 'em 'ome an' 'ave 'em fer supper."

The bus moves on. My friend has not answered, or even raised his eyes. He stretches out his hand mechanically, and begins sadly to put the corpses back in his empty carpet-bag.

Explaining why Money goes so Fast.

WILL Gentleman who found PARCEL of MONEY getting on car, Clowes Street, return same? Reward.—*Manchester Guardian*.

CONJUNCTIONAL AND CONJECTURAL.—A correspondent sends this extract from the *Manchester Courier* for December 2, 1902. It occurs in an article headed "Many Happy Returns," informing us "how Queen ALEXANDRA keeps her birthday":—

"Her MAJESTY'S tea to school children was served within the Royal residence, and shooting does not commence until to-day."

Were the children going out shooting? Of course they could not have been fed up so as to provide sport for the shootists next day. This would have been making game of them with a vengeance.

NEW BOOK EXPECTED.—*All my Eye*, by the author of *The New Pupil*.



TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

(What we are coming to.)

"I'VE GOT A REALLY EXCELLENT COOK, NOW. SHE DEVELOPS ALL MY PHOTOS FOR ME!"

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF "LITERARY LANDMARKS."

ON Monday last a largely-attended meeting of the Society of Spasmodic Fiction-Writers was held for the purpose of protesting against the action of Mr. H. E. Moss and other gentlemen in their proposal to erect in Vigo Street a house of entertainment to be known as the "Coliseum."

The Chairman, in opening the debate, stated that from time immemorial the name "Coliseum" had been the absolute property of contributors of sterling fictitious matter to journals ranging in price from one penny to sixpence. So far as his recollection served he had never read, and most certainly had never written, any short story or novel treating of the drama in which the theatre therein introduced had not been called the "Coliseum." It would be a task of the very utmost magnitude for fiction-writers to evolve a new playhouse patronymic; for all of which reasons he unhesitatingly condemned Mr. H. E. Moss's action as a heartless theft. He

therefore proposed that the following resolution be passed and forwarded to Mr. Moss:—

"That this meeting of the Society of Spasmodic Fiction-Writers does most strongly protest against Mr. H. E. Moss's action in entitling his new house of entertainment the 'Coliseum,' which it considers is a base infringement of the Unwritten Laws of Copyright." Mr. KEATS SWINBURNE-JONES rose to lend his cordial approval to the resolution. His own *forte*, as was well known, was the struggling young actor who gets his chance at a theatre in the last 1,000 words and, at one blow, creates an epoch in the history of the drama, and places himself in a position to marry the heroine. He had written one hundred and fifteen stories on this theme, and in every single instance the house in question had been named the "Coliseum," indeed he knew of nothing else which it could be named.

Mr. ANTHONY W. W. BINNS stated that this was the thin end of the wedge. (*Applause.*) He clearly foresaw that if Mr. Moss was permitted to succeed in

his dastardly "slim commandeering," his action would immediately be followed by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES or Mr. LOWENFELD building a "Frivolity Theatre." (*Profound sensation.*) What the "Coliseum" was to the previous speaker and numberless others, the "Frivolity" was to himself and many hundreds more whose stories treated of light, or musical comedy actress-heroines, or chorus adventuresses; these always worked at the "Frivolity Theatre." Fiction-writers had invented the "Coliseum" and the "Frivolity," and naturally knew of no other possible appellations. If one was taken from them the other would speedily follow, and what would they do then? (*Sensation.*)

The Chairman announced that the question was unanswerable, and declared the motion to be uproariously carried. Order having been restored by a District Messenger boy, the resolution was typed, and the entire company adjourned with it to the Hippodrome.

Later in the day it was rumoured that Mr. Moss was lying in the Manager's room in a precarious condition.



A HANDFUL!

UPPER NURSE (THE L-RD CH-NC-LL-R). "HERE 'S THE LITTLE DARLING COME BACK TO YOU, STRONGER AND HEALTHIER THAN EVER!"

UNDER NURSE (MR. SP-K-R). "DRAT THE CHILD! HAVE I GOT TO BE BOTHERED WITH IT AGAIN?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Dec. 1.—Years ago, when the Access to Mountains Bill, in charge of that famous Alpine climber, JAMES BRYCE, was to the fore, Dr. FARQUHARSON created profound sensation by casually remarking, "I own a mountain in Scotland."

For a moment dazed Members, regarding the good Doctor standing at the

Valentine and *Orson*, separated by the combined machinations of a hungry bear and an iniquitous uncle, nothing compared with the anguish that rent the bosoms of CATHCART and EUGENE.

In the spring of this year, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, fraternal or otherwise, they swore a mighty oath (six feet four and a half) that they would no longer endure separation. Difficulty was to decide how the distance was to be

cedure passed in the Spring made Standing Orders.

Tuesday night.—Pretty to see the Right Hon. JEMMY PARTINGTON LOWTHER standing at his corner seat below Gangway sweeping back the advancing wave of National Education. Education Bill on for third reading. J. PARTINGTON LOWTHER moved its rejection.

"Drat your schools!" he cried, turning what he meant to be a glowering face on PRINCE ARTHUR.

But JEMMY cannot, even under painful circumstances of the hour, look otherwise than a genial, kind-hearted country squire, his manners, and his clothes, cut in London. Even as he turns upon the PREMIER his countenance mellows with memories of good old times. Not old as far as health, appetite, and disposition to be cheerful go, he yet remembers pre-Board School times, when Education in national schools was limited to the three R's, and those writ small. It wouldn't do to put it that way, but actually, the principal, at least the most useful, purpose of the old school house was to establish a rendezvous where boys could be found handy if wanted to beat up game. Concurrently they learned enough to fit them for the position of gardeners, game-keepers, stable men, coachmen, even butlers. As for the girls, they had comfortable openings as kitchenmaids, nurses, cooks, housemaids, with the prize of tenancy of the house-keeper's room ever before them. Now amid talk of Germany, with its severely educated population, beating us out of the markets of the world, and rot like that, not only are hundreds of thousands of boys who would have made excellent stable hands, and an equal number of girls whom Providence obviously designed for the kitchen or the laundry, spoiled for their work, but squires and landed gentry of all degrees are called upon to pay money out of their hard-earned rents in order to meet the charges.

"I have always protested," said JEMMY, in one of those finely-rounded sentences that are the despair of the newer Parliamentary generation, "against giving one class of persons other people's money to spend."

PRINCE ARTHUR, smilingly listening from the Treasury Bench, here became suddenly grave and moved uneasily on his seat. What was JEMMY driving at now? PRINCE ARTHUR painfully conscious of certain doles to bestowal of which he has, since coming into office, been a principal party. There was the landlord's dole; but since the stern critic below the Gangway himself belonged to that set it couldn't be it he was lamenting. Then there was the dole to the parson. But a steady church-goer like JEMMY, a munificent subscriber



ROPED TOGETHER.

Dr. Farquharson, Mr. Eugene Wason, and (round the corner) Mr. Cathcart Wason.

bar this afternoon, thought he had brought it down to the House with him. Nay, there were two mountains. On closer investigation the acclivities turned out to be CATHCART WASON, re-elected for Orkney and Caithness, and his brother EUGENE, Member for Clackmannan. Measured from the sea level, CATHCART is six feet four and a half near the firmament. As stars differ in glory, EUGENE is six feet four and a quarter. This is the only difference between the brothers. When it comes to bulk and brains they are twins.

On being first returned to Parliament they, with national canniness, divided their forces. One seated himself on the Ministerial side, t'other with the Opposition. Thus, however things fell out, the family certain to be represented on the right side. As the months passed, EUGENE sat sadly regarding CATHCART as one in a far country. CATHCART, through dimmed eyesight that made EUGENE loom larger than ever, forlornly watched his brother across the waste. Situation began to be unbearable. The dolour of

bridged. The MEMBER FOR SARK, usually well informed on details, tells me they resolved to toss up whether EUGENE should cross over and link his arm in CATHCART's, or whether CATHCART, shaking the dust of Unionism off his shoes, should flit to the side of Brother EUGENE. However it be, as all the world knows, CATHCART applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, presented himself for re-election under Liberal flag, and to-day comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in the form of a largely increased majority.

So to-night Brother EUGENE, with the assistance of FARQUHARSON, who though not personally a mountain lives near one, brought the new Member up to the Table to take the oath and sign roll of Parliament. FARQUHARSON, with his active mountaineering habits, strode nearly a pace ahead of the new Member, recalling the familiar picture daily seen in the Channel, of a small tug-boat hauling, against wind and tide, a full-rigged ship.

Business done.—New Rules of Pro-

to ecclesiastical edifices at Epsom and Newmarket, wouldn't resent that. Again, the Bill before the House was giving to one class of persons (the managers of denominational schools)



A Pillar of the Church—"at Epsom and Newmarket."

(Mr. J-mmy L-wth-r.)

a capital sum of many millions of other people's money to spend.

Nor was it this that troubled the magisterial mind below the Gangway. It was just the altogether foolishness of this modern mania of teaching village school children more than the three R's. Why GURTH, swineherd and thrall of CEDRIC of Rotherwood, never even heard of them!

Having delivered his speech J. PARTINGTON LOWTHER, with an almost vicious swish at the steadily advancing tide, swung his mop on his shoulders and stalked forth.

Business done.—Third Reading of Education Bill moved.

Friday night.—Picking up just now a little book published by FISHER UNWIN entitled *For Better? For Worse?* and noting that the author was GEORGE RUSSELL experienced sudden shock. Could it be possible that an old austere bachelor friend had, after all these years, gone and got married, and in the excitement of unfamiliar circumstances was inaccurately quoting the Marriage Service? On closer inspection relieved to find that the title indicated nothing [worse

than notes on social changes. Born as recently as 1853, a mere chicken as age is counted in political and Parliamentary life, GEORGE RUSSELL delights to pose as a modern Methuselah. Never so thoroughly happy as when, taking pen in hand, he looks back through the dim ages, recalling his personal memories of Queen ANNE and the time of GEORGE I.

"I am just old enough," he mumbles, after the manner of a man whose teeth have their roots in the seventeenth century, "to remember a great grandmother who said she 'lay' at a place when she meant she had slept there, and spoke of 'using the potticary' when we should speak of sending for the doctor."

Going even further back, METHUSELAH RUSSELL well remembers how SETH always said "Toosday" for Tuesday, "dook" for duke, "fust" for first; how JARED spoke of "goold" when he meant gold, knew a colour he pronounced "yaller," spoke of lilac as a "laylock," and was kept in countenance by LAMECH, who always called a cucumber a "cowcumber."

A pretty affectation, leading to pleasant reading, reminiscent of conversation on summer afternoons at the Scæan Gate, where sat the seniors of the Trojan race, wisethrough time and narrative with age. G. W. E. R. is not really so old as he writes. But he has certainly lived long enough to be the last of the Whigs *pur sang*. With native originality he adds to the rare character a touch of Radicalism.

I may timidly mention that I am just old enough to remember the then Member for AXLESBURY rising from below Gangway of House of Commons and making striking speech. It was in the early turbulent days of GLADSTONE'S second Administration. The Premier had made some reference to GEORGE RUSSELL, at the moment absent. Brought in and told what had happened, he made bright acrimonious response, justifying independence of a Radical Member. Natural consequence followed. At first opportunity Mr. G. brought him into the Ministry, reinstating him when, in 1892, he again came into power. Stranded at the General Election of 1895, he has never since attempted to steer his barque by Westminster Bridge. He writes charming books, but we have need of such as he in the House of Commons. Apart from personal merit, in this individual case conspicuous, we should always have a Woburn Abbey RUSSELL in the House of Commons. The development that just now adorns the House of Lords is another pair of sleeves.

Business done.—The Lords read Education Bill a second time.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(New and American Version.)

[According to the *Daily Telegraph* of December 3, the following Bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Virginia by a Dr. R. B. WARE:—"Whereas kissing has been decided by the medical profession to be a medium by which contagious and infectious diseases are transmitted from one person to another; and whereas the prohibiting of such offence will be a great preventive to the spreading of such diseases as pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, and many other dangerous diseases, therefore be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia that it shall be unlawful for any person to kiss another unless he can prove by his family physician that he has not any contagious or infectious disease."]

He.

MAMIE, look, we're standing now

'Neath the eucalyptus bough!

'Tis a splendid disinfectant

For a swain and maid expectant—

List, then, to my ardent vow!

She.

MARMADUKE, it may not be

Till I personally see

That your family physician

Testifies beyond suspicion

That you are bacillus-free!

He.

From the test I do not flinch

When it comes unto the pinch—

See, I am certificated

By this paper signed and dated!

Isn't that a perfect cinch?

She.

Yes—one little moment stay!

Let me read it *closer*, pray!

Ah, 'twas as I feared, invalid,

For your leave (don't look so pallid!)

Ended after yesterday!

Both.

Still, no prying eye attends,

While the branch above us bends!

There, we've taken one illicit

Kiss—the State will never miss it!

Let them fine—we've made amends!

COCAINE AS AN ANÆSTHETIC. — The attention of the *Lancet* is called to the fact that Dr. ELGAR'S "Cockaigne" failed to subdue PAYNE (first violin), who conducted this overture with great vigour the other day in Mr. Woon's absence.

DE GOSSE-TIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

(From Mr. Gosse to Sir Edward Clarke.)

"I AM a blessed Bendeverè,
'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear,
You've but to learn and I've to teach,
You must be silent while I preach;
And when I've finished—not till then—
You may assent with an "Amen."
Of this the application mark,
Pro tem. I'm parson, you are CLARKE.



Stern Parent (appearing suddenly). "ANGELINA!"
Angelina. "YES, PA?"
Stern Parent. "CUB-HUNTING'S OVER!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

I DON'T quite know why HILARY JOWETT came amongst us. One of the houses at the north end of the Avenue had been for some time without a tenant. The board announcing that it was to be let had seemed something of a reproach to the neighbourhood. Houses usually passed from hand to hand without an interval, and we didn't relish the emptiness of Aberdeen Lodge. Suddenly, however, the board disappeared, and we learnt that the new tenant was HILARY JOWETT. There was also a Mrs. JOWETT, a pale lady with a wiped-out face, and there were two children, ADOLPHUS HILARY, aged six, and CLEMENTINA, aged four. The new arrivals were a good deal talked about, but very little was discovered. It was rumoured that they were rich and well-connected, and the calls began. It was then reported that Mrs. JOWETT was quite a lady-like person of sound domestic views, and we were encouraged by our womankind to proceed further in the path of intimacy. The HOBSONS gave them the first dinner-party, and nearly all the members of our local aristocracy, the *vieille roche* of Glen-Edward's Avenue, were present. We all took a good deal of interest in the newcomers, and we were anxious to discover how far they might be looked upon as acquisitions to our circle. HOBSON'S dinner, I'm bound to say, was tip-top. He gave us turtle-soup (GUNTER'S best), salmon, two different entrées (one was a sweet-bread, of course), a saddle of mutton and a capon, roast pheasants, cabinet pudding and jelly, and those jolly little cream cakes that Mrs. BROADBENT, the confectioner, made better than any one else I can remember. I've got the old *menu* before me as I write: I always used to pocket them before Mr. ROGERS, the local butler, was able to sweep it away with the bread crumbs before dessert. HOBSON'S wine, too, was excellent. Sherry to start with, then hock, then claret and champagne (nothing like so dry as we have to drink it now), and then port and a different claret to go round after the ladies had departed.

However, we weren't thinking much about the quality of the dinner: we could always take that on trust at HOBSON'S. We were all watching the JOWETTS. Mrs. JOWETT was very quiet. HOBSON'S best stories didn't seem to rouse her, though, of course, she smiled—but it was a mournful watery kind of smile, without much substance to back it. HILARY JOWETT, on the other hand, did extremely well. He was soon deep in conversation with Mrs. HOBSON, and seemed to get on like a house on fire, occasionally turning round and drawing Mrs. BAILEY, the wife of Dr. BAILEY, Headmaster of the Grammar School, into the conversation. Once the general conversation sank down and dropped, but JOWETT still went on, and we all heard him. "Of course," he was saying, "dear Lady MABEL isn't exactly the model of refinement and good manners. I quite agree with you there, Mrs. HOBSON; but still there's a something about her—I can't quite describe it"—"*A je ne sais quoi*," put in Mrs. HOBSON tentatively. "Yes," continued JOWETT, "that's it exactly—a *je ne sais quoi*—that makes you feel she has lived in good society, and is a Duke's daughter after all. I admit her mother is greatly superior to her, in spite of her age. 'Duchess,' I said to her only last week—'Duchess, how is it that—' but here the talk swelled up again at the other end of the table, and we lost the end of JOWETT'S remark to the Duchess.

Still, there was the fact: he knew a Duchess, and was sufficiently sure of himself to criticise the manners of a Duchess's daughter! The surprising part of it all, though, was his saying he agreed with Mrs. HOBSON about Lady MABEL. She didn't know Lady MABEL CORNFLOWER from Eve



FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Young Lady (from the Country). "HOW CONVENIENT IT IS, AUNTIE, TO BE ABLE TO SEE ONESELF IN THESE LARGE SHOP WINDOWS."

Auntie. "I ALWAYS AVOID SEEING MYSELF IN SHOP WINDOWS, DEAR. THEY MAKE ONE LOOK SO PLAIN AND ELDERLY!"

—we were all sure of that. Yet she must have ventured an opinion from which knowledge was to be presumed. HOBSON himself had looked uncomfortable, and GREENWAY, a Radical, but not a bad fellow, had given a sort of sniffing cough; but there for the time the matter ended. Over the wine after dinner JOWETT went on expounding. He spoke of Earls by their nicknames; he told a facetious and derogatory anecdote about a Prince—a German Prince, to be sure, but still a Prince; he knew and retailed to us some very choice scandal about a Marchioness: "I had it," he said, "straight from DICKIE GARRAWAY, and if he doesn't know, all I can say is he ought to. Poor old DICKIE, what a wreck he is, though he still keeps his hair wonderfully. I haven't seen him very lately—have you?" This was to TOM TRANTER, who murmured, "No—er—that is to say, no, not very lately," and proceeded to ask JOWETT whether there was any truth in the rumour that Lord BEMBRIDGE and his wife were not on speaking terms. "Lord BEMBRIDGE?" returned JOWETT, as though taxing his memory. "Oh, of course, DICKIE GARRAWAY, you mean. He was DICKIE G. for so long before he succeeded to the title that he's generally known by his old name. He and his wife! Ha! ha! Why, they haven't met for five years." This was a poser, but we all thought it served Tom right for presumption. Shortly afterwards we joined the ladies.

I mustn't linger over the melancholy story. The JOWETTS had a great success, naturally, and we all felt somehow that we had gone up in the social scale, about which none of us had ever thought before. And yet we felt, too, that we had gone down in our own estimation. JOWETT knew so many big-wigs, and it seemed so easy for him to talk about them, that our simple primitiveness became a positive reproach to us. The Happy Evenings were deserted; the Book and Magazine Club was neglected, and HOBSON began to talk of going to a Levée and having Mrs. H.

presented at a Drawing Room. I've no doubt he would have done it too, for I know he bought a Court suit, cocked hat, knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes, buckles, sword and all, and JOWETT promised that he and his wife would see them through, when suddenly the bubble burst. The JOWETTS went away for the summer holidays and never came back. All the bills were paid, everything was in order, but TOM TRANTER discovered that JOWETT was a retired hair-dresser who had had a flourishing shop in the west end of London, under another name. Hence his intimacy with the great and titled. This happened a year after that first dinner-party at Hobson's. The shock was too great. Glen-Edward's Avenue never held up its head again. The simple spell that had kept us together had been broken, and not long afterwards most of us betook ourselves with the shattered relics of our simplicity and a copy of *Burke's Peerage* to different quarters of London. We rarely meet now. I saw Hobson the other day, and asked him if he had worn his Court suit lately. I was half afraid he might resent the allusion, but he didn't. He only sighed and turned away.

(To be concluded.)

THE DURBAR.

By a Peer's Daughter.

[The following descriptive article has already reached Mr. *Punch's* offices. The error was obvious, and he at once gave orders for its redirection to the right quarter.]

THE Durbar was a wonderful sight—for those who saw it, at all events. The magnificent display of jewels and orders, the richness of colour of the Native Princes, the glitter of the hundreds of eyes of the military, and the kaleidoscope of brilliant tints worn by the ladies, formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture. And then there were the elephants. Never were so many elephants gathered together before, not even at Barnum's. Many well-known faces were seen there, and nearly all seemed to find it hot. In fact, anyone who goes to India will find that is the general complaint there. Lord CURZON, however, was cool, as always, and especially so to a party of rich Americans who wished to shake hands with him. All remarked how well the VICERINE looked, and her marvellous confections impressed even the haughty and gaudy Orientals. The ever-popular Duke of CONNAUGHT bore himself right royally, and his likeness to other members of the Royal Family was noticed even by those who had never seen any of them. Lord KITCHENER, it



VERY LIKE A WHALE.

Short-sighted Guest (seeing something brown moving, fired and bagged his host's leggings).
 "PON MY SOUL, I'M AWFULLY SORRY. I THOUGHT I WAS SHOOTING AT A HARE!"
Host (peppered and peppery). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR! AM I ANYTHING LIKE A HARE?"

need scarcely be said, was as imperturbable and silent as ever, except when trodden on inadvertently by an elephant; and even then his Lordship only spoke one word.

Altogether the great event may be said to have passed off with scarcely a hitch, which was largely due to the prohibition of motor-cars. If one were hypercritical, something might be said about the rendering of the National Anthem. Some of the bandsmen certainly had not the wonderful power they once had, and, if they played as deliciously as ever, they certainly played no better. It only remains to say that everyone who was anyone seemed to be at the Durbar. In a word, it was a

scene of gorgeous magnificence, the like of which we have never seen.

THAT excitable ecclesiastic controversialist Sir HENRY HOWORTH, who is perpetually breaking out in a fresh column of the *Times*, thinks that a certain Mr. LEEPER (whom he apparently considers a person to be avoided, as though he spelt the first syllable of his name with only one "e") ought not to remain where he is as an Anglican. Does he want Mr. LEEPER to become a Jumper?

"*The Eternal City!*" as the Stockbroker's old clerk exclaimed on arriving at the office 10 A.M. on a foggy morning.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF Lady BLESSINGTON were still with us she would look with amazement, not untinged by envy, upon *The Book of Beauty*, a magnificent volume Messrs. HUTCHINSON have prepared in commemoration of the Coronation of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. The Countess edited her Books of Beauty; not one approaches comparison with the work accomplished by her successor in the field, Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON, who has arranged this rare specimen. One peculiarity of the undertaking is that, whilst there are fifty full-page and many smaller photogravure portraits of the most beautiful and distinguished women of the day, there are no reproductions from photographs. Each illustration, the work of an eminent Paris firm of engravers, is taken direct from a portrait by one or other of the greatest painters of yesterday and to-day. The result is a dream of fair women not exceeded in beauty by the memorable one feigned by TENNYSON's fancy. The literary matter, contributed by men and women of note, is printed on hand-made paper specially manufactured. In all respects it forms a worthy and unique memorial of a historic event. Like its predecessor, a collection of portraits of the celebrities of the Court during the latter years of Queen VICTORIA's reign (which book-collectors know is to-day at a considerable premium), the work is appropriately published on the subscription principle in vogue with Lady BLESSINGTON.

To "sportsmen" *Dead Certainties*, by "NATHANIEL GUBBINS" (JOHN LONG), will be probably interesting or amusing. By the ordinary reader the majority of the stories will be found decidedly amusing, the minority a trifle puzzling.

As a stirring story of true adventure for the boy who appreciates his history and heroes up-to-date my *première* Baroness heartily recommends *With Kitchener in the Soudan*, by G. A. HENTY (BLACKIE AND SON, Ltd.). The interest never flags from the moment the disinherited young man makes his start from Alexandria till he is safely home again. This is almost the last of the works that HENTY so loved to write, and his boyish admirers were so delighted to read. Also from the same firm comes *The Fairclough Family*, by Mrs. HENRY CLARK. A little sentiment, a touch of secret mystery, and wedding bells at finish. It just sufficiently reaches the borderland of a novel to gratify the "maiden of blushing fifteen." It is well illustrated by G. DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I.

His Majesty Baby and Some Common People (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), introduced by IAN MACLAREN, turn out to be a charming company. They are what the wise would call slight sketches. But they are touched in with the swift movement, the accuracy, and the daintiness of colour that mark the master hand. The sketch that gives its name to the volume is based on nothing more than the casual coming across a baby in charge of its mother in a bus. In its literary style my Baronite recognises touches worthy of DICKENS, rarer still, of CHARLES LAMB. Another chapter, devoted to the lecture platform, comprises some delightful memories of tours in the United States and elsewhere. "News of a Famous Victory" has an interest and value beyond its vivid description of the streets of London on the night when word came that Ladysmith was relieved. It brings into strong light the national feeling at the moment about General BULLER, then recognised as the deliverer, stubbornly fighting his way to the aid of the beleaguered garrison. Since then prejudice, the stern necessity that compels officialdom to offer a victim, and, not least effective, errors of judgment on the part of a soldier more at home on the battlefield than the public platform, have obscured



A FAMINE IN DANCING MEN.

Maud writes to us:—"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO MAKE ALL THE MEN STOP PLAYING BRIDGE AND COME AND DANCE WITH ETHEL AND ME? LAST SEASON WE NEVER DREAMT OF GIVING THAT AWFUL MR. THYNGE EVEN A SQUARE. THIS SEASON HE'S QUITE IN REQUEST, AND PUTS ON NO END OF SIDE OVER IT."

General BULLER's fame and broken his career. The latter is irremediable; the other will come right in the end. Meanwhile IAN MACLAREN has, incidentally, done a good thing in reminding a fickle public how they received News of a Famous Victory.

Although the Baron cannot conscientiously approve of MARIE STEWART and HYDE TURNER's book of eccentric comic sketches entitled *A Zoological Collection* (SKEFFINGTON) as a work of art, yet the ridiculous ideas which the amateurish designs illustrate are full of original fun and most quaint conceits.

The new edition of *Penelope's Irish Experiences*, by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN (GAY AND BIRD), is a capital travelling companion for either a veritable voyageur or one *qui fait le tour de sa chambre*, within the limits of "his mind," which "to him a kingdom is." Pleasantly tripping goes *Penelope*, avoiding such pitfalls as would have endangered the book's popularity. The illustrations by Mr. C. E. BROCK are among the best things this clever artist has done, and suggest that if a new edition of CARLETON's *Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, or of LOVER's or LEVER's works be demanded, here is a skilled pencil with fine point. THE BARON DE B.-W.

It is said that "2200 Irish donkeys have been shipped for South Africa." They get their passage and feeding for nothing, and find immediate employment when they land. How many of the unemployed are there who would be only too glad to make asses of themselves on the same terms!



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Daughter (to Major, who lives for hunting). "AUNTIE IS ALWAYS SO THOUGHTFUL. SHE WRITES, THAT REMEMBERING YOUR SPORTING TASTES, SHE IS SENDING YOU A RUG MADE OF—FOX-SKINS!"

AIDS FOR AUTHORS.

Being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas.)

III.—THE RE-AWAKENING OF JOSIAH HIGGINS.

An Idyll of Simple Somersetshire Life.

OLD cottager, soured weather-beaten face; grand mistake of his life made when, twenty years previously, he drove his only daughter, the Belle of the Village, from the door.

Minute details of cottage kitchen, particularly those least likely to attract attention—strings of hanging onions, frayed rug, broken lace in old man's boot.

Sole object of old man's shrunk affections—his meerschaum pipe given to him in the fifties, around which cling all the last remnants of a tenderness never fully developed. The catastrophe—breaking of the meerschaum pipe. A broken heart refusing neighbours' comfort. The one object of love gone, dreary weeks, a smokeless room, tobacco-jar never replenished. Twilight evening, door ajar, old man sleeps. Faded woman steals to door, bursts into tears

at familiar sight of frayed rug. Old man wakes to find golden-haired child aged three holding out a halfpenny clay pipe in one hand and an ounce of Gold Flake tobacco in the other. Long-lost daughter follows. Reconciliation. Puffs of smoke.

N.B.—This story can be adapted to any county by varying the dialect. If Somerset is preferred, the author has only to write his f's as v's, and his s's as z's.

IV.—IN QUEST OF THE INFINITE.

A Study on two Planes of Being. (Esoteric Series.)

ROMNEY VANDYKE, artist, prostrate with aggravated neuritis, brought on by three months' incessant toil on his picture "A Vision of Vastness," content to recognise that the Soul is All, the Body Nothing, and Pain non-existent. Feels henceforth that the sole duty of Man is to liberate the Ego from the chains of sense, and to send it forth enfranchised in quest of the Infinite.

Awkward situation with MARY BREWER, his betrothed. MARY, suffering with toothache, refuses to believe that there is no such thing as Pain, resents her lover's attempts to raise her to the

Higher Levels, and prefers to go to dentist. Soul of ROMNEY grieved. Further progress of ROMNEY in the realms of mysticism and further occasions of loss of temper on part of MARY. Engagement finally broken off on ground of incompatibility of temperaments. Marriage of MARY to man of strictly business habits. Departure of ROMNEY to the Temple of Wisdom in California for the Higher Consolation.

THE COMING K-RISTMAS.—"Bang goes"—the Cracker! and once more the name of TOM SMITH of The Smitheries is heard in the land. Again the boxes of crackers intended for all sorts, ages, and sizes, for children, bachelors, married people and spinsters, are opened in town and country houses where the ubiquitous TOM, owing to the thoroughly English name of SMITH, does his best to assist in keeping up the jollity of good old English Christmas, bringing Santa Claus with surprise stockings, all well filled, to help him. Old fashioned Christmas? so be it! "Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!" So DICKENS in the past and, as we hope, for all time. Long life to King Christmas!

AN "EYE-OPENER" AT THE HAYMARKET.

SELDOM has the old lesson of "Look before you leap" been so dramatically, yet with so light and skilful a touch, enforced as it is in this play of Captain MARSHALL's, the moral of which is, "do not rush into matrimony blindly." Cupid is, proverbially, blind; but Cupid was never a marrying youth, nor did he ever give himself away, not even to Psyche, in marriage. It is true that there is another modern sporting and slangy application of the word "blind," and if the state of the hero of *The Unforeseen* (a hopelessly bad title, by the way) were intended to subtly represent the case of a dipsomaniac restored to his right mind, seeing single objects as they are, instead of singular things as they don't exist, even then the piece would be welcome as evidence of how deftly a clever playwright can treat the most unpleasant themes, and can turn unpromising materials to the very best of purposes.

Here is a gay, young, modern, moustachio'd and bearded anglican parson of "moderate views," that is of limited vision, fortunate enough to be a well-paid, prosperous, gentlemanly, kindly, country-gentlemanly vicar. For weak eyes he visits Paris, not for a "weak end," but to see a specialist. (The entire story is more or less a parable with a moral.) And, in Paris, while gazing from the window of an hotel, he is struck by the appearance of a remarkably elegant lady standing on a balcony with a young man, who, as he learns from his friend *Capt. Richard Haynes*, is a bachelor and a very gay dog. "What a sight for sore eyes!" The *Rev. Walter Maxwell* concludes that this is no place for him, and withdraws to wait in the hall for his friend. The *Rev. Walter's* diffidence somewhat recalls the manner of that eccentric little cleric, *Mr. Robert Spalding*, who lunched on "a ba-ath bun" in a waiting-room, and observed, "I don't like London." How funny the *Rev. Robert* would have been here, and what a pity he couldn't have arranged with *Mr. PENLEY* and *Mr. CYRIL MAUDE* to have been allowed to come to Paris in such excellent company as that at the Haymarket Theatre in this piece!

Act I. being over, "on we goes" to Act II. From Paris to Parish. *Venit, vidit*—and then, within three years, every one in his parish sees more and more of their vicar the *Rev. Walter*, while he, seeing less and less of them, falls blindly in love with the eldest daughter of a *General Fielding*, who is, presumably, the "squarson." This eldest daughter is the lady whom the *Rev. Walter* has seen in company with the gay dog aforesaid at the Parisian hotel, but whether as the Lothario's better half or worse half he hasn't inquired, until, his eyes being opened to facts in Act IV., the idea suddenly occurs to him that he has seen his wife's face before. Where? Why, of course, in Paris. Hotel, private apartments, loose fish! ahem! Then he puts one and one together, and asks her the question direct. She, foreseeing that whatever her answer may be he won't believe her, is silent.

Wanted. a *Deus ex machina*! Here he is, *Captain Dick Haynes*, who, "having to the rank of Major General risen" ("keep up the Major General!") now steps out of his ambush in the garden and hands a letter to the *Rev. Walter*. This letter, which is a kind of "last dying speech and confession," has been written by *Henry Traquair*, with whom *Miss Fielding* had eloped, and who, on losing his money, refused to keep his promise to marry, preferring to blow out his brains after most carefully exonerating *Miss Margaret* from all blame, and explaining, in this communication to *Captain Dick*, that she had never for one moment been either his better or his worse half, but was all that the purest fancy could paint. Which letter satisfies the *Reverend Walter*. He is a parson and a lover, who in dumb show (poor man! blind until the Fourth Act, and then at last

dumb!) kneels to her as if begging pardon for having doubted the evidence of his own senses when in Paris; and she, evidently as astonished as delighted to find that in the shepherd of the flock she possesses the most docile of sheep, hugs the once suspicious lambkin to the fold of her pretty dress. But—but—but . . . well, 'tis natural there should be "butts" where a sheep is concerned; and if the life of this couple at the Haymarket is only half as happy as it promises to be, verily they'll have their reward, and the author of their happiness his, take it as they will, in cash or notes.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, as the cricketing parson, blind as a bat, plays the part so skilfully as to win all sympathies. *Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH* is invaluable as the military gent, richly deserving all the decorations he can get for distinguished service.

Mr. C. M. HALLARD, as *Henry Traquair*, a very difficult part, seen only in the First Act, after which "he is heard no more," is admirable. Not a few unsophisticated persons in the audience but will expect him to turn up again in the course of the story, perhaps at the vicarage. To have done this would have transformed the comedy into Adelphi melodrama, a story of murder, blackmail, and virtue triumphant! Never too late to write this, eh, Captain?

Bob Fielding, the boy, is delightfully played by *Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS*, who was so sprightly as the fast youth in the revival of *Betsy* at the Criterion. To him, as to that most natural actress, *DOROTHEA BAIRD* (once *Trilby*), as *Beatrice Fielding*; to clever *Miss MARIE LINDEN* as *Miss Campion Parr*; and to *Mr. ERIC LEWIS's* life-like study of that absurd old piece of fatuous pomposity, *General Sir A. Fielding* (these two last being peculiarly Dickensian characters), is due the unquestionable success of the comedy scenes which intervene, artistically, as a most welcome relief to the serious interest of the play. For, say what we will, put it how we may, *Margaret Fielding* is only another and latest version of "the woman with a past." It is not much of "a past" maybe, but a past it is; and this character *Miss EVELYN MILLARD* depicts with the very finest art. Her passion, her demureness, her yielding, her awakening, then her true tenderness; and with all this her nervous duplicity, and her intense fear that makes her a coward—all these variations of temper are admirably portrayed.

The name of *Fielding* is not ill chosen as that of a country family into which a cricketing parson marries. Pity it is that the little man cannot change his name from *Maxwell* to *Ratswell*, but anyhow it may be taken for granted that though they will have a good innings at the Haymarket, yet among them all, excellent players though they be, they will only get one run—but that ought to last till the middle of next year.

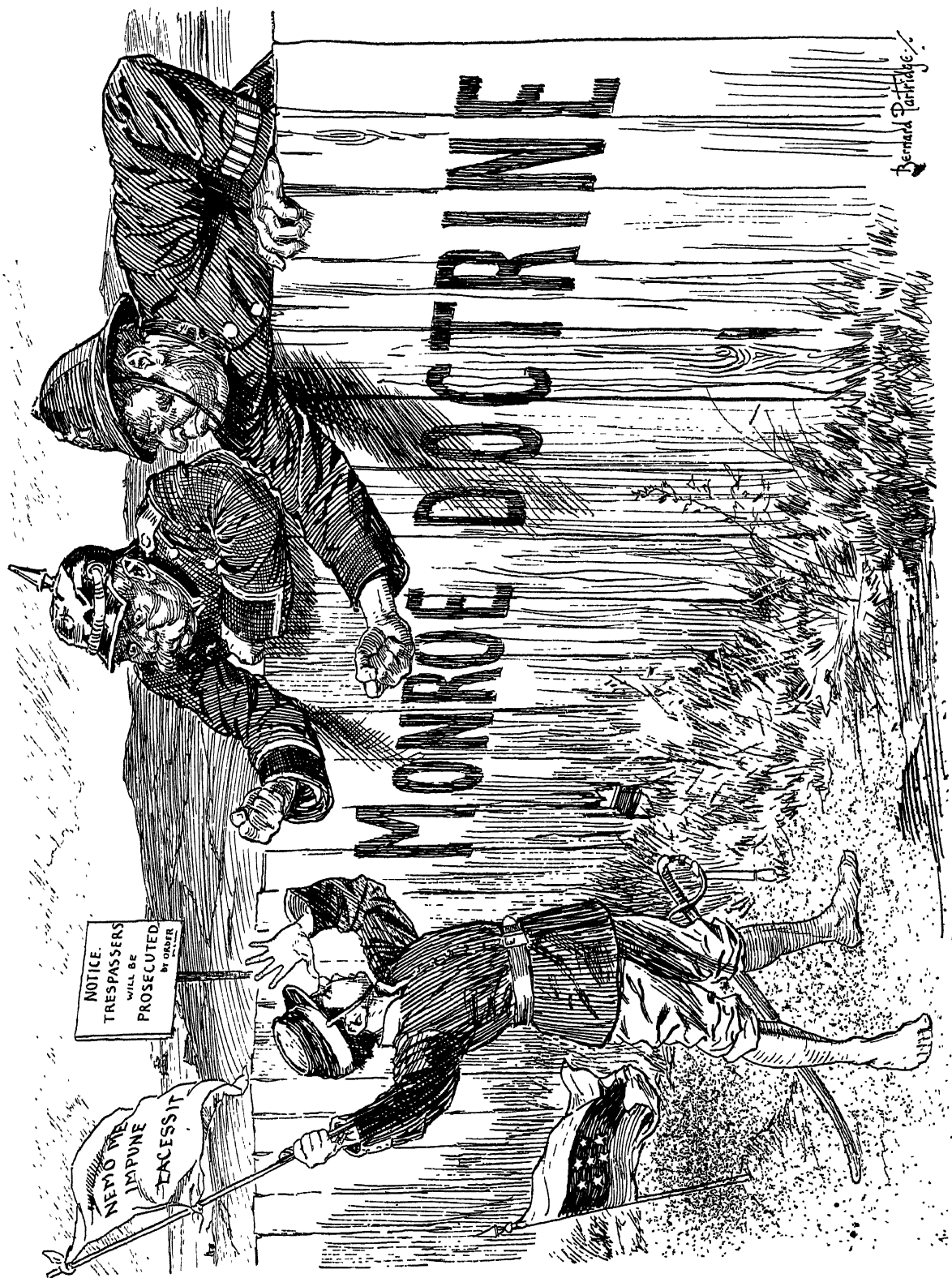
Britons never will be Slaves?

The following appears in a recent issue of the *Feathered World*:—

STRONG Man, Cart, and Harness, sell £1; must sell, moving.—
—, —, Stratford.

And yet *Mr. JOHN BURNS* has been criticised for saying that no man is worth more than £500 a year.

NEWS OF THE MOORS.—*Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON* and *Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER* are both going to appear as *Othello*. Hooray! Will not *Messrs. TREE, ALEXANDER*, and *Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM* follow soot? "The Moor the Merrier," as he would be if *DAN LENO* blacked his face and went in for the part. Wouldn't the White Eyed Kaffir have a look in? Wherever it's a failure the Manager will find himself cast for the rôle of *Cash-I-owe*.



CORNERING HIM.

Little Venezuela. "YAH! YOU BIG BULLIES! YOU DARN'T GET OVER THAT FENCE!"
England and Germany (together). "ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, WE CAN WAIT!"

TO BELINDA.

[A writer in the *Academy* suggests that, in order to prevent the increase of the unfit, persons about to be married should be compelled to insure their lives.]

FAREWELL, BELINDA! All too soon

Our dream of bliss is over;

'Tis not for us to honeymoon

To Paris *via* Dover.

Then, prithee, let thy winning charms

To love no longer lure me;

I cannot clasp thee in my arms,

For no one will insure me.

Despair has seized my bosom, for

I may not call thee wife, love.

I've begged a dozen men and more

To take my wretched life, love.

The first refused me when he found

My mother's father's uncle,

Though otherwise his health was sound,

Possessed a big carbuncle.

The next one very clearly proved

My chance of living slight is:

My second cousin once removed

Had had appendicitis.

The third one said, "I fear your life's

The very briefest span, Sir;

Your sister's husband's uncle's wife's

Great uncle died of cancer."

In vain I begged, besought, abused,

In vain my tears did fall, dear;

They one and all of them refused

To take my life at all, dear.

And since they adamantine be

To tears and even pelf, love,

The only course that I can see

Is taking it myself, love.

IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

A MORNING contemporary recently recorded the temporary disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN during his voyage to Egypt. We are now able to supply the following details:—

H.M.S. Good Hope.

Great excitement was caused on board this morning by the disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He was not in his cabin, he was not on the hurricane deck; no one had seen him go overboard. Where could he be? Search-parties were sent out, the whole ship was examined, and at length the Colonial Secretary was discovered in the stoke-hole. He had disguised himself by removing his eye-glass and orchid, and, when found, was engaged in conversation with some of the engineers who, on learning that their visitor was the Colonial Secretary, were amazed at the intelligence of the questions he put to them.

"That hard, black substance that you are shovelling into the fire is really coal? How very interesting. And you bring it in scuttles from the coalcellar?"

"We calls 'em bunkers, Sir."



"DAD! DAD!"

"Bunkers? That's what BALFOUR is always talking about, but I did not know he knew anything of ships. Why do you make such big fires?"

"To keep the water boiling."

"But don't you find it very hot?"

"Yessir."

"What would happen if you stopped stoking?"

"The fire would go out."

"And then?"

"There'd be no steam."

"And then?"

"The ship'd stop."

"Why?"

"Cos it wouldn't go on."

"I see. I suppose it takes a great deal of force to drive along this ship?"

"About twenty thousand horse-power."

"What is horse-power?"

At this point the mate in charge of the first search-party came into the stoke-hole and penetrated the Colonial Secretary's disguise. Unspeakable was the relief of everyone when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reappeared on deck none the worse for his adventure. The engineers agree that his affability and intelligent conversation were worthy of Royalty itself.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE's annotated edition of *The Clarke's Tale* may be expected shortly.

A Strange Tory, by Lord HUGH CECIL, is announced. The book is dedicated without permission to Col. KENYON-SLANEY.

A delightful Christmas gift will be found in the *Breakfast Table Series* as edited by Sir THOMAS LIPTON.

The new volume in the First and Fortunately Last Novel Series is Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE's "*Life's Little Steel and Ironies*."

SIR ALFRED JONES, K.C.M.G., is Chairman of the new jam factory in our great West Indian Colony. It has accordingly been suggested that in future it should be spelt Jam-maker.

FROM BEN TROVATO'S NOTE-BOOK.—The poet WHITTIER was doubtful concerning his fame in the future. "Ah!" he observed, sadly, "even my greatest admirers will find it difficult to prove my existence, as when comparing me with other celebrated wits, they will positively affirm that *there never was a wittier!*"

THE LOTUS EATERS.

[“I went over Dartmoor Prison a few weeks ago, and I quite envied the convict his happy, peaceful home there. So much food do they get (of the wrong kind for strength and energy) that they do not walk, they waddle; and this is not to be wondered at, as they get 32 oz. of farinaceous food a day—six times more than really necessary. Then the nice cells, good beds, plenty of magazines and books, soap, yes, and even tooth-brushes.”—*Dr. Yorke-Davies in “The Gentleman’s Magazine.”*]

WILLIAM, my friend in days gone by,
It always makes my pulse beat faster,
When I recall how you and I
“Ragged” side by side the self-same master,
Shared, without strife, a common key,
Pursued harmoniously the leather,
Brewed in our study mutual tea—
In short, were boys at school together.

And sad it is that two such friends
(I loved you, WILLIAM, as a brother)
In after life should strive for ends
Dissimilar to one another.
And sadder still, that of the pair
While one (that’s you) has prospered greatly,
The other should be doomed to fare
Upon the whole but moderately.

’Tis mine to woo the fickle brief,
To turn my brain to courts and sessions.
To you the calling of a thief
Appeared the noblest of professions.
No lack of skill your efforts marred,
Your work was silent, clean, and thorough;
They dreaded you at Scotland Yard,
They idolised you in the Borough.

For years you bore away the palm;
And now, unless the tale’s unfounded,
You live a life of fatted calf,
By every luxury surrounded.
With scented soap you idly toy,
Nor e’en the dental brush eschewed is.
Your toilet over, you enjoy
The latest novel, fresh from Mudie’s.

If to the trencher turns your mood,
A silver bell the meal announces.
You call for farinaceous food,
They bring you two-and-thirty ounces.
Such almost Eastern pomp recalls
That master of the lyric art, MOORE.
No wonder men within those walls
Extol thy charms so highly, Dartmoor.

On prison life, it seems to me
The sentimentalists talk twaddle.
Does it depress a man when he
Forgets to walk and learns to waddle?
No! Fortunate I count that man;
Yea, deem him happiest of mortals,
Who passes in a prison van
Triumphant through those fairy portals.

WILLIAM, I hate my daily toil,
I weary of the constant striving,
The cares that vex, the traps that foil,
The difficulty of “arriving.”
For ease with dignity I sigh,
For rest and peace I long with fervour—
To-morrow I go out to buy
A jammy and a life-preserver.

HEARD AT THE HAYMARKET.

SCENE—*The Stalls.* TIME—*During an Entr’acte.*

CHARACTERS—*He and She.*

She (casually glancing up at the Proscenium). There seems to be a Motto or something written up over there.

He. Y-yes. *Something* of that kind.

She. The beginning looks like “Summa Ars” —

He. Ah, I daresay. *Latin*, you know.

[*Hopes that this answer will check all further curiosity.*]

She. I know that—but what does it mean?

He. Well, “Summa Ars” is—er—High Art, don’t you know. [*Feels that he is on safe ground, so far.*]

She. And what’s that other word, right at the very end —Artem?

He. Artem? Oh, *artem* is—(*calling out the reserves of his Latin declensions*)—Artem is—Art, too.

She (surprised at the elasticity of the language). Really? And then there are two words in the middle I can’t make out.

He (thankful to hear it). No—the—er—glare of the chan-delier gets in the way, rather.

She (using her opera-glasses). One word seems to be French—“est.”

He (with a sudden sense of scholarship). No, it’s the Latin for “is.”

[*Hopes to goodness she can’t make out any more of it.*]

She. The next word looks rather like—“Celery.”

He. It’s more likely to be “celare.”

[*He pronounces it in the foreign manner—which, he considers, ought to satisfy any reasonable person that he knows more about it than he cares to show.*]

She (perseveringly). “Summa Ars est celare Artem.” How would you translate that?

He (who wouldn’t translate it at all if he could avoid it). Well—er—“celare,” you know, “celare” is—um—(*tries to remember what the deuce “celare” used to be when he was at school*)—it’s rather difficult to render exactly.

She. But can’t you give the sense of it?

He (deciding to rush it). Celare is—to celebrate.

She. Oh? High Art is to celebrate Art. But I don’t see much sense in it now!

He (with presence of mind). Don’t you? You will, if you think it over a bit.

[*She seems still inclined to return to the charge—but, to his infinite relief, the Act-drops and effectually changes the subject.*]

THIS IS THE HOUSE, &c.

NEW STYLE.

THIS is the School that ARTHUR built;
These are the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built;
These are the Managers who look after the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built;
These are the County Council Inspectors who look after the Managers who, &c.;
These are the County Council Committees who look after their Inspectors who look after the Managers who look after the Teachers, &c.;
This is the County Council that looks after its Committees who look after their Inspectors, &c.;
These are the Board of Education Inspectors who look after the County Council that looks after its Committees who, &c.;
This is the Board of Education that looks after its Inspectors who look after the County Council that looks after its Committees who look after their Inspectors who look after the Managers who look after the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War in Somaliland has now been handed over by the Foreign Office to the War Office. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* wires that operations may be delayed for nine months.

The British and German Governments have sent ultimatums to Venezuela. If they are not complied with it is intended to seize that country's Customs. It is hoped they may prove better than her manners.

As a result of Sir HORACE RUMBOLD'S alleged indiscretions, a new Foreign Office circular will shortly be issued to our diplomats begging them to be more diplomatic.

Some of our leading newspapers now publish special cablegrams from America every day. We are thus kept quite *au fait* as our cousins themselves with all the most important events that happen on the other side of the Atlantic. For instance, last week the news was flashed across to us that a pet pug-dog, having a tooth filled with gold and set with a diamond, had been lost in the Broadway. Formerly we might have been kept in ignorance of this for many weeks, if not altogether.

A Scientist named Dr. STILES has discovered that laziness is not a vice, but is due to a germ, and lazy people are delighted. They forget that the Doctor may discover a means of exterminating the germ.

It is reported that the Shah of PERSIA has reduced the number of his wives from 1700 to 60. We believe this is equivalent, in Persia, to becoming a widower.

M. PELLETAN has given permission to the sailors of the French Fleet to wear their hair in any style they like. It is now surmised that the famous Marine Minister recently ordered a reduction in the crews of all the war-vessels in order that there might be room for longer hair.

The French Premier has issued notices to the police on the subject of Church bells. They are to find out whether they are rung in such a way as to prevent the inhabitants sleeping. Apparently it is the custom in some parts of France to ring the bells during the sermon.

General BULLER has made a speech on the unbusiness-like management of the Army. There is little doubt that the



IN THE UNDERGROUND.

Lady (who has just entered carriage, to friend). "FANCY FINDING YOU IN THE TRAIN! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE MET YOU YESTERDAY, NOW? I HAD SUCH A WRETCHED JOURNEY! BUT ONE NEVER DOES MEET PEOPLE WHEN ONE WANTS TO!"

War Office occasionally makes mistakes in its selection of Generals.

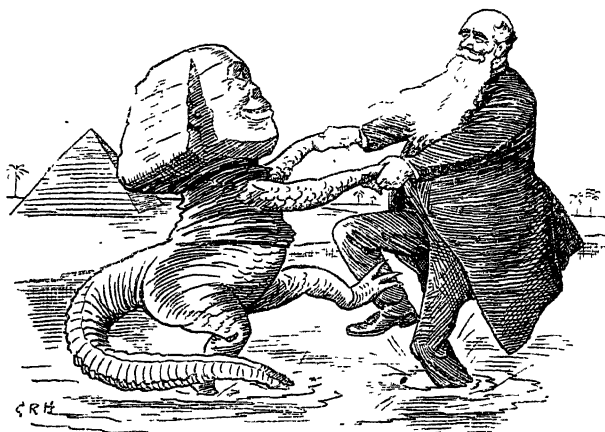
The next meeting of the British Association will take place at the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River. Newspaper readers will be glad to hear that some difficulty is likely to be experienced in reporting the proceedings of the Association from such a distant spot.

A wonderful instance of presence of mind, which has caused considerable annoyance to Mr. SOUSA, is reported from Chicago. A fire broke out at Lincoln School in that city. Upon seeing the flames one of the pupils coolly sat down at the piano and started playing a Sousa March, whereupon her fellow-schoolgirls at once marched out of the building.

The six British workmen who were refused permission to land at Sydney, New South Wales, turn out to be hatters. At first it was not known why they were so mad at their exclusion.

We hear that the New South Wales Government has recently made an experiment with the object of introducing European flat fishes to the Colony. At the time of arrival of the consignment of fishes, there were alive 560 plaice, 20 English soles, 3 Mediterranean soles, and one female lobster. Plaice aux dames!

The glowing terms of the prospectus of an Eau de Cologne Company recently issued suggest confident anticipations of a dividend of cent. per scent.



THE BIG BIG "D" IN EGYPT.

The Sphinx. "WELL, I AM 'DAM'D'! BRAVO!"

Sir John the Contractor. "SO GLAD YOU'RE PLEASED! AU RESERVOIR!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

(Concluded.)

It may be complained that up to this point I have not given any substantial advice to the aspirant who wants to get on in Society. I admit the justice of the complaint, but I want my difficulties to be considered. Everybody seems to have his or her own special idea of what Society is. You may hear it said both of A. and of B. that they go out a great deal into Society. A. frequents heavy political dinner parties and big receptions and occasionally unbends to the opera; B., on the other hand, dines a great deal at fashionable restaurants, goes on to the homes of musical comedy, tempered by tights and imbecility, and pays visits at country houses. They never meet by any chance, but still it appears to be admitted that both A. and B. are in Society. Again, the old Countess of BAGSWELL never goes anywhere except to the annual meeting of the Missionary Association in which she happens to be interested. The rest of her time she spends between her bedroom and the gloomy mausoleum to which she attaches the giddy name of drawing-room. Yet to pretend that her ladyship, the descendant of innumerable peers, and the widow of a former Under-Secretary of State, is not in Society even when she is cabined in the dark recesses of her home would be to open the flood-gates and do all the other dangerous metaphorical things which your base-born Radical threatens. My own bedmaker at Cambridge, a lady of unimpeachable rectitude but of cinerary aspect, had her own strict notions of what befitted rank. She was asked by an undergraduate evangelist to attend a prayer-meeting in the Barnwell district, and reported the invitation to me. "Did you go, Mrs. HIGGS?" I asked her. "Me go!" she answered with dignity, "certainly not. Why, some o' them people that I met there might want to come callin' on me next day!" That settled it. The evangelist lost a possible convert, but the bedmaker preserved her social exclusiveness.

Honestly, I hardly know what to advise. It seems a feeble and unmeaning thing to tell a man or a woman not to strive unduly, to be content with the friends and associates that have been provided for him or her by circumstances and natural merit, not to imagine that because HOBBS has £10,000 a year and keeps a yacht and rents a grouse moor he is better than NOBBS, who has only £2,000, or even than DOBBS, who keeps a cheerful face and a considerable family on £700. If you happen to be in the DOBBS class

you'll find him, I wager, a more amusing companion than either NOBBS or HOBBS, though his intimacy won't cost you anything like so much in pocket or anxiety. At any rate there's one lot, a little but a noisy one, that you need never worry about. These are the brainless, chattering nincompoops, male and female, who gild themselves, so to speak, up to the eyes, and live a life of strenuous sloth and self-indulgence, flinging about with both hands their own money and that which they obtain from accommodating lenders, and finishing up a paragraphic career under the stern eye of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE or Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES. What a life it is! How far exalted above the petty struggles and stupid restrictions of the ordinary ten-commandment world is the plane of superiority on which these marvellous beings move! Behold them turning a first-class hunting centre or a country house into an easy Agapemone, on the boundaries of which the poor expelled domestic virtues shiver in the cold, while the gay inhabitants gamble through the night, bet through the day, and talk their silly slang of nicknames and vapid catch-phrases in an inextricable confusion of false sentiment, arrogance, spend-thrift waste and mean intrigue and deceit. Great God! I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn—than spend an hour or a minute, or a fraction of a minute, in this glittering atmosphere of affectation and the primitive vices, unrelieved by a single fresh breath of manly honour or true womanly feeling. Pah! the mere distant contemplation of it, as it is described in the columns of the daily Press, reporting what is called a Society case, is enough to give one a fit of intolerable nausea. Why are such fribbles permitted to exist, they and their money-bags, and their dresses and jewels, and valets, and sly conspiring maids with their keen eyes at the keyhole? What object do they aim at, what purpose in the Providential government of the world do they fulfil, except to warn by disgusting? If that is the Society you are striving for, there's no more to be said. May Heaven send you a good deliverance when you're done with it!

YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD.

WHEN I was a nice little girl,
And you weren't so very much older,
Ere my locks had forgotten to curl,
Though they only came down to my shoulder,
And you were quite small, with no muscle at all,
I certainly think you were bolder.

To-night your discreetest of cards
To my heap makes the latest accession,
"Best wishes and kindest regards"
Is not an impassioned confession;
Yet your symptoms reveal what you try to conceal—
That you suffer from over repression.

The cards that you sent me of old
Were fifty times nicer than this is,
Of "Love to dear MOLLIE" they told,
And you filled up the spaces with kisses.
Of course it's correct to be more circumspect,
But somehow—there's something one misses.

Oh! I wish we were children once more,
And candid and frank in our dealings,
We're both of us sulky and sore
With these subtleties, tricks and concealings.
But until you speak out, there's no manner of doubt
I'm bound to dissemble my feelings.

EARLY MORNING FRENCH (as "she may be spoke" on the Heath, Newmarket).—"Tout est bien."

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

No. IX.—Mr. J. M. BARRIE.

WE found Mr. BARRIE by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, cleaning



"We found Mr. Barrie by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens."

his bonnie briar-root pipe and thoughtfully watching a yacht race.

"Jolly place," he said, "if it weren't for the Big Black Birds. Look at that one"—and he pointed out a predatory specimen with a beak full of food ravished from an adjacent perambulator: "Can you conceive anything odder and stouter? It terrifies me. Or rather," he added in a whisper, "he terrifies me. For his name is PETER ROBINSON. Or is it JAY?" he asked in tremulous accents.

We murmured something about the courage of a man who could stand up to fast bowling.

"Ah," said Mr. BARRIE, removing his pipe and gazing at the contents of the bowl, "in some matters I am a Craven."

"My plans?" he added in response to our question. "I don't know for certain. There's a book on the Lower End of the Serpentine that I ought to write—where the rockery is. I find that children go there too. And then there is a great subject in the strip by the Knightsbridge Barracks where the perambulators go. Sooner or later these things must be done. There's the Dogs' Home, too; and I've just heard that for real inconsiderateness there's nothing to touch the waiters in the House—so I suppose I must stand for Parliament."

"Have you thought of any particular constituency?"

"Well, nothing has been decided yet, but I have been approached by a deputation from Coventry, the centre of the perambulator industry."

"And what about your play, Mr. BARRIE?"

"My play? Oh, I'm no good except as a change bowler. But I'm filling up next season's fixture-card like anything. We're going to have a week in the Chilterns—wonderful place for making hundreds—Mr. MORLEY has joined the team, and I've asked the Admirable CRICHTON BROWNE, but he insists on playing in Harris Tweeds."

We ventured to interrupt: "Not cricket, Mr. BARRIE; we meant your stage play."

"Oh, my stage plays; I never think of them. They're just odd-time work between smoking and the Gardens and the Club and fielding mid-off. Perhaps I shan't write any more; perhaps I shall write fifty."

"Don't you think H. B. IRVING very good as Crichton?"

"He ought to be! I took enough pains with him. Why I sent him GLADSTONE'S *Studies subsidiary to the Art of Butler*, a book weighing at least a ton. It broke down three perambulators getting it to him."

As we strolled about, Mr. BARRIE showed us several interesting landmarks of the Gardens.

"That," he observed as we passed northward along the Broad Walk, "is ROBBIE NICOLL'S Tree, where he lost a saxepe and found a shilling. A good deal of excavation has been done there ever since by MARMADUKE MORGAN and CECIL YERKES. And that," continued Mr. BARRIE, pointing to a small white stone on the margin of the adjacent mere, "is called the Meeting of the Waters. There it was that Major Ponn fell into the Round Pond and would have been drowned had not he been rescued by a chimney-sweep named WHITELEY, who dived in, extracted him, and then stood revealed as Major Ponn's long-lost grandfather. Odd, wasn't it?" added Mr. BARRIE. "But now, come along home and have a smoke. There'll be some lunch first."



"Oh, I'm no good except as a change bowler."

And hailing two passing perambulators, dislodging their occupants, and courteously offering me the larger, he briskly signalled to the nurses in charge to propel us in the direction of the Bayswater Road.



"He briskly signalled to the nurses in charge to propel us in the direction of the Bayswater Road."

LAW AND POLICE.

(A Report of the Future.)

THE report that the FLASHAWAY divorce suit is postponed is unfounded. It will commence on Tuesday as advertised. There are still a few gallery seats to be obtained at five guineas each.

At Bow Street yesterday, JOHN JONES, a costermonger, was summoned for having obstructed the crowd waiting outside the pit of the Divorce Court. Lady HIGHTONE having given evidence in support of the charge, the defendant explained that he was merely trying to get his barrow through the crowd on his way from Covent Garden.

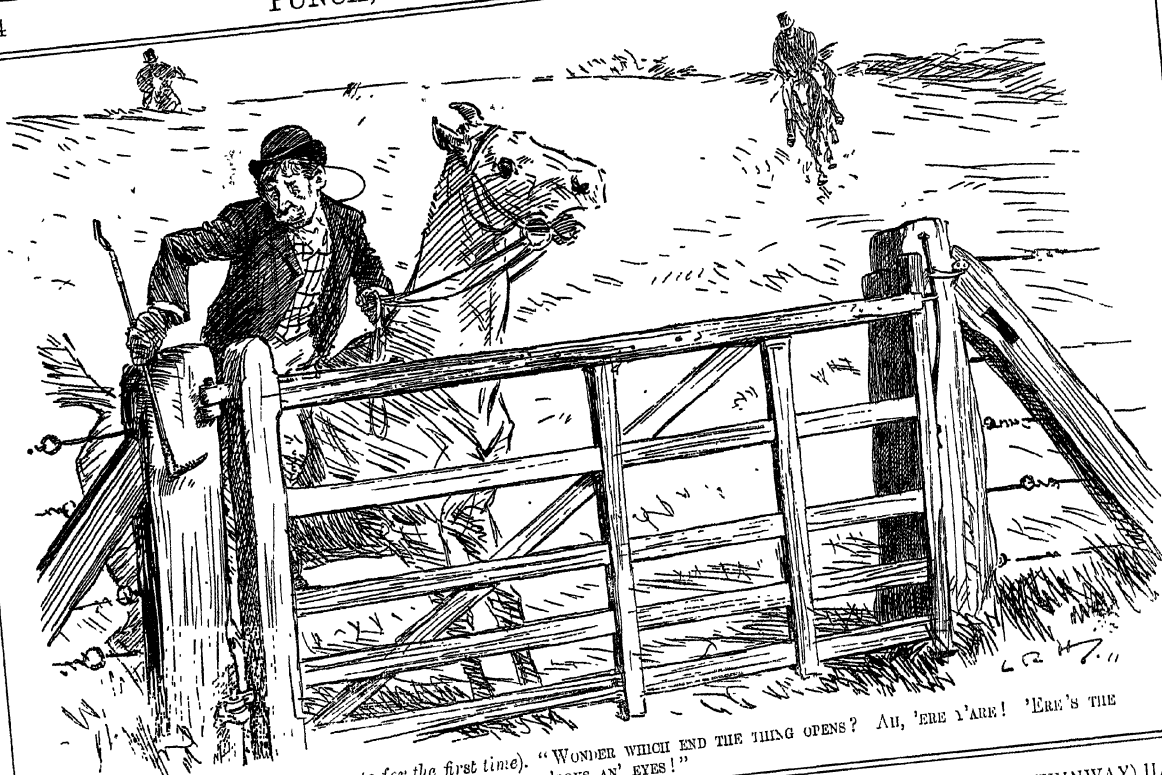
The magistrate said that the pleasure-seeking public must be protected, and fined him five pounds and costs.

At the same Court, the Earl of BLANKLEY was charged with having driven a motor car to the public danger, and further with having run down a boy with fatal result.

His Lordship explained that he was co-respondent in a divorce suit, and was on his way to the Law Courts when the accident occurred. The speed may have been a little excessive.

The magistrate said, that bearing in mind the public character of the business on which the defendant was engaged, he would discharge him on payment of half-a-crown and the funeral expenses.

The fine was at once paid.



'Arry (encountering a shut gate for the first time). "WONDER WHICH END THE THING OPENS? AH, 'ERE Y'ARR! 'ERE'S THE 'OOKS AN' EYES!"

MUSICAL GOSSIP IN 1920.

WE understand that no fewer than 36 rehearsals have already taken place of the new Symphonic Poem which the eminent composer, Herr CAMILLE HUMPERSCHECK, has graciously consented to conduct at the concert to be held on Saturday next at the King's Hall.

The work in question, which is entitled *Tohu va Bohu*, is a superbly successful attempt to express in musical terms the salient features of the forty millions of years which elapsed between the cooling of the earth's crust and the birth of KHU-RU (*alias* CHEOPS), the great Pyramid builder. It is laid out in 22 movements, and alike in length, complexity of structure and sonority of orchestration, exceeds the efforts of all composers, ancient or modern. The full score occupies ten large folio volumes, each weighing close on two hundred-weight.

To give full scenic effect to this massive and monumental manifestation of the Teutonic *Zeitgeist*, the King's Hall has been entirely redecorated by a firm of Berlin upholsterers, and only German will be allowed to be spoken in the intervals.

We have to record the death in a London workhouse of the once well-known English pianist, Mr. ARTHUR WELLINGTON JONES. It will be remembered that at the period of the German invasion he refused to uncover at the

command of the conductor of a German band, and was sentenced to death, a penalty which was afterwards commuted, on the intercession of Herr RICHARD STRAUSS, to imprisonment for ten years.

The magnificent humorous orchestral suite, "*Graf von Bilow's Lustige Streiche*," will form the chief fixture at the Philharmonic Concert next Tuesday. With his usual generosity Herr GOLDSCHOWSKY, the conductor, has invited an English performer on the triangle to take part in the performance.

For the first time for many years a native singer was heard at the Popoffsky concerts on Saturday. No satisfactory reason has been given by the Directors for this rash act, which met with well-merited reprobation. We understand that the popular member for Marylebone, Mr. WILHELM BENIGERT, has announced his intention of asking a question in the House on the subject at the earliest opportunity.

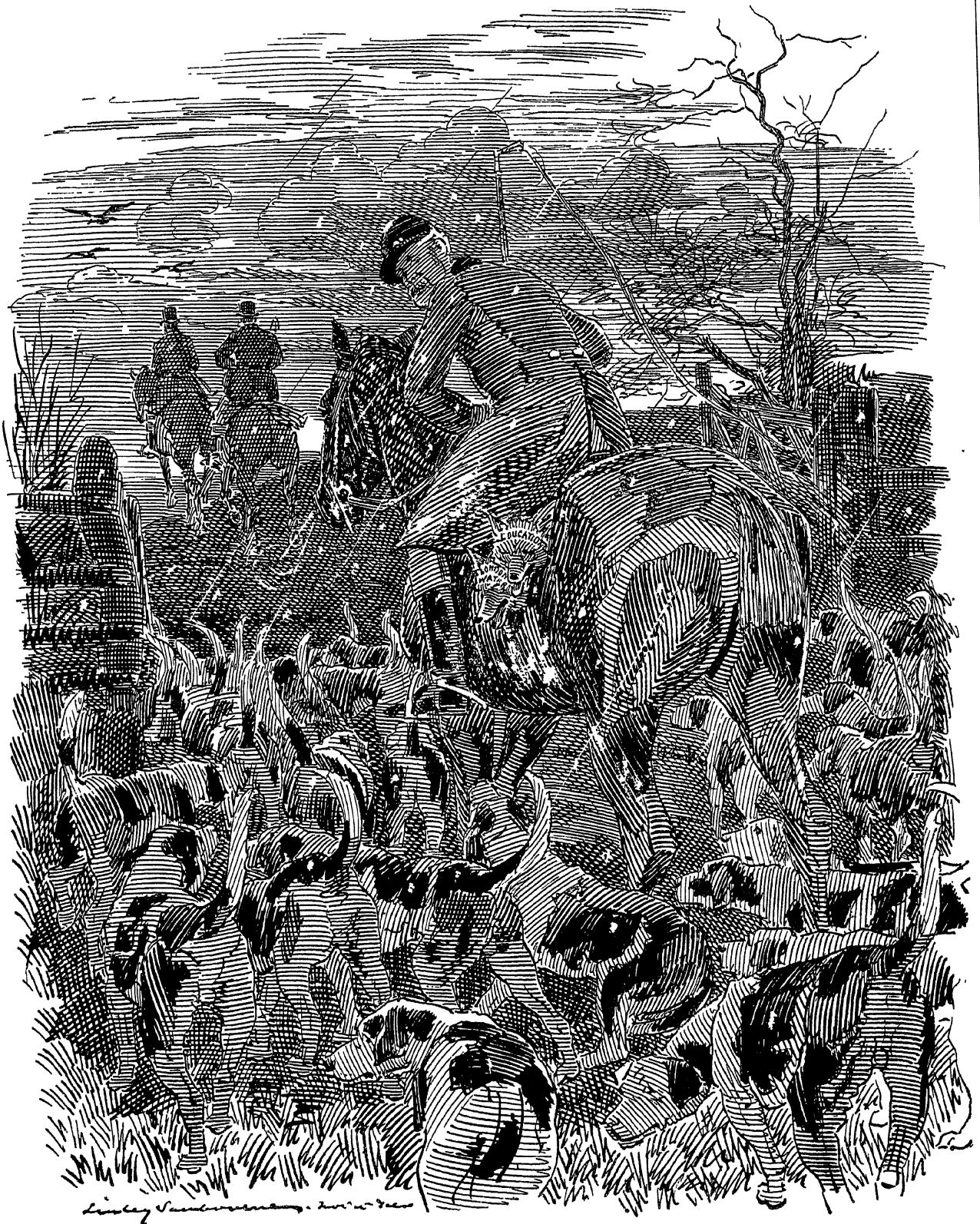
The *Musical Directory* for 1920 has just been issued. It contains the names of 14,324 persons, of whom no fewer than 53 are English. Of these, however, 41 are upwards of eighty years of age.

The Minister of Fine Arts, Mr. CARL GOLDFLEISCH, has granted special permission to Sir HUBERT STANBRIDGE to set to music some lyrics by the German poet, SCHARSPER.

"TIS PLEASANT IN (STEINWAY) HALL."

HAD PETER the Packer, or any member of Packer's Band (once upon a time well known to those who dance in circles) had the filling of Steinway Hall on the occasion of HAYDEN COFFIN's Nineteenth Concert and Recital, it could not have been more crammed than it was, with any regard to individual comfort. Mr. COFFIN in excellent form generally, though a trifle annoyed at the late arrivals of a few unfortunate persons who could not manage to be in time, for his turn, and for the one in which Miss ELDER cleverly assisted him. Those who have not heard M. MAURICE FARKOA's French version of "*Mrs. Every Atkins*" must not lose the next opportunity of doing so. Mr. H. B. IRVING recited W. S. GILBERT's immensely funny *Etiquette*, and commended with a vociferous encore (a word signifying "over again if you please") by giving a totally different recitation. The next concert is advertised for February 2. This is full notice—about two months ahead. Certainly "Sharp's", the word, and the name of the "Agent in Advance."

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—With the approach of milder weather the Thames Steamboat Company will inaugurate a service of cheap boats. We understand it will be called the Twopenny Tub.



THE END OF THE DAY.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour (jogging home). "WE'VE KILLED A BRACE; NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Dec. 8.—Question of who is Leader of Opposition popped up to-night with fresh activity. Is it LOUGH? is it SYDNEY BUXTON? is it WALTER LONG? or is it merely C.-B.? Enquiry arises on London Water Bill with reference to proceedings last Friday. Arrangement then come to between WALTER LONG in charge of Bill and SYDNEY BUXTON, the boy standing on the burning deck of Front Opposition Bench, whence all but he had fled. Settled that in consideration of certain concessions made by Minister Opposition will permit Bill to run through Committee to-night. This afternoon down comes C.-B., and amid cheers from Mr. LOUGH throws over SYDNEY BUXTON, demands another day for Committee. This too much for seraphic temper of PRINCE ARTHUR. Sixty days and nights he spent in the wilderness of Committee on Education Bill, never once betraying lapse of patience or fracture of temper. But, really, this is going a step too far. If understandings openly come to across floor of House between representatives of parties are to be ignored or upset, how is business of the country to be carried on?

Whilst PRINCE ARTHUR put this question murmur of conversation rose from lower end of Treasury Bench where Under-Secretaries flock. Turning in that direction and transfixing innocent



The Chief Whip of the Tories.

(Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd-H-d.)

"Please, Sir, it wasn't me!"

ACLAND-HOOD with flaming glance he sharply said, "Don't let us all be speaking at once." ACLAND-HOOD not had such a shock since he was at Tel-el-Kebir.

Standing between the Deep Sea

(represented by C.-B.) and Mr. LOUGH, SYDNEY BUXTON tremblingly explained. Deserted by his leader and his colleagues on Front Bench, recognising value of concessions made by Minister, anxious only to improve the Bill, he had struck a bargain approved by every Member taking active part in discussion save the plumbless LOUGH. At same time he was bound to say—here he folded round him imaginary white cloth—before taking action he should have consulted his leader. He apologised to his right hon. friend, and joined in his request for extension of the debate.

PRINCE ARTHUR looked on scornfully at this exhibition of generalship; would hold no further parley in the matter. Moved to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule so as to make sure of carrying Water Bill before House rose. LOUGH insisted upon taking division; of distracted Opposition only eleven went into Lobby against proposal, the rest fleeing till the thing was over.

"Getting on nicely, don't you think?" said SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, of late so much engaged before other tribunals as to have neglected High Court of Parliament. "Quite unnecessary for fellows opposite to do or say anything with intent to keep us out and themselves in. They may safely leave the whole thing in our hands."

Business done.—Water Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—A new word added to authorised Parliamentary phraseology. Bishop of HEREFORD called Leader of the House a Laocoon, and no one offered reproof. Certainly this was not in the Commons but in the Lords, where all sorts of queer things are done. To-night, for example, having formally gone into Committee on Education Bill, TWEEDMOUTH protested on behalf of certain Peers who prepared speeches for Second Reading, found no opportunity for delivering them, and were promised to have opening specially made on motion to go into Committee.

Idea of grown-up men insisting on making-believe to debate in order to work off belated speeches seems more like a wheeze from Wonderland than a matter of fact from Westminster. Is simply true. House having actually got into Committee in preparation for real business, positively got out again so that two or three Peers and prelates might deliver speeches prepared for Second Reading!

The absurdity unexpectedly justified by notable speech from Bishop of HEREFORD. No small measure of courage needed to rise from midst of the heavenly and surpliced choir whitening benches below Gangway, and denounce a measure primarily designed

in interests of the Church. Hardy HEREFORD performed his task with a courage, a dignity, an occasional note of pathos, that commanded respectful attention. Since the wrangle began no such weighty and powerful denunciation of the Measure has been spoken in Parliament or on the platform.

It led up to the startling imagery of COUNTY GUY as "a pathetic and noble Laocoon." The serpents who in their fatal embrace crushed the son of PRIAM and HECUBA were two in number. The Bishop of HEREFORD, more generous, threw in three for the entanglement and excuse of COUNTY GUY.

"The noble Duke," he said, "is bound in the triple coil of a disastrous, ill-starred union of the old-fashioned Tory, the traditional Whig, and the Birmingham Radical."

This supplementary reference to an eminent statesman at the moment on the seas bent on serving his country sent a shudder through an Assembly that had not turned a hair when it heard its esteemed Leader called a Laocoon.

Business done.—In the Commons



Cranborne thinks it over.

(Is life worth living at the Foreign Office?)

Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs has had time with Uganda Railway Bill.

Friday night.—I have in a pigeon-hole, harvest of many years, collection of bulls turned out in House, not all by Irish Members. Just come upon one in country paper which I sorrowfully admit is in its absolute perfection equal to our very best. A subscription being got up in the little town, one of the most ancient in Britain, for a prize golf cup; subscriptions coming in slowly, soul of editor of local paper stirred within him.

"This must no longer be," so says leading article, stirring up the townspeople; alluding to scantiness of subscriptions it thus concludes:—"If our

readers will cast their eyes down the list which appears in another column they will find names that are conspicuous by their absence."

Business done.—Complaints on Ministerial benches of bad management of Militia and Yeomanry Bill. HARRY CUST



An Independent Supporter.

Harry Cust and the Government swore.

in particular doesn't think much of his Leaders.

Tuesday, December 16.—Winding up business of a Session which, beginning in mid-January, finds conclusion almost in lap of Christmas Eve. Parting hours soothed by piece of news SARK brings along. Tells me Irish Nationalist Members have resolved to invite GEORGE WYNDHAM to dinner. Admit the idea is not original. Rival restaurants have seen entertainment of several leaders of united Opposition. At beginning of Autumn Session, in heat of fight round Education Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR dined with the Welsh Members. Why should Ireland wait?

Preliminary difficulty arisen in matter of nominating chairman. Shall it be WILLIAM O'BRIEN, JOHN REDMOND, TIM HEALY, or the tumultuous TULLY? Not yet settled, but will arrange itself. Meanwhile the "smiling assassin" much pleased at projected honour. Only stipulation he makes is that in consideration of family ties he may at the feast be seated in convenient contiguity to a door arranged on the principle of Cousin HUGH's ideal school-room, leading not necessarily into church, but into sanctuary. In the event of a "regrettable incident" developing in the heat of dinner, the Chief Secretary might at the critical moment withdraw, leaving his hosts to

fight it out in fashion proverbial in Kilkenny.

Business done.—Arranging for Pro-rogation on Thursday.

REFLECTIONS.

["Mr. LONG has perhaps more frequent occasion than any other speaker in Parliament to begin his observations with a reference to the empty condition of the benches around him."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

WHEN Mr. BALFOUR speaks, or JOE,
Why are the benches crowded so
Until they almost overflow?

I wonder.

Why do the eager Members run
Forsaking tea and Sally Lunn,
Cake, crumpet, buttered toast and bun,

I wonder.

But when I catch the Speaker's eye,
Why do no eager Members fly
To hear my oratory? Why?

I wonder.

Why do they linger where they are,
Inhaling perfumes of cigar
In smoking-rooms remote and far?

I wonder.

Nay, why do Members who are in
The House, become so few and thin
As soon as ever I begin?

I wonder.

And where but now a crowd has been
Assembled, why is nothing seen
But empty benches, bare and green?

I wonder.

Why do distinguished strangers beat,
With common herds, a swift retreat
As soon as I get on my feet?

I wonder.

Why do they flee with language strong?
Perhaps they think, this madding throng,
That life is short and I am Long?

I wonder.

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

I.—MR. JINGLE'S ELOPEMENT.

"THEY'RE gone, Sir—gone clean off, Sir!" gasped the servant.

"Who's gone?" said Mr. WARDLE fiercely.

"Mister JINGLE and Miss RACHEL—started off in a motor hired ten minutes since, and—"

"Quick!" shouted Mr. WARDLE, "my car, at once! JOIN, HARRY—some of you—go and get the petrol! TOM, my respirator and spectacles this instant! Come along, PICKWICK, we'll catch 'em in less than no time—out of the way, WINKLE, out of the way! Here we are—jump in, PICKWICK. Stand clear there!"

And in less time than it takes to

describe the event the two intrepid old gentlemen had started on their chase. Away they went, down the narrow lanes; jolting in and out of the cart-ruts, and bumping against the hedges on either side.

"Is it—is it safe?" mumbled Mr. PICKWICK behind his respirator, as he peered anxiously through his goggles into the surrounding darkness.

"Hope so," replied WARDLE, fumbling with the speed-gear. "Wish I understood this blessed machinery better, though. Only had a motor a week, and—"

A violent cannon against a signpost cut the remark short.

For a while there was silence. Then Mr. PICKWICK, who had been sniffing uneasily, broke the silence once more.

"My dear good friend," he gasped, "what is this abominable smell?"

"Acetylene," rejoined Mr. WARDLE abruptly. "Something gone wrong with the lamp. Look out, sharp corner here—and now we go downhill. Sit tight!"

But to comply with this direction was impossible. Mr. PICKWICK was thrown up and down in his seat like a cork. His goggles were jerked from his nose, his cap blown like a feather towards the sky, his whole body converted into one tremendous bruise.

"Ah, we're moving now," cried Mr. WARDLE exultingly and indeed they were moving. Fields, hedges, and trees seemed to rush from them with the velocity of a whirlwind. Suddenly Mr. PICKWICK exclaimed with breathless eagerness: "Here they are!"

Yes, a few hundred yards ahead of them was a motor, on which the well-known form of JINGLE was plainly discernible. It was travelling quite slowly, and Mr. WARDLE increased his speed yet further with a shout of triumph. "We have them, PICKWICK, we have them!" he cried, while the car flew like a streak of lightning. And then suddenly—a bump—a crash—and Mr. WARDLE and Mr. PICKWICK found themselves seated in the middle of the road, which was strewn with fragments of their machine. Two members of the constabulary were coiling up a rope which, stretched across the highway, had procured their downfall. A third policeman licked his pencil, and produced a notebook.

"Thought our rope would spoil your little game. Thirty-seven miles an hour, I make it. Names and addresses, please?"

JINGLE's car had stopped a short way ahead. "Ta-ta, PICKWICK," he shouted, "good-bye, WARDLE—measured mile—scorching a mistake—police waiting—twigged 'em directly—slowed down. If lucky—option of fine—probably imprisonment. Well, so long!" and re-starting his machine, he disappeared.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"I AM DOWN AGAIN!"—*Cymbeline*, Act V., Sc. 5.

A FIRST-RATE BAG—IN THE BOND STREET COVERTS.

ALL Partridges, fifty-five brace and a half of 'em, every one of 'em in excellent condition, all the better for hanging, ready and waiting, and a great treat for everybody. Walk in and see the uncommonly Fine Art Show at 148, New Bond Street. Now then, Ladies and Gents, walk your chalks, enter within the pastellated walls, and see what can be done with crayon, wash, and body colours (sounds like sending you to "Bath!") in this most interesting show.

2. "*Clementina*." We do not know who CLEMENTINA is, whether related to Argentina or Concertina, but we make her acquaintance here and admire her immensely.

4. *A Single Figure*. Why single? Ought to be married.

5. *Lady Teazle* as she walked off in a huff after the great scene with *Sir Peter*.

9. Encore "*Clementina*." All the better for a "wash."

13. Venetian symphony. Sensational moment. Flight of gondolier, skeddaddling at the very sight of a giant's shoe. Giant himself invisible in foreground, or rather in fore-water. Further description useless. Notice shoe to your right.

13. *The Dentist's Chair*. Lady with hand on her left side where the pain is—probably the stitch in time which saves nine—while her right cheek rests on pillow. Evidently severe toothache: tooth not yet drawn by artist: with a touch he will give her the "relief" she so much needs.

31. Delightful pastel. A Norman peasant woman, easily mistaken for "My old Dutch."

33. *Sir Henry Irving*. Admirable portrait of him as *Louis XI.* or "*Unlimited Loo*."

44. *Mlle. Augustine Malville*. She ought to obtain an engagement as "companion" to No. 31.

47. "*Cream and Roses*." What sort of "cream"? Ahem! state of costume quite sufficient to account for the "roses" on the "young person's" cheeks.

50. ENCORE SIR HENRY IRVING! Now as "*The Lyons Male*": of course *The Lion*. So like him! "We thought it was IRVING!" as Lord BRANDON THOMAS used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*.

56. "*The Red Scarf*," or "*Looking Back*." Portrait of a "Woman with a Past"—el.

62. *The Jester*, with an empty skull. Bitter satire: preserved in oil.

67. *On the Banks of the Turpentine*.

69. A perfect little water-colour, as (76), "*Principal* (or perhaps *Unprincipled*) *Ballerina*," is a perfect pastel.

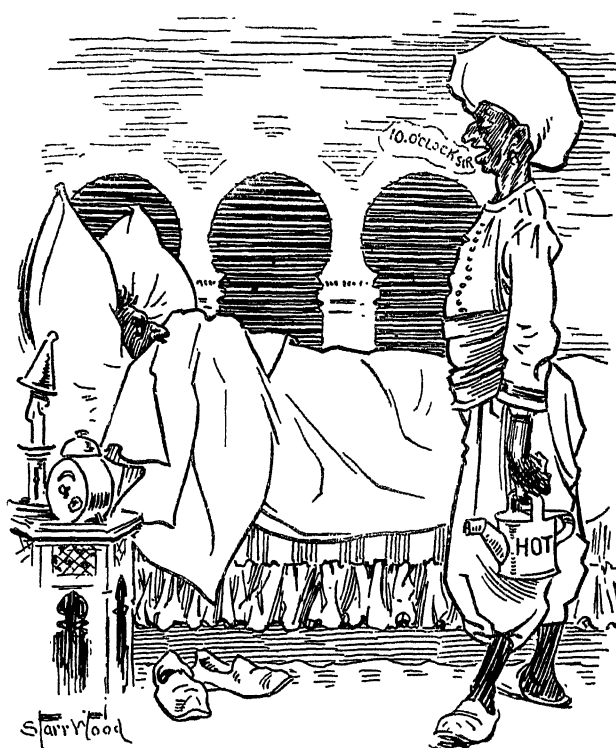
71. "*A Sketch in Reds*." A fancy portrait of "*La Dame de St. Blaize*." It should have been dedicated to Mr. SMAUKER, chairman and president of the Bath Footmen's Club. Permit us the "reference to character":—

"'Sorry to keep the fire off you, WELLER,' said Mr. TUCKLE, with a familiar nod. 'Hope you're not cold, WELLER.'"

"'Not by no means, Blazes,' replied SAM. 'It'd be a very chilly subject as felt cold wen you stood opposit. You'd save coals if they put you behind the fender in the waitin' room at a public office, you would.'"

"As this retort appeared to convey rather a personal allusion to Mr. TUCKLE's crimson livery, &c., &c."

The mere sight of picture warmed us to our task, and divesting ourselves of overcoat and wrapper, we continued our inspection in a perfect glow. That is, we would have done so, but this painting by a Reddy Wit in glowing colours only equal to those in which we would describe the entire exhibition, sent us off at high pressure, and though we dipped into No. 90, a Thames Creek, so refreshing, so silent and quiet (a noiseless creak,) and though we fain would have lingered over (100), "*Sketch of Myself*" as



THE LATE RISING IN MOROCCO.

nobody ever saw me, and which ought to have been underlined with BURNS's lines—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us;"

and should have loved to stand before No. 109, trying to make out who the mysterious "*G. B. S.*" as there portrayed might possibly be, yet were we bound to issue forth into the outer air, readjust our "elegant wrapper," and still with most vivid and inspiring memories of *The Scarlet Lady* (Heavens! was *this* the cryptic idea?), to hurry off to lunch. Let us advise all lovers of the Black Art, combined with the White Art, to visit this Gallery, where never will the true connoisseur complain of satiety or want of variety, though 'tis all "*Toujours Perdrix*."

AWKWARD.

Mr. A., who has recently married for the second time, is assisting his wife to show a book of photographic portraits lying on the table to a little girl on a visit.

Little Girl. Oh! what a beautiful face! Who is it?

Mr. A. (a trifle uncomfortable). That, my dear, is a picture of my first wife. (Continuing hurriedly) She is dead; I don't think you remember her; and (about to turn the page over)—

Little Girl (insisting on keeping the photograph well before her, and appealing enthusiastically to Mrs. A.) Oh! but she's so pretty! What a pity she died! (Turning suddenly to Mr. A.) Isn't it? [She finds herself alone.]

RECENT NEWS EN VOYAGE.—The *Good Hope* seems to be one of the "*Ships that pass in the Night*." All's well.



Jones (arriving in the middle of the Overture to "Tristan and Isolde"—quite audibly). "WELL, THANK GOODNESS WE'RE IN PLENTY OF TIME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Three Years' War (CONSTABLE), loyally dedicated by its author, General DE WET, "to my fellow-subjects of the British Empire," is unquestionably the book of the year. It pretends, says my Nautical Retainer, to no sort of literary charm, but, what is of still greater value, it gives with eloquent simplicity an immediate record of the most brilliant strategist that the War produced. The actual narrative of events in which the author played his part with such rare intelligence and gallantry is told with an obvious desire for honesty and the avoidance of boastfulness. When he passes beyond facts to the expression of opinion he is liable to show something of the bitterness of the partisan who can see only one side of a question. His comments upon "War against women" take no sort of account of the military necessity imposed upon us by the action of the Boer women in sheltering combatants, conveying information, and concealing ammunition. On certain questions his views differ widely from those of General BOTHA. The blockhouses are declared by DE WET to have been practically useless; by BOTHA (Appendix A) they are described as "likely to prove the ruin of our commandos." Of the purpose of the Boer Delegates in Europe, DE WET emphatically states that they never entertained the idea of European intervention; yet at the Vereeniging meeting (of which the minutes, here reproduced for the first time in English, are of unique interest) BOTHA distinctly refers to the failure of their hopes in this direction.

As a personal history of hazardous enterprise against odds, the book remains the most remarkable of human documents. Mr. SARGENT's frontispiece portrait is a fine achievement; and the volume is produced with that sound workmanship which characterises all Messrs. CONSTABLE'S productions.

To their Highway and Byway Series Messrs. MACMILLAN have added *Highways and Byways in London*. The narrative and description are from the picturesque pen of Mrs. E. T. COOK, the abundant illustrations from the pencils of HUGH THOMSON and F. L. GRIGGS. The book differs in plan from the works of WALTER THORNBURY, JAMES THORNE, and

other tillers of the fruitful field. Whilst not neglecting ancient records and sources of information, Mrs. COOK, having diligently trodden the highways and byways, chats about them in personal and pleasant fashion.

Celebrities and I (HUTCHINSON) opens with some dangerously puerile reminiscences and reflections. Miss HENRIETTE CORKRAN begins her story when she is in the nursery, and it is, naturally, concerned with tarts, jams, and comfits. My Baronite was beginning to get tired of the book when about a third way through he found it grow interesting. Miss CORKRAN, a typical Irishwoman educated in France, has through her life gazed on the world with sharp eyes, on the whole not fully appreciative, or obtrusively friendly. Whilst still in the nursery THACKERAY gave her tarts, and five-franc pieces. So he's all right. But she sees spots on other suns. The habit does not make the book less attractive for others beyond the family circles immediately concerned. Miss CORKRAN has come into contact with a remarkable succession of notable people, and, evidently not being what you would call shy, has made the most of her opportunities of observation. The scrappy chapters are full of vivid pictures, crudely coloured but effective. The description of Mrs. LYNN LINTON, who seems to have been kind to the young girl and taken her about a good deal, and her graphic description of a Sunday evening at WESTLAND MARSTON'S, are fair examples of her talent, taste, and temper. And what do admirers of ROBERT BROWNING think of the discovery made on looking out of the back window at Warwick Crescent of the author of *The Ring and the Book* "nursing a goose, absolutely carrying it in his arms"?

"'Tis a gruesome title," quoth the Baron, meditatively. "What title may that be, an' please you?" inquired a Junior Baronitess. Responded the Baron, frowningly, "Marry, 'tis 'The Woman who went to —,' a place unmentionable to ears polite, let us say 'to Tartarus,' eh?" "Compris," answered the Baronitess. "Yet 'tis a booklet of gracious aspect." "Ay," returned the Baron, "and of excellent quality, the quantity being limited. Its authoress is DORA SIGERSON, and the work is published by *The de la More Press*

in its up-to-date style, since the motto of the Company can never be "*de la 'More remains behind!'*" *Prosit!*

"So as I weepe and wayle and pleade in vaine
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still
remayne."

Those who affect such *amoretti* will find SPENSER's best, and a portrait of the poet to boot, in a pretty little pocket volume of the *York Library* series (BRIMLEY JOHNSON).

Christmas at the Mermaid (no sort of relation to *The Lady from the Sea*), by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON (JOHN LANE) is one of those fragrant "*Flowers of Parnassus*" suitable as a poetic evergreen for the literary button-hole at Christmas. The illustrations by HERBERT COLE make perfect a delightful booklet.

Sir EDWARD REED—so runs the report of the Baron's Assistant—has published a volume of *Poems* (GRANT RICHARDS). Many men less justly celebrated than Sir EDWARD have done the same without any such warrant as he possesses. He has designed mighty ships of war, actual ships with turrets and guns and all that may belong to a ship, and now he sends forth a varied fleet of verses to sail the waters of approval. I drop the metaphor, and beg to declare that there is the real right stuff in these poems. The verse is emphatically good in technique; not only is the voice resonant and manly, but it is the voice of one who has a refined nature and a sensitive ear for melody.

Fairy Fancies and Fun, by EDITH KING-HALL (FOXWELL), with love "to my nephew EDDY," is the Eddy-fying dedication of a dainty little book in a fancifully-decorated cover, containing some quaint conceits, such as might be expected from a clever student of *Alice in Wonderland*. No doubt little EDDY's eddy-cation will be hereby considerably assisted.

Those who may have read (in various Magazines named in a prefatal note) "several of the tales" which appear in *Tales by Three Brothers* (ISBISTER)—the three brothers being *Phil*, *Kay*, and *Percy Robinson*—will, doubtless, be delighted to meet them again in a form which proves that they have the "power to add to their number." The book offers just that sort of "appetiser" to which we can sit down for half an hour on our way "from labour to refreshment."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.—Mistakes will happen even in the best regulated printing-offices. The *Daily Express* of the 8th inst. waxed merry on page 4



THOSE LOVELY CURLS TOO!

Mother (entering). "WHAT EVER ARE YOU BOYS DOING?"

Bobby. "OH, ON'Y PLAYING BARBERS. WILLY'S DONE ME, AND NOW I'M DOING HIM!"

over the following printer's jumble in a Swansea paper:—

"Lady Chesterfield is Lady Hartopp's sister, and Miss Muriel Wilson, who has reigned as a leading beauty for several years, is her cousin, too strong when a half quantity only is used in comparison to other Cocoas, a further reduction in the quantity used is advisable."

On page 1 of the same issue of the *Daily Express* there appeared the following:—

"A riotous scene occurred in the French frost clouds to great heat, ended in the wreck of the balloon on touching earth near Marlborough."

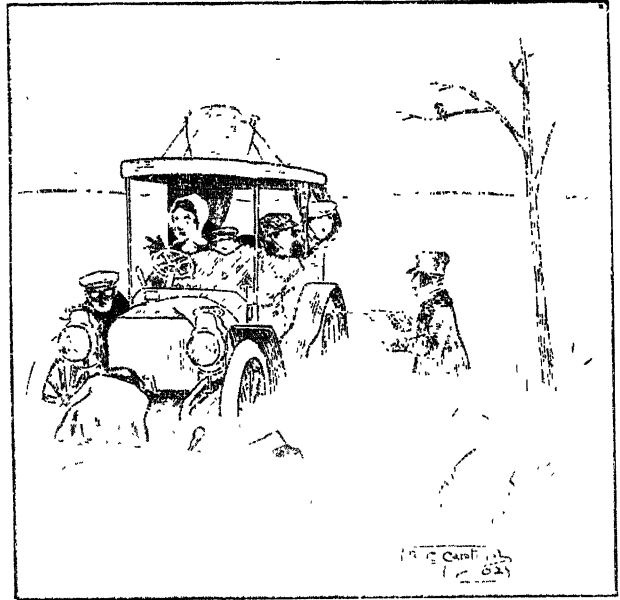
Swansea smiled.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

When of coming Christmas Day
Eager children prattle;
When the 'buses all display
Counterfeits of cattle;

In the grate when grateful fires
Glow with greater brightness;
When the surly guard acquires
Suddenly politeness.

When resolves made months ago
You—too late—remember;—
These are certain signs to show
That it is December.



THE ADVANCE IN ROAD LOCOMOTION.

CHRISTMAS, 1702 (IN SNOW).

CHRISTMAS, 1902 (IF IN SNOW).

ALL EXTRAVAGANCE
DURBARRED.

In deference to the wish of the *Daily News* that there should be no "extravagance or oriental splendour" at the coming Durbar, in view of the distressful state of India, we are given to understand that the following resolutions have been come to:—

(1) The Viceroy will take a "second return" to Delhi.

(2) And will go up from the railway station to the Durbar Hall in a four-wheeled cab.

(3) The Viceroy's suite will travel third class to Delhi, and walk from the station.

(4) Instead of the State Banquet, ham sandwiches, buns and sherry ("good sound wine at one and three—nutty flavour") will be handed round, on trays.

(5) The State elephants, brought by the native Princes and Rajahs, will be let on hire at a reasonable price per hour, the proceeds to go in reduction of their provender bill.

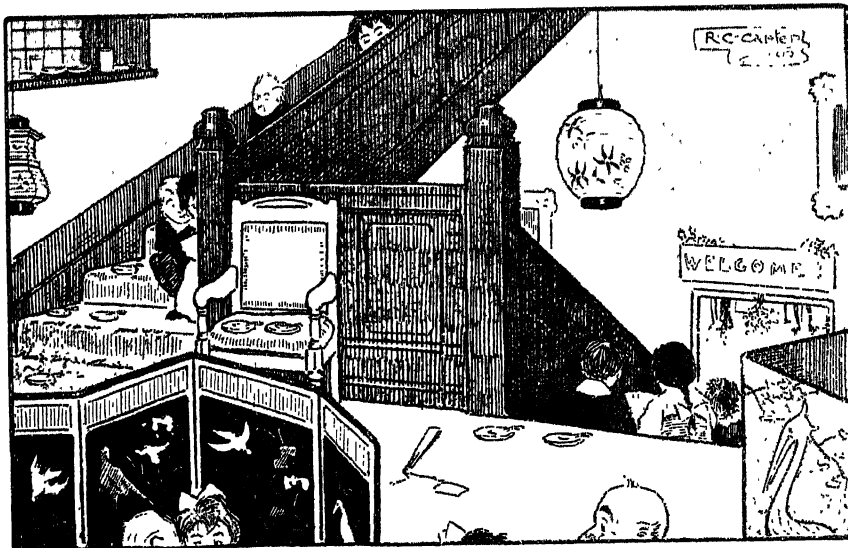
(6) Whilst the Heralds are sounding a *fanfare* immediately after the KING is proclaimed Emperor of India, the bag will be sent round and our Indian guests invited to contribute a trifle towards the expenses of the show.

(7) The whole Tamasha will be run by a "cutting-price" contractor.

WIRE FROM VICEROY TO MR. PUNCH, REPLY PAID.—*Invitation*: Sorry you cannot come personally. Please send representative to Delhi. *Reply*: Delhi-ted.

"My Countryman! and yet I know him not!"

"SPECIAL SCOTCH."—Above this signature a correspondent writes to ask if the celebrated "D. CAMERON, of Bean Kartchio," of whom he has heard frequent mention, was a Highlander in the service of an Italian, or was Bean Kartchio the name of the estate abroad where he had become a naturalised Italian? "Special Scotch" adds that he will be most glad of the correct information, as he intends lecturing on "My Countrymen Abroad."



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—MR. PUNCH'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

"WITH GENERAL FRENCH." — "That's exactly what I want," exclaimed an intending traveller, who, not parley-vooing fluently, was thinking of spending a few days in Paris; "of course it's a conversational handbook." He had omitted to read the remainder of the advertisement of this account of the cavalry in South Africa.

A CHRISTMAS BOWL.

Oh, London's streets are a dismal sight
 If you wander about on a Christmas night;
 The doors are barred and the blinds made trim,
 And the fronts of the houses are black and grim.
 I warrant there's plenty of laughter there,
 Jollity, jokes and warmth to spare,
 With food in abundance and wine, no doubt,
 But it's all within while you stand without,
 And shiver and gaze and stamp and dream,
 And watch your breath as it goes in steam,
 Curling, lingering, floating, wreathing,
 And you wonder idly what keeps you breathing,
 And sending these ghosts of yourself to follow
 The vanishing ghosts that the dim mists swallow.
 So there I walked, and my thoughts were sinister
 As those of a—what shall I say?—a Minister
 Who is chased by a loud-voiced Opposition
 From his pride of place and his high condition,
 While nobody marks him or heeds his wishes,
 And his foes fall to on the loaves and fishes;
 Or a Bishop, it may be, of this place or that place—
 No opulent See, and by no means a fat place—
 Who, while he has trimmed and toiled and waited,
 Has seen no end of the rest translated,
 And himself grows lean in despair of a fatter See—
 So I walked till at last I came to Battersea.
 And there on the bridge I stood set high,
 And the river below went sliding by:
 Dark and gloomy and deep and old,
 With spears of light on its ebb a-shiver
 That broke its eddies with glints of gold,
 Solemnly slid the ancient river
 Between dark banks where the mist clung damp
 To the glittering serpent of lamp on lamp
 That trailed to the east where the moon hung low—
 Never was seen a larger or rougher ring—
 With her face all scarred and a brick-dust glow
 That served to set off her expression of suffering.
 Then after a minute I turned, and back
 I trudged and trudged with my thoughts still black;
 And there, as I stolidly trudged, I knew
 That somebody else was trudging too.
 Faster I went, but I never outpaced him,
 So I set my teeth and I turned and faced him.
 I never saw a jollier sight
 Than my fellow-trudger that Christmas night:
 A pilot-jacket the man was wrapped in,
 And his eyes were gleaming with fun, and glancing
 Like a couple of fairies dancing, dancing;
 And he looked like a storm-tossed old sea captain,
 With a face so battered by every weather
 That a man might meet from Penang to Porlock,
 That it made you just pull yourself together
 And hitch your trousers and touch your forelock,
 As if, while still for the shore you hanker,
 You had got rowed out to a ship at anchor,
 You being at that time rated A.B.,
 With a roll in your walk like a two-year baby,
 And had climbed the ladder and stepped aboard her,
 With your ear cocked sharp for the Captain's order.
 Now where had I met the man? I knew
 He had never commanded a ship or crew;
 His face and his figure, I knew them well,
 But what was his name I couldn't tell.
 Stay, there was—"Tush" to myself I said,
 "It can't be he, for he's long been dead,
 Dead and buried this many a year,
 And Westminster Abbey had his bier,

And Westminster Abbey's storied stones
 Are the vault that covers the great man's bones.
 But still there's a look in his face, a quip
 Of roguish spirits that haunt his lip,
 A tilt of his head with its bold, strong high brow,
 And a quick sharp trick of his lifted eye-brow—
 If it's not—but I know it's not, because
 CHARLES DICKENS is dead"—but, *by Zeus, it was!*
 And, oh, what a joy to take his hand
 There in the street where he came and found me,
 Back, straight back from the shadow-land,
 And his glorious capturing smile thrown round me.
 DICKENS, hurrah! he was back again—
 Back with his store of jovial laughter!
 Off went he; in his rushing train,
 I, all wonder, went rushing after.
 He stopped at a house, made up his mind,
 Passed right into it, I behind;
 I don't know whose and I can't say where,
 But well I know that a house stood there.
 And then like a flash we seemed to enter
 A great room fixed in the house's centre,
 Where, to judge by the table spread and lighted,
 An army of guests had been invited.
 But, when we were in and the big door thrust-to,
 I couldn't see anyone else save us two.
 At the end of the table stood a bowl,
 A bowl built in like a landlord's fixture,
 And into it swift he poured his soul,
 And he filled it full, and he stirred the mixture
 With a business air till there came an aroma
 Better than rum, lemon, water and cinnamon,
 That had roused old R.R. from his state of coma
 With a leap like an eel's from the board that you skin
 him on.

And oh, but the magical air was humming
 With the cheeriest songs I used to know;
 And in through the door old friends kept coming,
 Dear companions of long ago.
 Dear old gardens I used to roam in,
 Dear old voices I thought were lost,
 Dear old scenes that I had my home in,
 Jolly old days of sun or frost,
 Where every day had a bright to-morrow,
 And nobody dreamt of pain or sorrow;
 Childhood's merriment, childhood's noise,
 Boyhood's frolic and jokes and joys;
 And full in the midst a Christmas tree,
 Loaded and lit as they used to be—
 These sights I saw and these sounds I heard
 While the bubbling mixture was stirred and stirred.
 Till—lo, with a flash that leaves you darkling,
 Out went the vision gay and sparkling,
 And the bright hall turned to a gloomy, dead room—
 And I was alone in my own dull bedroom. R. C. L.

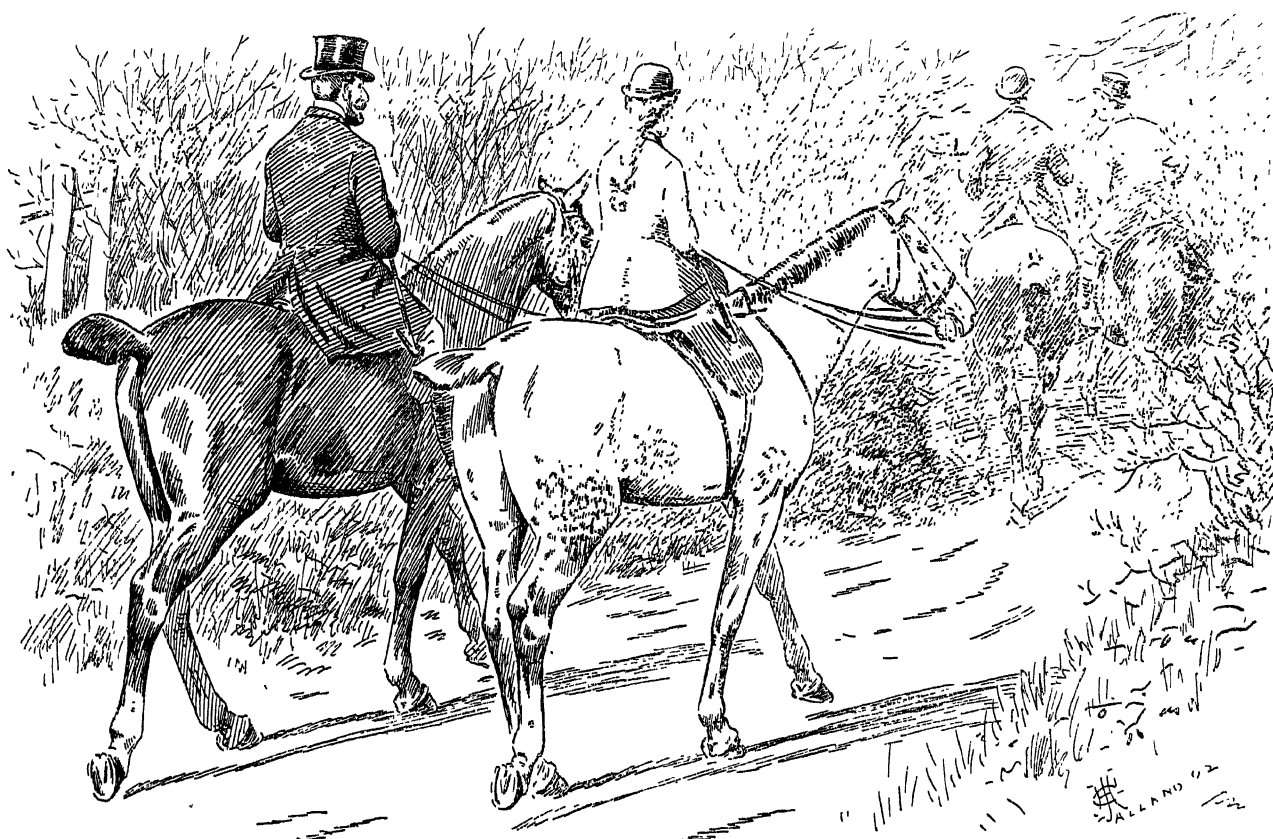
ONLY BARS OF MUSIC.—Disciples of Sir WILFRED J. WILSON should be grateful to the firm of BROADWOOD for the good example they are setting. Not only are their concerts short, without an interval for refreshment, but they actually use a "Barless" Piano. Continuing in this line the pianos used here may soon be the best "*Bar-none*."

CORRESPONDENCE UNANSWERED.—SIR,—I read about an extension of "Bart's" in connection with Christ's Hospital. Is "Bart's" a Home for decayed Baronets started originally by a Beneficent "Bart.," and hence the name "Bart's"? I don't know, or of course I should not ask and sign myself
 I. G. NORMAN.



AN UNPOPULAR IDOL !

HOW BILLY AND HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOLMATES INTEND TO WREAK THEIR VENGEANCE, IF ONLY A SNOW-STORM BE PROPITIOUS, ON THE EMBANKMENT SOME SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT CHRISTMAS-TIME.



"WHY HAS THAT HORSE A RED RIBBON ON HIS TAIL, UNCLE?"

"OH, I EXPECT HE'S INCLINED TO KICK."

"BUT SURELY THAT CAN'T REALLY PREVENT HIM?"

TO THE SMART WOMAN.

Do you breakfast in bed every morning?
 Do you spend half the night on the gad?
 Do you sally forth daily to meet Him,
 Like a lass that is seeking a lad?
 Do the youths of your coterie call you
 Or Bibi or Tou-tou or Midge?
 Are your brains, if you happen to have them,
 Exclusively turned upon Bridge?
 Do you profit by tips on the race-course?
 Do you lay reprehensible snares,
 Hunting elderly gents into corners,
 To chatter of gold mines and shares?
 Do you fly to a Restaurant dinner
 In dread of an evening *chez vous*?
 Are you shocked when you hear of the Others
 What the Others are whisp'ring of you?
 Do you post half your letters in secret?
 Do you blush when you read what is writ?
 Do you flavour your speech with suggestion,
 And fondly mistake it for wit?
 Do you think that your mate is a fool, Ma'am?
 Do you think that your lover is true?
 Or is it not rather your rule, Ma'am,
 All serious thought to eschew?

NEW BOOK IN PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.—*Underlying Raisins*, by the author of *Upper Currents*. Appropriate. Next volume, in the cold weather, *Slap*, by the author of *Pat*.

A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER IN PANTON STREET.

IN *Monsieur Beaucaire* at the Comedy Theatre Messrs. TARKINGTON and SUTHERLAND have presented the public with a pretty play. The story here dramatised has, I believe, already achieved some success as a novel; and indeed it will have occurred to many who have applauded the acting at the Comedy, that the novel, as a work of descriptive art, must have enjoyed no small advantage over the play. The dialogue that would "read" well in the study is apt to become prolix on the stage; while characters that are "people of some importance" in the pages of romance, when concreted as *dramatis personae*, appear as, more or less, merely decorative accessories of the scene. Thus it comes about that on the broad back of Mr. LEWIS WALLER as *Beaucaire*, and on the comely shoulders of Miss GRACE LANE as *Lady Mary*, is laid the burden of the comedy, and admirably they carry it off; Mr. WALLER, as in chivalrous duty bound, imposing on himself two-thirds of the task, and acquitting himself thereof to perfection, or as near it as possible.

Miss CONSTANCE WALTON is a *piquante Lady Rollerton*, and Mr. EDWARD FERRIS gives a clever rendering of the wicked *Duke of Winterset*, whose title, judging from his own conduct and that of his boon companions, would have been more to the purpose had it been *Duke of Whataset*! Comparatively uneventful as is the progress of the first two Acts, the curtain is raised again and again after the final tableau of the Second Act to enthusiastic applause aroused by the contents, as it were, of a "surprise packet" being suddenly disclosed to the audience in the person of an old lady of fashion, got up to the very life of the period, and leaning



Tommy. "I SAY, ELSIE, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL COME AND SEE YOU EVERY DAY WHILST YOU ARE ILL."

on the arm of her chivalrous cavalier, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. This lady, Miss MINNIE GRIFFEN, impersonating *The Countess of Greenbury* ("by the kind permission of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON," who is not at present requiring the services of this actress as *Desdemona* to his *Othello*) has merely to appear, has not a word to say, and, lo and behold, the house rises at her, cheering her to the echo! The climax of this Second Act is a great *coup de théâtre*.

After this there are ambushes, and skirmishes, and clashing of swords, and smashing of sticks, and cracking of whips, and some impressive acting by Mr. H. SAVILE as *François* the faithful valet of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, who is always on the point of letting his master's title out of the bag.

As in *The Admirable Crichton*, so here, an entirely new character is sprung upon the audience in the last Act; and at the supreme moment it is Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS, representing the *Marquis de Mirepoix*, French Ambassador, who enters as the *deus ex machina*, and on his word, we, and everybody present, accept *Monsieur Beaucaire* as the most noble prince *Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans*. Strong indeed, and a firm favourite with the audience, must be the actor whose popularity can sustain two such shocks as these startlingly effective introductions of new personages, one at the end of the Second Act, and the other at the close of the play. Yet this does Mr. WALLER, and his *Monsieur Beaucaire* may be regarded as a triumph over dramatic conventionality, and a real success in spite of the dramatists.

GAMLÉ NORGE VERSUS CHICAGO.—The Yankee boasts that he can make use of the whole hog, "bar the squeak." The hardy Norseman says that he can use the entire cod, "including the sound."

DIARY OF THE M.F.H.

Friday.—Eheu! fugaces. Another Christmas and another so-called "Boxing" Day. Why, oh why was Boxing Day ever invented to plague and harass the wretched M.F.H.? It releases hordes of "operatives" from the neighbouring town of Grimyville, others—too numerous to mention—from workshop, desk, and counter, to crowd round coverts, shout, rush about, and head foxes. And, crowning nuisance of all, "TOMMY" and his young friends are home from school. We all know what that means in the hunting field! Whoa—I mean woe—is me!

Arrived at the meet, Sir PORCSON POSHBORO, our Member, seized me and introduced his two sons.

"They're home from Cambridge, and want to see whether your pack can get along as fast as their own Draghounds there!"

I "squirmed," and humbly begged these hopeful youths to remember that fox catchers are not supposed to race like a Drag; adding that I would feel obliged by their *not* riding on top of hounds. *Par parenthèse*, I may observe that these giddy undergrads subsequently left open a gate, thus releasing fifty head of horned cattle to rove over the county—smashed a flight of new rails, and then galloped, "Hades for leather," across big field of strawberry plants, doing absolutely inestimable damage.

Scene at meet beggared description. Shoals of pedestrians, motorists, costers' barrows, bicyclists, mill-hands, operatives, and five brake-loads of the genus 'Arry, with paper ornaments in their hats, playing mouth organs, most of them half drunk. Hurried hounds into opportune paddock, but not before two had been badly kicked. Noise deafening. Think Spion Kop must have been comparatively peaceful.

Enormous "field." Every human being within a ten-mile radius who could raise anything with four legs, a head and a tail, present.

Got hounds through crowd at last, and off to first covert, which was immediately surrounded by people on foot, people on bicycles, people in motor-cars, people of all descriptions, and all making as much noise as they conveniently could. At least a dozen boys on ponies, exchanging school reminiscences at top of their voices. Just as a much mystified fox endeavoured to break at down-wind side, BROWN minor shouted to SMITH major, "Blow the hounds! can't we have a go at these fences, without all this beastly waiting?"

Fox promptly turned back and was chopped in covert. D—ear little boys! D—elightful Boxing Day!

Abandoned attempt in despair, and gave orders for Hangers' Wood, two miles off. Nondescript crowd followed, but we managed to pick up outlying fox before they could catch us. Little WILLIE rushed his pony to only jumpable place in first fence. Pony refused, and little TOMMY promptly fell over him. Unable to stop my horse, pulled off to unjumpable part. Result, bad fall. Scrambled up, and had to ride my horse's tail off to catch up hounds. Just as I got on terms with them again, they checked—most unaccountably—at a road. Fearsome-looking object—which I found to be a live man—sitting in motor-car, clad in wild-beast skins and goggles, yelled, "Hi, Mister, I've seen the fox! Directly he caught sight of me, he turned short back!"

I thought of the trials and tribulations of the day, and of our lost run. Then I said, freezingly, looking at the Ancient-Briton-like, skin-clad man before me,

"I think, Sir, our fox showed most excellent taste!"

Then I gave the word for "Home."

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "LITTLE LATIN AND NO GREEK," would be glad if we informed him whether "Bacillus" is Latin for "Bachelor"?

[As our complete answer to this necessitates more pages of print than we have at our present disposal we will defer the explanation, or perhaps he would like a reference to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. See article "Typical Developments 'B' for Bachelor 'Bacillus,' how pronounced, when first applied," &c., &c.]

TRIUMPHANT MOTTO FOR A LABOUR CANDIDATE AT THE POLL.—"My election's a 'cert.' I assert this because '*Labor omnia vincit*.'"



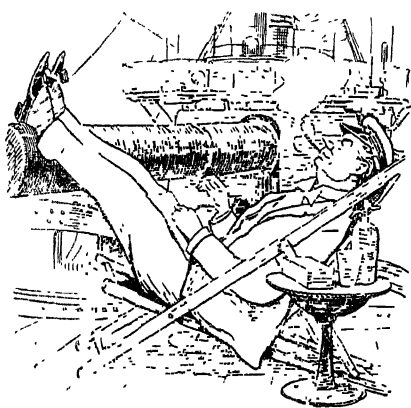
WILL IT EVER COME TO THIS?

["A letter in the *Field* upon dress in the hunting field pleads for a more rational garb to replace the traditional scarlet, buckskin breeches, and 'top' hat."—*Daily Mail*.]

LETTERS FROM JOE.

H.M.S. *Good Hope*.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Here we are in mid-ocean. You have been at sea too



G.R.H.

"The perfect rest I am enjoying."

often yourself to need any description of what it is like; but a short account of the perfect rest cure I am enjoying, far from Lobbies and Deputations, LLOYD GEORGE and Dr. CLIFFORD, will, I know, give you pleasure to peruse and, perhaps, serve to recreate your mind amid the stress of the Third Reading.

My dear fellow, there's nothing like the sea—even on a man-of-war. I don't say that a liner would not have suited me better—there's such a confounded flavour of ARNOLD-FORSTER about all these guns and blue-jackets—but the sea's the same; and whenever I feel homesick I have but to listen to the screw, and there I am at dear old Birmingham once more!

Have you ever seen blue-jackets drilling? That's my idea of how one's Party should behave. One movement animating several hundred men, taking their orders from the officer in command—yourself, of course!—who else could it be? Any individual conscience dictating independent lines of action, and the man's in irons. That's discipline. I wish we could get some of it into the House. We must see; I have great plans in my head. Wait till I come back.

But the sea, ARTHUR; the sea! We had a gale in the Bay—a regular Opposition night—but I never turned a hair. When I get tired of politics, I must take up the Navy as a hobby. CHARLEY BERESFORD will require looking after one of these days. Besides, there is always room for a good Admiral; and I believe one could grow orchids near the engine-room, where there's a steady heat.

Off Gibraltar I made a rather neat joke. We had exchanged fatuities by wireless telegraphy, and the Captain was telling me of the monkeys that are

sometimes seen through a glass. I looked, but could distinguish nothing. "No," I said, "I see no monkeys; only one Marconi of the Rock." You might try that on DEVONSHIRE, and let me know his comment.

Yesterday, wandering about the hind-quarters of the vessel, which they call, I believe, the stern, I came upon a petty officer who knows Birmingham. I foresee that I shall be much less bored than I was beginning to fear I should be. He explained to me the difference between a Scotch and a Belleville boiler. By the way, how is WALTER LONG getting on with his Water Bill? I am rather afraid that, in spite of his efforts in stamping out rabies, he is likely to infect the Radicals with hydrophobia. You might tell that to HARCOURT with my love.



"We had a gale in the Bay—a regular Opposition night—but I never turned a hair."

Red Sea, Dec. 10.—Since I last wrote I have refreshed my memories of Egypt.

With Port Said I was not favourably impressed. As a coaling station it may be excellent, but it does not appeal to the Egyptologist. I am sorry to express such an opinion, but as you know, what I have Port Said I have Port Said. Otherwise I enjoyed my stay greatly. The name JOSEPH of itself makes me feel at home in Egypt, which I found in many ways much improved since my last visit. CROMER is going strong, as he always does, and the KHEDIVÉ was most tractable.

I went by tram



G.R.H.

"There is always room for a good Admiral."

to see the Pyramids, but was disappointed in the Sphinx. The absence of her nose is a terrible blemish. Can you, for example, connect me in any way with a snub? It was a pity I couldn't stop to see the opening of the Assouan dam, but *il faut se borner*, as NAPOLEON said. Forty centuries looked down on him, but forty-one look up at me. The dam pleases me, however, though I did not visit it—a most effective form of closure. Couldn't we adapt it to such Nilism as SWIFT MACNEILL talks? You should come out here, ARTHUR, for your favourite game. Sandy lies everywhere; capital bunkers the Pyramids; and the Sphinx is every



G.R.H.

"The absence of her nose is a terrible blemish."



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

bit as fine a hazard to negotiate as the "Maiden" at Sandwich.

I should say, in spite of what we read in the French papers, that Egypt is happy, although it is true that the camels all have humps. If JESSE were to come out here, there should be no difficulty in getting him three acres and a camel. The Arabs are affable, but I prefer the free voters of Birmingham. What is wrong with Egypt, between you and me, is that it is not a British Colony. So long. JOSEPH.

P.S.—I have just heard, by Marconi-gram, that at a sale at SOTHERY'S a letter of mine fetched only five shillings, while one of CROMWELL'S was sold for £7. What is the use of having AUSTEN at the Post Office if my letters are treated in this way? The moral effect of this news, which has doubtless already reached Mombasa and Durban, is distinctly prejudicial to the cause of Imperial unity.

THE GOURMET'S LOVE SONG.

How strange is Love; I am not one
Who Cupid's power belittles,
For Cupid 'tis who makes me shun
My customary victuals.
Oh, EFFIE, since that painful scene
That left me broken-hearted,
My appetite, erstwhile so keen,
Has utterly departed.

My form, my friends observe with pain,
Is growing daily thinner.
Love only occupies the brain
That once could think of dinner.
Around me myriad waiters flit,
With meat and drink to ply men;
Alone, disconsolate, I sit,
And feed on thoughts of Hymen.

The kindly waiters hear my groan,
They strive to charm with curry;
They tempt me with a devilled bone—
I beg them not to worry.
Soup, whitebait, entrées, fricassees,
They bring me uninvited.
I heed them not, for what are these
To one whose life is blighted?

They show me dishes rich and rare,
But ah! my pulse no joy stirs.
For savouries I've ceased to care,
I hate the thought of oysters.
They bring me roast, they bring me
boiled,
But all in vain they woo me;
The waiters softly mutter, "Foiled!"
The chef, poor man, looks gloomy.

So, EFFIE, turn that shell-like ear,
Nor to my sighing close it,
You cannot doubt that I'm sincere—
This ballad surely shows it.
No longer spurn the suit I press,
Respect my agitation,
Do change your mind, and answer,
"Yes,"
And save me from starvation.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the United States census returns, the oldest white American is 120 years of age, while there is a negro 145, and an Indian 150. It was only the influence of GEORGE WASHINGTON that prevented the white American being 150.

It is stated that Mr. MARCONI will shortly surprise the world with another invention. His opponents are wondering whether it will be that he has surmounted all the difficulties of Transatlantic wireless telegraphy.

LORD CHARLES BERSFORD says he is regarded as a mustard-plaster on the back of Authority in the House of Commons. We should have thought there was more of the Salt than the mustard about LORD CHARLES.

The practice of Crown Princes making love to American actresses has received a blow from which it may take some years to recover. MISS MAYBELLE GILMAN, who was courted by the Crown Prince of SIAM, has given some of the Prince's love-letters to the New York papers for publication.

The trouble with the Volunteers continues. Those of the officers who are not resigned to the new Regulations are resigning.

The Public are cautioned against a man who is going about soliciting alms, and, among other statements, declares he had a horse shot under him at Trafalgar. The Police believe he is an impostor.

During the past week, large cargoes of geese and turkeys have been arriving daily from the Continent, and there is little doubt that Christmas will be held on the 25th December this year as usual.

It has been prophesied that, on the evening of that day, many little boys will complain that their tailors have made their waistcoats too tight, while others will quietly prepare for death.

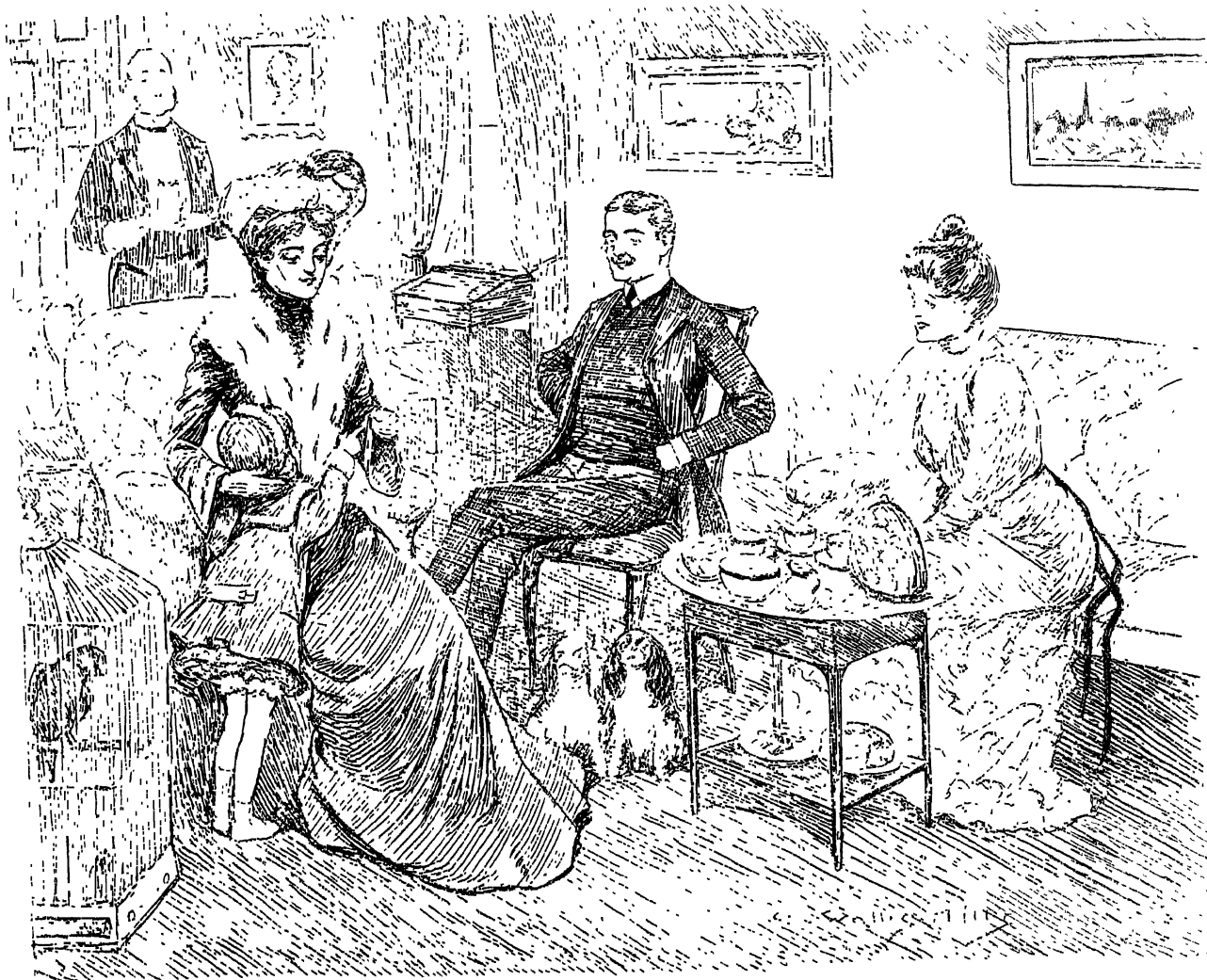
A curious epidemic has made its appearance with the beginning of the dark mornings. A number of persons, on being awakened, find themselves overcome by an irresistible feeling of drowsiness, and drop off into a sleep again, from which comatose condition they are only aroused with the greatest difficulty.

The whole matter is wrapped in a certain amount of mystery, but there is, it seems, some danger that the duel which was arranged a considerable time ago between French expert swordsmen and Italian expert swordsmen, may take place.

The Mad Mullah has written a letter in which, as the price of peace, he demands the concession of a port, the recognition of his sphere of influence, and the removal of the restrictions on the importation of rifles. The Jingo press is urging the British Government not to submit to these terms.

The Prince of MONACO, who has an army of some thirty-two men, holds that all international disputes should in future be settled by arbitration, instead of by an appeal to force, and is about to disband his army.

CHRISTMAS SAYING (after Shakespeare).
—"All the world's a—stodge."



Small Child (who has been pecked on the finger while trying to stroke the parrot). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE A NOSE, AND IT'S A TOOTH!"

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

II.—CHRISTMAS AT DINGLEY DELL.

THE best sitting-room at Manor Farm was a good, long, sanitary apartment, fitted with patent ventilators in abundance, and on Christmas Eve it looked its very best. Bowls of primroses and cowslips decked the tables, flowers culled earlier in the day by the fair hands of ARABELLA ALLEN. Mr. PICKWICK, who was seen to be busily engaged with his tablets, was believed to be meditating a letter to the *Times* on the phenomenal abundance of these flowers in mid-December.

"Come," cried old WARDLE, boisterously, "come, bring up your chairs to the hot-water-pipes! Fill your glasses! The jug of barley-water isn't nearly empty yet! It's Christmas Eve—and the clock shall strike ten to-night before one of us shall even think of going to bed! Joe—where's that boy?"

"Here I be, Sir," replied the Fat Boy, starting from a remote corner, where

he had been taking his temperature on the sly.

"Have you weighed yourself to-day?"

"Yes, Sir," said the Fat Boy.

"And taken your baths and your medicine? Well, then, it's Christmas time, and you shall have one extra charcoal biscuit in honour of it! Here —and now be off and run half-a-mile!"

"Werry generous, too," said Mr. WEMER, approvingly. "Out you go, young adiposity! You're a disgrace to hygienic science, as the sawbones said to his wife ven she died o' blood-poisonin'."

"Health before all things," said WARDLE. "Still, at Christmas—yes, EMMA, I will have a drop of that lemonade—and a piece of dry toast. WINKLE, you're looking feverish. I've a brand of quinine in my cellar that'll make you as right as a trivet!"

"This," observed Mr. PICKWICK, edging still nearer to the hot-water-pipes, "this is, indeed, comfort."

"Our invariable custom," replied Mr. WARDLE. "Everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, as you see them now—servants and all. (Of course we quarantine 'em first, and then spray them with iodoform.) And here we sit, and tell stories."

"Ghost stories?" asked Mr. PICKWICK.

"No, no; uncommon bad for the nervous system, ghost stories—we talk about microbes and influenza, and someone reads aloud from the medical papers. TRUNDLE, my boy, where are those purple pills? Come, PICKWICK, give us a tale!"

"But I don't know any," protested that gentleman, taking off his spectacles and looking rather confused. There was a general murmur of protest.

"Dear Mr. PICKWICK," giggled one of the poor relations on the outside of the circle, "perhaps can tell us—something—about—his liver!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. PICKWICK.



Hairdresser. "HAIR BEGINS TO GET VERY THIN, SIR."

Customer. "YES."

Hairdresser. "HAVE YOU TRIED OUR TONIC LOTION?"

Customer. "YES. THAT DIDN'T DO IT THOUGH."

RARA AVIS.

RAREST visitor my way,
How to welcome you I scamper!
Harbinger of Christmas Day,
Carrier laden with a hamper;
Filled with choicest stores, no doubt—
Fur and feathers peeping out.

Who has sent it—I would guess—
With its stock of "pretty eating,"

My too meagre board to bless
With a seasonable greeting?
Hurriedly I rack my brain
For the donor—but in vain!

Half-a-crown as tip—no less—
Marks my jubilation's measure.
Now the label and address
I can scrutinise at leisure. . . .

Why did I not look before?—
It was meant for JONES next door.

ALEXANDRA'S FEAST.

(After Dryden.)

. . . At last kind ALEXANDRA came,
Lending mild lustre to a martial name;
The sweet enthusiast, with her boun-
teous store,
Descending from her high estate to cheer
The widow, and to wipe the orphan's
tear,
And ease the aching misery of War.
Let her great namesake yield the
praise
And lay his sceptre down;
He won the Victor's bloodstained
bays,
She earned the Healer's crown.

NURSERY NOTES AND QUEER QUERIES.

LEARNED Philologists, Rhymenologists, and Christmas Holiday-ologists will be interested in the following *excursus De Nursere Rimâ*:—

For ages the origin of the first couplet of the well-known verse

"Hi Diddle Diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,"

has presented difficulties almost insuperable to students of all ages. It is now almost certain that the author of this piece of early poetry was a distinguished maker of musical instruments, who was protesting against the passing off of inferior violins as genuine Cremonas. "Hi" is an allusion to the price; "Diddle Diddle" to the cheating, and if for "the cat" is read (which is far more probable) "the kit," it will then be found that the line is meant to warn unwary amateurs against being taken in, i.e., diddled when paying an exorbitant ("Hi") price both for the small violin (i.e., "kit") or for the full-sized "fiddle." The remaining lines the Professor will examine and report upon later, before publishing his most interesting work, entitled *De Dryasdustibus non Disputandum*.

THE following announcement appeared in the *Ballymoney Free Press* of the 11th inst.:—

PRIVATE PROPOSALS for a Good Goat, a Turkey Cock and Two Hens, a number of Buff Minorca Hens and a Cock, and a quantity of White Leghorn Hens and Cocks, all bred off Cook's Eggs.—Apply, &c.

An eggstrordinary way of breeding goats!

'ARRY AND 'ARRIET'S FAVOURITE ITALIAN POET.—'Ariosto.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS IN VENEZUELA.—Will English and Germans let off *Ca-ra-cas*?



ALEXANDRA'S FEAST.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA. "THIS WAY, FATHER CHRISTMAS!"

"THE SWEET ENTHUSIAST, WITH HER BOUNTIFUL STORE."—*Dryden adapted.*

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

Marseilles, Dec. 12.

DEAR Mr. Punch, you are, we know,
 Regarded as the guide of youth,
 And would not willingly forego
 Your love of undiluted truth;
 And yet the rare inventive art
 That shines in your immortal pages
 Locates you on a peak apart
 From other merely truthful sages.

While they, along the lower slopes,
 Confine themselves to stolid fact,
 Coloured by literary tropes,
 Tempered with journalistic tact,
 You take a broader point of view,
 Embracing realms of myth and
 mystery;
 They chronicle events, while you
 Out of your head are *making* history.

The aims that lurk in Liberal Leagues
 (Escaping popular remark)—
 How JASPER TULLY's strange intrigues
 Came to the cognisance of "SARK"—
 The thoughts of JOSEPH on the blue
 (Rightly reserved against detection)—
 No secret but you find its clue
 Simply by force of introspection.

This being thus, I ask my soul
 What am I doing here to-day?
 Why should I pace Massilia's mole
 And peer across her prancing bay?
 If you, in London, stage by stage,
 Could touch it off from inspiration,
 Is not this Eastern pilgrimage
 A work of supererogation?

Ah! what a tale for you to write,
 Setting your winged fancy free,
 Unhampered by the actual sight
 Of what we others need to see!
 Still, just to spare those busy wings,
 We'll go and tell you how superb are
 The elephants and other things
 Performing at the Delhi Durbar.

Meantime I hope you understand
 It is across the waves we fare
 With opportunities to land
 Provided only here and there;
 So please to wait a little while
 (One has to ask these small concessions)
 Till, somewhere near the mouth of Nile,
 We send you home our sea-impressions.
 O. S.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIII.—HONEST TOIL.

I AM beginning to wish that I had
 accepted my host's invitation to stay
 the night. I had no idea that it was so
 far from Wimbledon to Putney. The
 road is distinctly too lonely to suit my
 taste, for I have no stick. I am glad,
 anyhow, that there is a moon. I quicken
 my pace.

That is a most peculiar figure on the
 road ahead of me. It looks like a man



She. "How's THE MOTOR-CAR GETTING ON, SIR CHARLES?"

He. "WELL, FACT IS, I'VE SEEN VERY LITTLE OF IT. YOU SEE I'VE ONLY HAD IT THREE MONTHS, AND WHEN IT ISN'T IN HOSPITAL, I AM!"

with two gigantic horns. No, one of them is his hat. He has it in his left hand. What on earth is that in his right? It looks unpleasantly like a bludgeon. Shall I turn back?

It is all right, he is singing. I hear allusions to an angel mother. On reflection I do not know whether I have yet cause to be reassured.

I draw nearer. He seems to be waiting for me. I see now what he has in his right hand. It is a huge pair of shears. He is still singing as I reach him:

"Ho no, my che-ild,
 H-you'll be a nangel—"

Suddenly he breaks off, and shifting the shears to join the hat in his left hand, extends his right to me.

It is without exception the dirtiest hand I have ever seen. Moreover it is wet. I hesitate.

"It's a bit—er—wet, isn't it?" I venture to remark.

He surveys me for some time with a bleary eye. I am ready to put up my guard. Eventually he speaks.

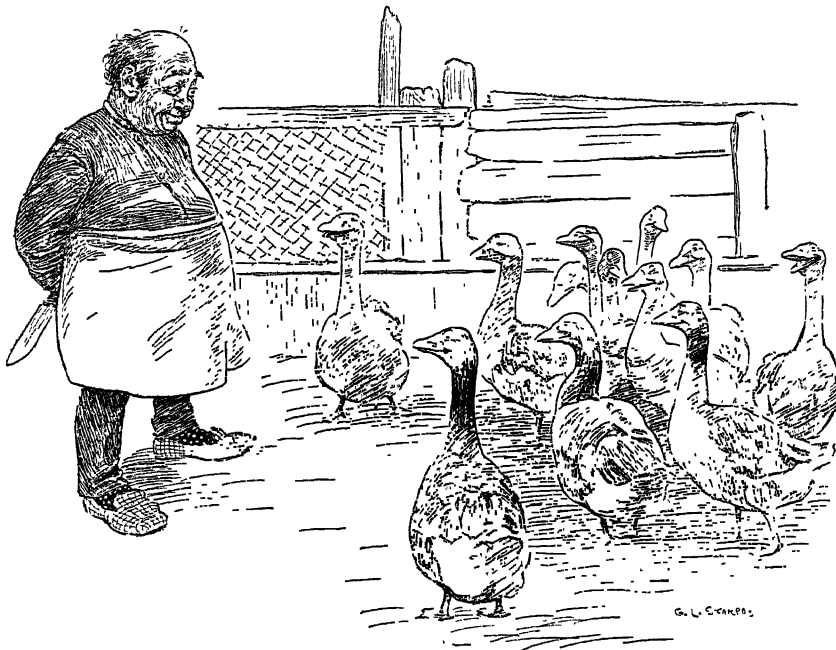
"I have got," he says slowly, "a bloomin' good 'eart."

"I am delighted," I reply, "to hear it."

Of a sudden he flings down his hat and the shears in the road, and extricates himself with difficulty from his coat. I again get ready. He picks up the shears. I prepare for flight. Much to my relief he directs his attack at the trim hedge bounding a front garden at the side of us, and proceeds to chop at it wildly. After a moment he desists and turns to me.

"Yer can't 'elp it, now, can yer?—I ask yer, can you 'elp 'avin' a good 'eart?"

"There have been instances," I



CHRISTMAS TIME.

"THEY SMILE AT ME WHO SHORTLY SHALL BE DEAD."—*Richard the Third*, Act III., Sc. 4.

remark, "of people who have successfully resisted it."

He looks at me intently.

"D'you know," he observes, "I'm a edgercated man like yerself."

"You surprise me," I answer.

"I've 'ad," he continues, "a college edgercation. Yer need it, yer know, fer my work."

He takes another clip at the hedge.

"Botany," he murmurs vaguely.

He turns to me again.

"I needn't work, yer know," he informs me. "My fam'ly've got money. Any day that I was ter go down ter the Commercial Road I could get it. But I won't. I'll tell yer wot it is. I'm proud. An' I've got a 'bloomin' good 'eart. All 'bloomin' right my 'eart is."

I congratulate him.

"Yes," he repeats, "I'm too proud, that's wot's wrong with me. Sooner than be subservient on them—I'll—I'll ask any stranger. Now you ain't got sich a thing as an ole pair o' trousers?"

"Not here," I reply; "at least that I can spare at present."

He sets to work on the hedge again, chopping it recklessly into the fanciest of shapes.

"D'you know," he observes between the snips, "I've took a fancy ter you. I sor at once that you was a gentleman—like myself. Edgercated man."

He desists again, and throws down the shears.

"Evenin' dress," he observes, "tall

'at—excuse my pointin'—why, I've orfen wore 'em. Oh, I've seen days."

I am sympathetically silent.

"My mother," he resumes, "was a lady—a real lady. Curls over the ears just there, an' a tortoiseshell comb. Excuse me pointin'."

He picks up the shears and takes a jagged piece out of the middle of the hedge, then throws them down again.

"But I've got a 'bloomin' good 'eart," he observes. "I'll tell yer wot's brought me ter this. I got boozed one night. That's the truth. I tell yer straight."

"I believe you," I assure him.

He seems gratified.

"Yes," he repeats, "one night I got boozed, an' my pore ole father—"

Without the slightest warning he puts one arm round my neck and bursts into tears.

"My pore ole father," he sobs, "'e sez ter me, 'Never darken my doors again.'"

I glance at the hand which he has just removed from my neck. He stretches it out to me.

"Yer see that 'and," he says, smiling through his tears, "there's somethin' there that won't rub off."

"That," I observe, "is reassuring."

"Somethin'," he continues, "that yer can't rub off—yer may try ever so." (I make no such attempt.) "Shall I tell yer wot it is?—H-onesty. I'm h-onest, I am. I can't 'elp it."

Again he attacks the hedge, by this time assuming the shape of a battered cogwheel.

"You ain't got sich a thing," he inquires, again turning to me, "as an ole pair o' trousers?"

I produce sixpence, which he pockets absently.

"Look 'ere," he begins, "will you do me a favour if I ask yer?"

"What is it?" I inquire.

He lowers the shears and looks at me fixedly.

"Do you believe," he demands, "in my h-onesty?"

"I am certain," I reply, "that it is quite as true as your other accounts of yourself."

"You're right," he observes. "Can yer lend me a shillin' until termorrer?"

I give it to him,

"Look 'ere," he suggests promptly, "can yer make it 'arf-a-crown?"

Here I stand firm. He abandons the request with nonchalance.

"Yes," he observes, "I'm h-onest, I am. Sixpence you've given me an' a shillin' you've lent me. I'm treatin' yer straight. I've taken a fancy ter you, an' when I take a fancy to a man I stick to 'im."

I examine my neck.

"I'm h-onest, I am," he repeats.

"Now the lady of the 'ouse 'ere 'oose 'edge I'm a-clippin'—excuse me pointin'—she sez ter me, 'ALF BONES, 'ere's the money in advance; I trust yer because I know you're h-onest.' An' she was right. I've 'ad the money, an' 'ere I am a-doin' the work."

It does not appear to me that he is doing anything of the kind. Perhaps this strikes him also, for he again attacks the hedge.

I prepare to resume my way. He desists promptly, and addresses me again.

"There's nothin'," he declares, "I enjoy so much as a chat like this with a pleasant feller. I'm a pleasant feller myself."

Suddenly a flood of light pours out upon the front garden. I look up and see a red-faced gentleman with a white moustache standing in the open doorway.

"What are you doing heah?" he demands, loudly.

My companion looks up from his work.

"I'm clippin' the 'edge," he answers cheerily.

The old gentleman advances down the path.

"What the devil d'you mean by touching the hedge?" he demands, angrily. "Clear out of this."

There follows a brief but lively dialogue, to which I listen from a distance.

"Orl right, sir," concludes my companion, in an injured tone, as he puts on his coat, "it's only a mistake. Same as yer might make yerself if you'd 'ad

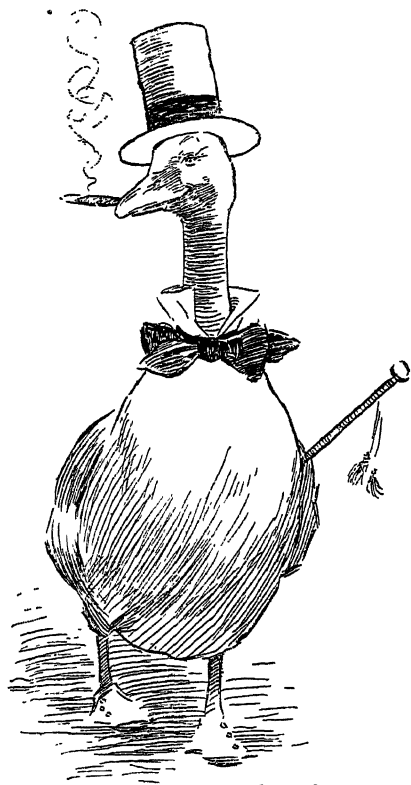


ARTFUL.

Harold (innocently). "I DON'T THINK I SHALL HANG MY STOCKING UP, MAMMA."

Mamma. "WHY NOT?"

Harold. "BECAUSE SANTA CLAUS CAN'T GET A BICYCLE INTO IT."



AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF OUR GOOSE CLUB.

a glass. You ain't got such a thing as an ole pair o' trousers?"

The old gentleman has just observed the state of his hedge. He explodes.

"Orl right," responds the other, "it's only a mistake. Me an' my mate was a chattin'. I'm not askin' yer ter pay for it, am I?"

I begin to retire at this.

"You d——d scoundrels!" gasps the old gentleman. "I'll set the dog on you."

I am increasing the distance rapidly.

"I ain't afraid o' no dogs," I hear my friend answer. "I've got a bloomin' good 'eart."

I press on. The lively dialogue still continues. After a time I hear no more. I look back. The square of light has disappeared from the front garden. My late companion is making a tortuous way towards Wimbledon. A distant clock strikes midnight.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

In the year 1895 an intelligent young foreigner climbed into a hansom. "I go," said he, "to see your great Gallery of British Art. It is on the quay of your great river." But the cabman had never heard of it, and spent nearly an hour in slums before he got there. The intelligent

young foreigner paid the fare, which was only five shillings, and, before entering the Gallery, gazed around him. "Your municipality," said he to a policeman, "is improving this quarter of the city. It might well be better. I see that they begin the construction of a new bridge, since there is a temporary one in wood."

"I dunno, Sir," said the policeman; "the County Council's going to do something." Then the young foreigner thanked him politely, inspected the pictures, and went away.

In 1905 the intelligent foreigner visited London again. In the interval he had married. "Let us go," said he to his wife, "to the Gallery of English Pictures, and then we shall see the magnificent new bridge constructed by the municipality." So they drove in a cab, and again he paid five shillings, and then he looked around.

"Heaven," cried he, "they have not yet finished! They have not yet begun! There is the same bridge in wood which I have already seen." Then addressing a policeman—it was not the same one—he asked, "When will your magnificent new bridge be finished?"

"Can't say, Sir," said the policeman; "the County Council's got the job in hand."

In 1915 the intelligent foreigner paid a third visit to London. This time he brought his eldest boy. "Ah," said he, "I will show the little man the English pictures. At the same time we shall see the superb new bridge opposite. It must have been finished long ago." So they went in an electric cab, and he paid five shillings—he began to know the fare by this time—but when he got out he could hardly speak for amazement.

"What!" he cried at last. "I come here for the third time to see the improvements effected by the municipality, and there is nothing but that miserable, dirty, hideous temporary wooden bridge! Temporary? It is eternal!" Then he perceived a young policeman—again a different one—and he asked, "Will this wooden bridge always be here?"

"Most likely, Sir," answered the policeman. "It's been here ever since I can remember."

"But your municipality," persisted the foreigner, "have they no intention of beginning the new bridge?"

"Well, Sir," said the policeman, "you see there's a sort of a hitch. I've heard say the County Council started some foundations twenty years ago, and then found out they weren't strong enough, or didn't do somehow. So ever since they've been trying to make up their minds what to do."

Then the other thanked him, and went away.

In 1930 the intelligent foreigner

visited London for the fourth time. His eldest son, a rising young painter, accompanied him.

"Let us go," said the father, laughing, "to the Gallery of English Pictures, and I will show you the sort of bridge which the citizens of London use patiently for thirty or forty years, or perhaps for ever."

So they went in a compressed-air cab, and as he was going to pay the fare, he perceived an extraordinary change. The wooden bridge had vanished.

"Where is the old bridge?" cried he to the cabman, "has it fallen down?"

"No, Sir," said the man, "the new one was finished last year. There it is."

So the intelligent elderly foreigner jumped from the cab, and gazed at the new structure.

"Heaven forbid," cried he to his son, "that you should see this! You are an artist. The temporary bridge was mean, but it was not so hideous as this. Let us go away as fast as we can, and never come near the Gallery of British Art again." So he got back into the cab, and went away for ever.



GHOSTLY GRUMBLERS.

(See Dec. 25, 1901.)

The ex-Ghost of Rotham Grange. "You remember last Christmas they turned my Grange into an Asylum for Idiots. Well, last night, hoping to frighten just one more person to death before leaving the place for ever, I suddenly appeared with my most blood-curdling shriek to an attendant in the darkest corridor. What do you think she did?"

Other Ghost. "Expired, or went mad at least?"

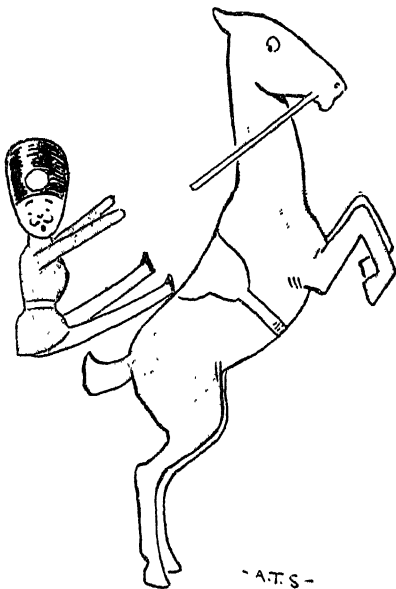
The ex-Ghost. "No, she only said, 'Half a mo'. I'll get my camera and take your photo!'"

WAR NEWS.

(Somewhat delayed in transmission. From our South African Correspondent.)

FLEET STREET, Dec. 5.

THE war has now entered upon a most dangerous and desperate phase. It is no longer a *guerra al cuchillo*, but what is ten thousand times more deadly—a war to the *paper-knife*. Three years have now passed since the black December of 1899, and the enemy are now stronger than ever. They have lately been reinforced by a large number of English and Continental publishers, determined men who will stick at nothing. To these are being daily added a motley collection of translators, lecturers, canvassers, advertisers, and other cut-throat desperadoes of all kinds. "Free-lances" of every nation-

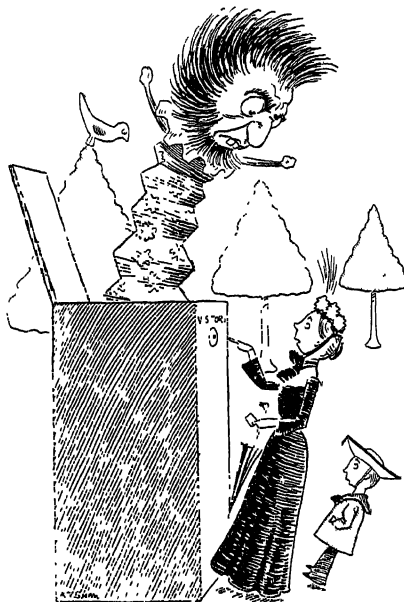


"Yes, let me like a soldier fall!"

ality under the sun have given their adhesion, and the result is a most complete system of communication, distribution and organisation of forces.

To give precise particulars of the strength and whereabouts of the foe is at present forbidden by the Censor, but I may darkly hint that Ex-President KILG-R has taken the field with a circulation of many thousand Memoirs in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Spruit, the redoubtable CHRISTIAN DE W-T has manned a vast number of *Kopjes* with his new "Constables" in the Withall-plaats district, and General BEN V-L-N is ranging the country with a body of picked Reminiscences, while a commando of 700 Boer authors shows signs of aggressive activity at Ahmadrnagar. K-ST-LL's levies must not be neglected, and last, but by no means least, D-L-R-Y and B-THA may be expected to threaten us shortly at some *fontein* or other of print.

TOY TABLEAUX.



"Who's that a-calling?"

Meanwhile, what are the War Office people about? Is position after position to be surrendered ere the official counterstroke is prepared? Are rivers of British ink to be shed, as usual, too late? The nation pauses, and the British Lion paws the air for a reply.

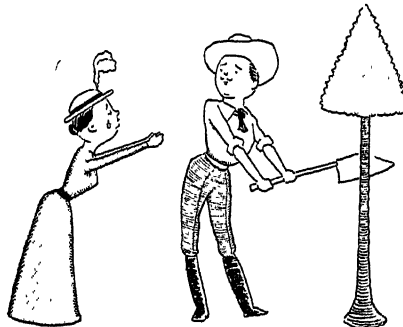
(Signed)

MR. PUNCH'S OWN SCORE-HEAD.

(From our Pro-Venezuelan Expert.)

BOUVERIE STREET, Dec. 12.

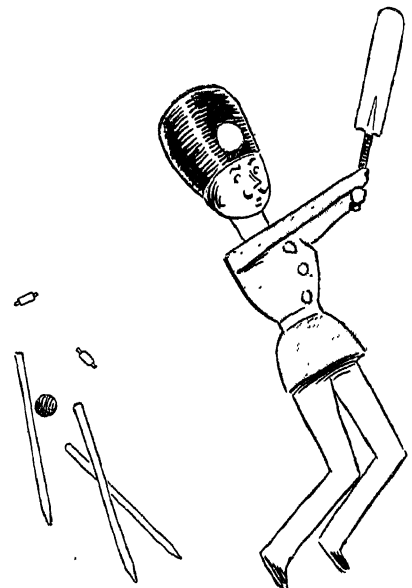
Great Britain, indifferent to the severe thrashing she has received in South Africa, is again essaying the rôle of international bully. She has had the effrontery to land thirty blue-jackets at La Guayra to rescue the English directors of the Harbour Company, who were being justly detained as hostages by an indignant populace. Into what further complications the hot-headed recklessness of the British commander will lead us, I positively shudder to think. We shall hear of further high-handed releases and piratical abductions of the



"Oh! Woodman, spare that tree!"

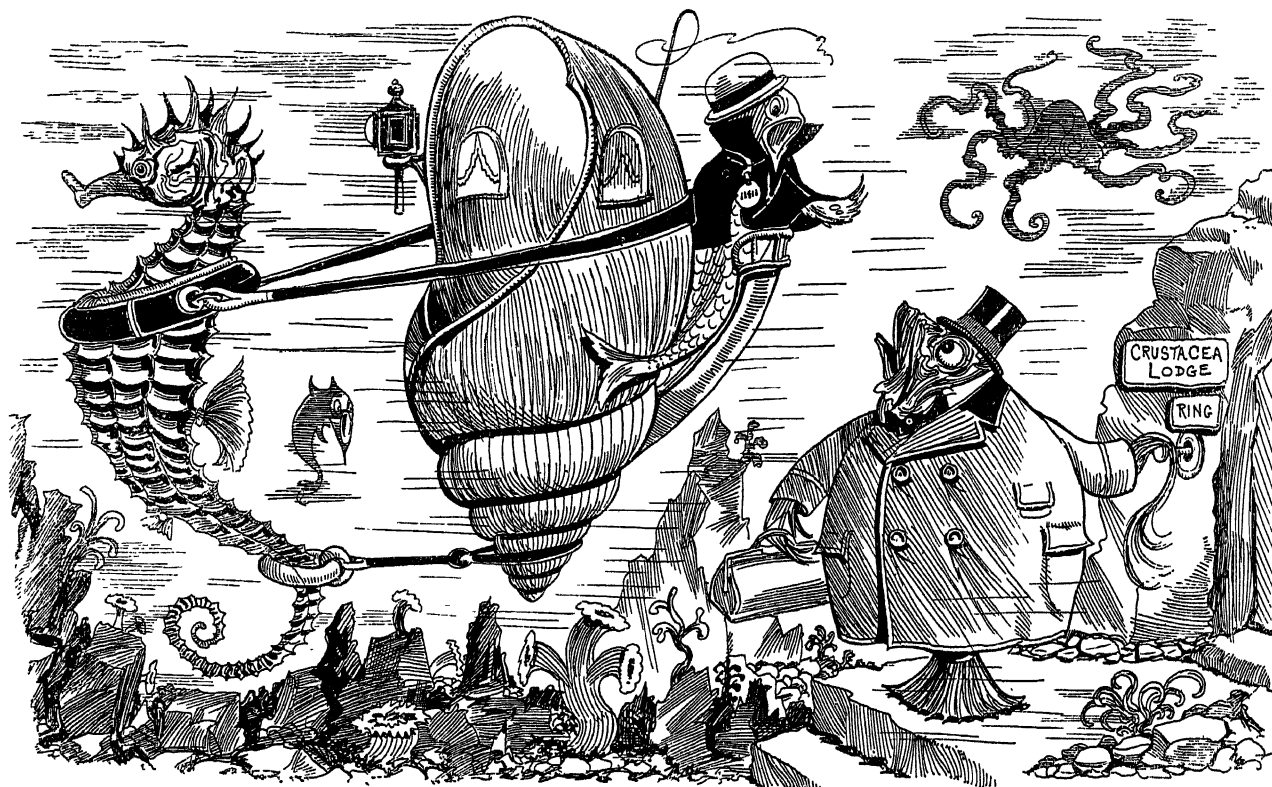
wives and families of English "helots" by their compatriots from the sacred Venezuelan soil. No philo-Caribbean, however, could read unmoved the soul-stirring manifesto of the heroic CASTRO, in which the peace-loving defender of his country pleads the inalienable right of a South American Republic to repudiate all its petty financial obligations and ignore the sordid claims of a foreign and mercenary race. In order that so touching an appeal may not lack response among the anti-freebooters of the metropolis, it is arranged that a mass meeting of sympathisers shall be held next Sunday on the upper plinth of the monument in Trafalgar Square, out of reach of the fountains and the hustling of the usual unthinking mob.

Refuges and ambulances for pro-Venezuelans will be provided within the temporary wooden covers for Land-seer's lions.



A warrior *boul'd*!

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—An examination for the position of "Attaché" will be held in London shortly. The following questions are an intelligent anticipation of the test the candidates will have to undergo:—(1) Draw an accurate plan of the "Backstairs;" (2) Define the social precedence of (a) A *Chevalier d'industrie*, (b) The owner of a "*château en Espagne*;" (3) Write a brief note either to a lady, enclosing opera tickets, or to a tailor, not enclosing cheque (N.B. In the former case great attention must be paid to punctuation and orthography); (4) Describe an original figure for the "*cotillon*;" (5) Give six synonyms for the word "spade," or, Prove that black is light grey; (6) Write a short essay on the statement that "One ultimatum does not make a war."



SUBMARINE PANTOMIME.

Driver of Submarine Hansom. "BLEST IF I'D 'AVE DRIVEN YER DOWN 'ERE FOR EIGHTEENPENCE, IF I'D 'AVE KNOWN THE STATE OF THE ROADS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a difficult task to write the biography of a sovereign who died but yesterday. Mr. SIDNEY LEE accomplished the almost-impossible in a masterly monograph, one of the features of the last volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* of which he was editor. SMITH, ELDER now issue in a volume of six hundred pages the article partly re-written, considerably extended. Unlike the majority of analogous endeavours, the work is improved rather than weakened by extension. Instead of being watered down it is braced up. The volume is enriched by two portraits of the QUEEN, one from the original sketch by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, done at Windsor Castle when the QUEEN was in her twentieth year, the other when her MAJESTY had reached the age of seventy-eight. Even more interesting is a draft in the QUEEN's handwriting of a historical document dated February 17, 1874. It is addressed to Mr. DISRAELI, informing him that Mr. GLADSTONE has tendered his resignation. "She therefore writes Mr. DISRAELI to ask him to undertake to form a Government." The main difficulty in accomplishing the task Mr. LEE set himself was the vastness of time and the range of incident he had to bring within the limits of a reasonable canvas. Aided by a nice sense of proportion, a capacity for condensation, and a rare gift of lucidity, he has fully succeeded. He has, in brief, written a compendious history of England during the past seventy years, adding to it the personal interest of a long busy life passed in the very centre of affairs.

To the Christmas parent, blessed in the possession of a boy who likes his reading to be of an adventurous kind, I can recommend *Stan Lynn*, by GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. *Stan*, who displays the most remarkable courage through a

series of blood-curdling risks in China, is evidently the boy to deal with the Dowager-Empress of the pig-tailed ones. Equally adventurous and exciting is *Jack and Black*, by ANDREW HOME. The undaunted daring and marvellous resource of the British schoolboy were never better depicted. Finally, there is *Grit and Go*, short stories by a variety of authors, including the late G. A. HENTY, GUY BOOTHBY, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, and others. It is a capital and a dashing collection. This "leash" of books comes from Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS.

Uncles, aunts, and other amiable people on the outlook for pretty things for good little folk at Christmas, should glance through Mr. GRANT RICHARDS' *Dumpty Books for Children*. They run to nineteen volumes, are rich in variety of subject, most of them are illustrated in colours, and all are daintily bound, whilst the price is within the limits of the most avaricious aunt or the least unctuous uncle.

Several charming booklets have reached me from the De la More and more Press (298, Regent Street), including *Adonais*, *the Eve of Saint Agnes*, and *The Philobiblion of Richard de Bury*, all under the able editorship of Mr. GOLLANCZ, who has, however, omitted to inform those of the higher culture who have neglected their Greek that *Phil O'Biblion* was not an Irishman, with further explanation which it is useless to set out here at length.

If you want some capital stories, as original in idea as they are thoroughly amusing in the telling, take the Baron's advice, and for your Christmas holiday and after get hold of *The Disentanglers*, by ANDREW LANG (LONGMANS & Co.). The illustrations, by H. J. FORD, are good.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

["In all created nature there is not, perhaps, anything so completely ugly as a pillar-box."
—*Essay on William Morris, "Twelve Types,"*
by G. K. Chesterton.]

ALAS! if men would only think
Before they play with pen and ink,
What misery is sometimes wrung
From those at whom their words are
flung.

For years upon the public way
I've done my duty day by day,
Content to be of use to men,
For people blindly loved me then.

Unhappy now I stand, confused,
By every one alike abused,
The letters, posted with a frown,
Half choke me as I gulp them down.

My colour, once a "cheerful red,"
Now fills the passer-by with dread,
I'm called as ugly as can be
By followers of G. K. C.

Come, London fogs, enwrap me round,
Conceal me and my grief profound;
No martyr catalogued by Fox
Has suffered as this pillar-box!

CHARIVARIA.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have published a book entitled *Britain at Work*. This is not, as its name might lead one to believe, a treatise on Sport.

The publisher of *The Unspeakable Scot* announces that *The Egregious English* is now nearly ready. Other volumes in the series are, we hear, to be *The Indolent Irish*, *The Wobblesome Welsh*, *The Frivolous French*, *The Gregarious German*, *The Unreliable Russ*, and *The Double Dutch*.

People are asking what an article on "London Cemeteries" is doing in "*Living*" *London*.

The *Academy* recently tried to discover which was the best read book of the season. A work modestly entitled *The Little Red Book* has now appeared.

A Misogynist writes to draw our attention to the publication of what he imagines to be a new lady's paper, entitled *The Cat World*.

Books on Gardens and Gardening seem to be quite the rage just now. In order to be in the swim the Board of Agriculture has just issued a little brochure on "Onions." It is something of a novelty for a Government Department to be up-to-date.

Coincidences are always interesting. In a recent list of Messrs. THACKER's the following items appear next to one



FORE!

"Now, SIR, BE JUDGE YOURSELF, WHETHER I IN ANY JUST TERM AM AFFIN'D TO LOVE THE MOOR."
Othello, Act I., Sc. 1.

another: "The Management of Children in India" and "The Rod in India."

And it sounds like exaggeration, but the latter book is by Dr. BIRCH. Which makes us wonder whether "THACKER" is a misprint for "THWACKER."

We are not surprised to hear that Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. are at last considering what steps can be taken to prevent their bookstalls being used by mean persons as public libraries. It seems that a most flagrant instance has recently been brought under their notice. At a station near London a gentleman was not only in the habit of taking up a book from the stall to read while he was waiting for his train, but he would actually insert a bookmark in the place where he left off, so that he could resume his reading the next day.

We have often heard that those engaged in commerce will always throw in their weight to prevent a War. In future the huge reading public will do

likewise. Over 150 books have been written on the Boer War.

THE OLD YEAR'S BURDEN.

THE old year's passing-bell once more
On midnight's solemn hush is break-
ing;
Now "right guid willie-waughts" galore
Unnumbered Scots are freely taking.
Now o'er the twelvemonth that is past
I let my recollections wander,
And while its sands are running fast,
Over its chequered haps I ponder.
I reckon up its many scars—
The traces of the wounds it gave me;
I rue the bruises and the jars
From which my caution could not
save me,
Then, when the balance has been struck,
To ease my debt of melancholy
I claim full credit for my luck,
And curse the old year for my folly.

MOTTO FOR DECORATION OF A ROOM
DEDICATED TO THE PREVAILING SCOURGE.—
"Honi soit qui mal y ping-pongse."



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT. TIME—Midnight, December 31.

DELHI.*

JANUARY 1, 1903.

OUT of the East, with lifted heart,
 England, Empress, isled in the West!
 Far from our face, unseen of our eyes,
 But ever in dreams made near and dear,
 But ours, by knowledge of faith, confessed;—
 Out of the East, with lifted heart,
 From under the glare of brazen skies,
 From trackless jungle and steaming mart,
 From the palms that fringe our Southward seas,
 From upland valleys of green Kashmir,
 Cool with the kiss of the mountain breeze,
 Where the snows lie white on our Northern wall—
 Out of the East we call, we call!

We bow to gods not thine;
 Time-old our temples stand for sign
 Of creeds we fostered ere thy Christ was born,
 And yet, because thou gavest life
 Loosed from the strain of inward strife,
 Larger, more whole, more free;
 Because thy lips were not forsworn,
 But righteousness, with fearless face,
 Spoke gently from thy judgment-place;
 Therefore to thee—
 Yielding the rest for this one pride alone,
 Just for the right to have our part
 In that high splendour reared about thy throne—
 Out of the East we call with lifted heart!

* These lines, appearing on the eve of the Coronation Durbar, anticipate the special attention which *Mr. Punch* proposes to devote to that theme in his next issue.

League-wide over the laughing plain
 Where the tents are strewn and the pennons dance,
 Delhi, washed of her ancient stain,
 Gleams to the glint of sabre and lance
 Proved in the heat of a hundred fights,
 By the thunder of Kabul's ford in spate,
 On Egypt's sand, in the havoc of Tirah's heights.
 Voice of the East that names thy name:
 England, to thee, to thee—
 Since thine in all that our hearts may spend,
 Strength or beauty, thine we are to the end:
 For peace, the Pearl of thine Orient sea;
 For war, the leopard to guard thy landward gate;
 Thine to share in thy fame or shame,
 To stand with thee, with thee to fall—
 Out of the East, thy Fast, we call, we call. O. S.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(Made on New Year's Eve, 1902.)

LIST to their aims, and bow your head in wonder!

W. S. Gilbert.

**

The Lord Mayor's. Troth to give good example to my
 successors!—Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, iii. 1).

**

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour's.

(To) Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.

Bp. Stillingfleet.

**

General Botha's. (To) Open-handed sit upon the clouds
 And press the liberality of Heaven.

Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, i. 1).

**

Sir Francis Jeune's. To look matrimony in the face.

Congreve (*Love for Love*, i. 2).

**

Sir Thomas Lipton's. (To be) In every dish and pot,
 In every cup and company, My lords.

Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, ii. 2).

**

Sir John Aird's. More dams I'll make.

Shakespeare (*The Tempest*, ii. 2).

**

Mr. William Redmond's. To confine my tongue, lest it
 confine me.—Maxim.

**

Mr. Keir Hardie's.

Costly (my) habit as (my) purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, i. 3).

**

Miss Marie Corelli's. I would rail in my writings and be
 revenged.—Congreve (*Love for Love*, i. 2).

**

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's. (To) Always . . . conjugate
 Bibo, I drink, correctly.—Browning.

**

M. Santos-Dumont's. He means to erect a castle in the air
 And fly.—Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, ii. 2).

**

Mr. Punch's. To make the hearts of a whole nation smile.
 Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*).



DURBAR PUZZLES.—No. 1.

TO FIND YOUR LADY-LOVE'S CHAIR, CUSHION, OR NOVEL, WHEN ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT IT IS "SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE DECK."

OF CRITICS.

["The persons who sneer at a public success are wallowing in the backwater of their own incompetence."—*Mr. Hall Caine.*]

WHEN carping critics preach and prate,
And when they try to tell us
That greatness is not really great,
We know what's wrong: they're jealous.
Their sight is crossed; to men of sense
It must quite clearly follow
That in their own incompetence
They wallow.

And when I see such fellows write
Their vitriolic pages
All filled with jealousy and spite,
The wrath within me rages.
Their criticism is absurd,
And their pretensions hollow;
They cannot judge us—in a word
They wallow.

What right have they to think they know
Real drama? Could they ever
Compose *Eternal Cities*? No!
Or even *Hamlets*? Never!
The sickly offspring of their brains
The public would not swallow,
And since they cannot be all CAINES,
They wallow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who (A. AND C. BLACK) makes its appearance in anticipation of the New Year. It is fifty-five years old, and shows in its figure something of that embonpoint which gentlemen (even ladies) occasionally acquire at a similar age. The circumstance is pleasing and encouraging as indicating that the list of persons qualified to find a place in its pages is increasing. In other words Great Britain is, among civilised nations, growing *Who's Who*er than ever. In order to prevent the volume becoming unwieldy, various tables appearing in earlier editions have been eliminated to make room for the newcomers to the circle of the elect. This, though inevitable, is regrettable, regret not being soothed by promise of the Publishers to re-issue the tables in a handy form. How would it be as an alternative to cut down the autobiographies somewhat? In the vast majority of cases the materials supplied by the pleased subjects are masterfully condensed. By odd accident the longest, most minute in detail, and most laudatory in tone is that under the name of MARIE CORELLI, whose aversion to self-advertisement is well known. Next in length is that of Mr. BURDEIT-COUTTS, M.P. My Baronite will undertake to say that nothing would please this modest couple more than to find in the next edition of this indispensable work that the editor's blue pencil has been vigorously at play on pages 190 and 294.

My Hibernian retainer writes of the new volume by MARTIN ROSS and E. CE. SOMERVILLE:—

"All ye who found joy in the *Irish R. M.*,
Of rollicking humour that emerald gem,
Your grave obligations immediately shunt,
And revel forthwith in the *Patrick's Day Hunt*—
A galloping medley of picture and brogue,
Describing the chase of the little red rogue.
The publisher's CONSTABLE, shortly to be
Enrolled in the ranks of the famed R. I. C."

The Prig in Prison would be, thinks the Baron, a more suitable title for a work, which he has just perused, called *Twenty-five Years in Prisons*, by No. 7 (F. E. ROBINSON).

The "illustrations by FRANK WRIGHT" are—well—wright enough, but the matter is only occasionally interesting. With so much literary talent as has sufficed for this book, surely the writer need not have been necessarily acquainted with more than one prison, if any.

"Better late than never," quoth the Baron as, while casually looking over some odd volumes, he found that he had overlooked one among them, published about a year ago, entitled *Fables de Le Puits (De Sagesse), Arrière-petit-fils de La Fontaine, d'après un Manuscrit non encore retrouvé, par Max Hecht* (FIELD PEARSON & Co.). In this little volume of eccentric verse the go-as-you-please French, in which Kiki Du MAURIER would have delighted, is very amusing, the author apologising for it prefatorially, thus:

Lecteurs, si ce volume	Et votre diction,
Qui sort de mon enclume	Tire-lon-lon,
Choque votre grammaire,	Faites-en votre deuil:
Tira-lon-laïre.	Car moi, je m'en bats l'œil.

Among the many good things in this work, which by this time must be nigh upon two years of age, the Baron signalises one, "*Le Diplomate et La Tortue*," for the special attention of those to whom the collection is a stranger.

Among Christmassy and Newyearsy Books Phil Robinson's *Bubble and Squeak* (ISBISTER & Co.) will be found not only amusing, but also, as, for example, in the visits to the Zoo, far more interesting than the nonsensical title would have led anyone to expect. The absurd sketches by J. A. SHEPHERD are excellent specimens of his eccentric humour, and the life-like animal portraits by CECIL ALDIN are admirable.

And so to writers, printers, publishers, and readers, A Very Prosperous and Happy New Year is, on this New Year's Eve, the salutation of yours, all of you, sincerely and heartily,
THE BARON DE B.-W.

HAPPY CHANCE.

On happy and delightful Chance!
By all men ardently pursued,
Swift through a tangled maze you dance;
Your trailing skirts their grasp elude;
And none your airy flight may stem,
Or catch your gauzy garment's hem.

Now from a mine the maiden smiles,
And now the mart her quips control.
Her lures outmatch the merchant's wiles;
Her glamour cheats the poet's soul;
And kings and outcasts, at her glance,
Meet in the race for Happy Chance.

Myself have followed, followed far,
O'er barren wastes and blustering seas;
Have swum the flood and leaped the bar,
Nor sought nor gained a moment's ease.
No toil, no daring could advance
My vain pursuit of Happy Chance.

And still throughout this waning year
I thought to seize her at the last,
For, lo, sometimes she drew me near—
Then with a laugh the vision passed;
And I, whom she could so entrance,
Still failed to clutch my Happy Chance.

New Year! attend, and hear me swear
I would not hold her if I might!
So let her still be far and fair,
And unpossessed, and still a sprite.
Pursuit and failure but enhance
The high delights of Happy Chance. R. C. L.

AMANDA'S CAKE.

"CAKE, dear?" said AMANDA, with a veiled eagerness which aroused my suspicions; and her hand shook as she laboriously hacked out for me a generous slice. Also the cake had, to my mind, an unusual appearance. It was flatter than most cakes, with a curious depression in the middle; its complexion was brunette—almost negro—though it did its best to hide the fact under a heavy powdering of sugar. Even my masculine mind realised that this cake was not as other cakes.

"I—I hope it is nice?" said AMANDA.

"I haven't tasted it yet," I answered cautiously; and I bit a piece out of my slice, and laid the rest of it hastily down. My suspicions took a definite and terrible form. I had no ground at all for supposing that my wife wished to poison me, but—"AMANDA," said I sternly, "what is this?"

"It is a cake that I have made myself!" said AMANDA, flushed and beaming.

I gasped, and was silent.

"I saw in *Home Chirps*," AMANDA continued blithely, "that home-made cakes are much better and much cheaper than bought cakes, so I thought I would try. It is quite easy. I shall always make them at home now! Of course this one may not be quite right——"

She was waiting to be contradicted. I answered guardedly that it was not absolutely like a shop cake.

"Oh, well, it is the first I ever made, you see!" said AMANDA. "And *Home Chirps* says that a little practice is the only thing necessary."

"It is a little *gritty*," said I, hunting for the least offensive word.

"Oh, that is entirely my fault, then!"

AMANDA assured me cheerfully. "*Home Chirps* did say that the currants should be washed, but it hardly seemed worth while. I can do it another time, though."

"It seems rather hard on the outside, too," I remarked, trying vainly to make an impression on the adamant crust.

"Yes, I did burn it a little," AMANDA admitted. "But I hoped that you would not notice. I burnt my hand too—look!"

"AMANDA," I cried lastly, "that settles the question. I cannot have your pretty hands spoilt."

"I don't mind a bit—for *you*, dear," said AMANDA. "It is quite reward enough for me to see you enjoying something I have made. Won't you have some more? Why, you haven't finished your first piece! Oh, LAWRENCE, don't you *like* my cake?"

"I appreciate your kind thought immensely, darling," said I. "But——"



G. L. S. HACKETT.

Blind Man (who has just been given a penny). "THANK YOU, AND WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR, BEAUTIFUL LADY."

Lady. "D' YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAYS TO ME? THE WRETCH MUST BE ABLE TO SEE!"

"But not my cake?" cried AMANDA, on the brink of tears.

"I suppose the fact is, that I have got used to shop cakes," I said desperately.

"But I shall be able to make them better than any shop—with a little practice," AMANDA persisted. "Why shouldn't I? It's only just eggs and sugar and butter—why shouldn't I be able to mix them just as well as a cook in a shop?"

I held my tongue, and stared at the depression in the middle of the cake.

"The fact is, you don't think I am clever enough to make a cake!" cried AMANDA tempestuously; and she helped herself to a large slice with ostentation.

Shortly afterwards I felt bound to remark that we had made it a rule not to feed Carlo at meal-times.

"I shall not stay here to be insulted by my own husband!" said AMANDA,

rising in her wrath. "But I don't care in the least. I shall just go on practising, till even you own that I can make a cake as good as any shop!" And so swept out of the room, and left me forlorn and hopeless.

There was no knowing how this new development might end. Visions of underdone mutton and leaden pastry rose before my mind's eye, and filled me with exceeding horror. Something must be done to avert the impending tragedy. Seized with a sudden inspiration I glanced hurriedly at the clock, and snatched up my hat. It was still early; I had a clear two hours before dinner.

I went to Madame FLEURETTE's establishment for the first and, I fervently hope, the last time. To a mere man, not conspicuously brave, it is a place of terror: my dreams will be haunted to my dying day by the air and demeanour

of the imposing personage who demanded my pleasure at the door, and the icy manners and French accent of the young damsel to whose tender mercies I was finally handed over. She seemed to have a difficulty in understanding what I wanted, or in believing in my sanity when she did understand. She persisted in trying to convince me that I wanted the finished production, and not the raw material; she seemed hurt, and even offended, to find that I knew my own mind, and meant to have what I asked for. Finally she gave in, and supplied me with my demands in a huge pasteboard box, at an appalling price. Worn out, but triumphant, I drove home in a hansom, stole into the house unseen of AMANDA, and locked myself into my den.

It was a Herculean task. Never in my life have I done a harder day's work: never again shall I be able to complain of the cost of Madame FLEURETTE's confections, knowing, as I do by personal experience, the vast amount of labour they entail. I will confess frankly that, even in the end, it was not an unqualified success; but it was certainly quaint and unique, and AMANDA is never likely to have anything in the least like it again. I tied it up securely in its box, and marched boldly into the drawing-room.

She had not forgiven me. It was hardly to have been expected. She sat stiff and upright by the window, with her eyes glued to her book, and would neither look nor speak.

"I have brought you something," I said tentatively.

"Oh!" said AMANDA, without looking up.

I put the box before her. "You said the other day something about wanting a new hat," I remarked meekly.

AMANDA struggled vainly with her pride. Then she observed in an off-hand way that it was really very sweet of me, and cut the string. There was a moment's awful pause.

"What—is—this?" said AMANDA faintly, holding it out at arm's length.

I replied boldly: "It is a hat. I have trimmed it myself."

"A hat—that you have trimmed!" AMANDA turned it over and burst into hysterical laughter.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," I remarked stiffly.

"Oh, LAWRENCE, it's too funny for words!" gasped AMANDA. "Look at the feather! Look at the seven little roses all in a row! And don't you see that you've made the bent part the back, when it ought to be the front?"

"Do you mean to imply that I can't trim a hat?" I inquired, in a tone of deep offence. "Why shouldn't I be able to do it just as well as Madame

FLEURETTE? It's only straw and flowers and ribbon."

There was a dead silence. AMANDA had stopped laughing.

"The fact is," I continued bitterly, "I suppose you think I'm not clever enough to trim a hat! I intend to trim all your hats in future. Home-trimmed hats are both cheaper and better than the bought kind. With a little practice —"

My remarks became incoherent, and then ceased abruptly, for the excellent reason that both AMANDA's hands were over my mouth. "LAWRENCE," she observed very softly in my ear, "shall we go out now and buy a real good cake at the best confectioner's? We have just time before dinner."

"All right," I responded amiably; "and then you might as well go on to FLEURETTE's and see about a hat. I won't go in with you, but I'll wait any reasonable length of time outside."

THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN DORA dons her Spring attire,
And trips abroad to take the air,
Expectant neighbours all admire
Her virgin grace and beauty rare;
And as through primrose paths alone
We wander, while the woodlands ring,
I vow my heart has never known
So passionate a love (in Spring).

When April joys have passed away,
And gorgeous Summer rules supreme,
Among the girls who coastward stray
My DAPHNE is a perfect dream;
And when beside the sea we stand,
And watch its wayward twists and
twirls,

I clasp my darling DAPHNE's hand,
And own her Queen of (Summer) girls.

When Autumn cools Apollo's fire,
And Nature wears a russet hue,
What sweeter sport could heart desire
Than nutting in the lanes with PRUE?
That Quaker bonnet softly shades
A dimpled cheek I've oft caressed—
Ah, yes, of all delicious maids
My PRUE is much the (Autumn) best.

But oh, as Winter's choler stirs,
And frost is rife, and tempests beat,
Fair IVY, warm in gloves and furs,
With grateful glance I turn to greet.
Her sunny smile and voice of gold
Amid the gloom such bliss recall
That, come what will, I proudly hold
My (Winter) love surpasses all.

THE WELSH EIGHTY CLUB.—The *Daily Mail* of the 17th inst. under "items of interest" inserts the following:—

"Only persons over eighty are allowed to join one of the classes at a Llandudno Sunday School."

SOME POLICIES FOR 1903.

It is now possible to insure against appendicitis, a premium of five shillings securing a return of £200. We venture to suggest that the field might be still further extended so as to include certain other sporting contingencies. For instance:—

Against the ever-increasing necessity of buying trinkets and other useless Christmas tributes to persons who don't want them, birthday gifts to people who would rather not be reminded of the flight of time, and wedding presents to couples you will never be likely to see again.

Against street acquaintances of a fugitive nature who are addicted to borrowing loans so small that you don't like to ask for them to be repaid.

Against being summoned to serve on a jury or inquest, or to undergo similar interesting penalties of citizenship.

Against the invidiousness of the hedge-row constable, when motoring through darkest Surrey or sleepest Sussex.

Against all business losses and wear of temper caused by delays on certain railway lines and streets under repair.

Against invitations to country houses, and the exorbitant tips required by their gamekeepers and domestics.

Against unforeseen Christmas boxes and unsuspected claims in general on the British householder's generosity.

Against bad luck at Bridge and Billiards.

Against too rapid changes of fashion, necessitating unusually frequent interviews of your wife with the dressmaker and milliner.

Against your own tailor's bills.

Against overdrafts in one's banking account.

Against the rejection of MSS. by editors and ladies to whom you are, or would like to be, engaged.

Against missing your train or the last bus.

Against losing the next Derby sweep-stake.

Against failing to purchase Mr. *Punch's* Vol. CXXIII., and studying it from cover to cover.

We leave to more practised accountants the task of calculating the respective premiums, but trust that these lucrative risks will be taken up at once by the various Insurance Companies.

AN Inquiring Correspondent writes:—SIR, I have often heard "The Canons of Good Taste" quoted as authorities. To what ecclesiastical establishment do they belong? What are these canopies worth per annum, or are they merely honorary appointments?—Yours, "L"

A MATTER OF FACTOR.

LETTERS FROM JOE.

II.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Although passengers are forbidden to cross the line, we have done it. Great fun! Not even the House on an Irish night equals the heat of the Equator. Neptune came aboard early—rather like WILLIAM ALLAN—and I was carefully shaved, but not, I regret to say, by a Birmingham razor. Subsequently he conferred upon me the freedom of the sea, which may



Part of the time we rode on the cow-catcher.

be useful on Naval nights when ARNOLD-FORSTER is in difficulties. He also conferred on me the Most Noble Order of the Sardine, a Mediterranean decoration, which will turn PELLETTAN green with jealousy. One has to go to sea to get advantages like these.

We landed soon after at Mombasa, and I hurried through the recent cables. Very useful having a thoughtful fellow like AUSTEN as P.M.G. I was amused by the Venezuelan difficulty. What a time you are having, my dear ARTHUR! But you have no notion how remote, how unreal all this trouble with CASTRO seems to me out here under this tropical sky. And yet the name CASTRO has a strangely familiar sound. Why, of course, the Claimant called himself CASTRO when he lived at Wagga-Wagga. That, of course, accounts for the President's hoisting the "Jolly Roger!"

Your Education agony seems to be nearing an end. That titled relative of yours is peculiarly *difficile* now and then. Dr. CLIFFORD will be sure to label you The Two Cozens. By the way, AUSTEN posted me your pamphlet, too. A fine piece of work, ARTHUR, but not so strong in invective as others might have made it—one other at any rate. Why mince matters so? Whenever you see a head,

hit it, is the true principle in political controversy—or, as they would say here, whenever you see an enemy, eat him.

At Mombasa we had a curious instance of the power of a Colonial Secretary. Orchids have never grown here before. But just before we arrived a charming assortment sprang up in the night, like mushrooms, and were presented to us by a nice little English girl of four, who seems to have settled here for the purpose.

The English are truly a wonderful people! I expected to lunch off tough elephant steak and fricasseed *okapi*; and really they couldn't have done us better at the Athenæum. By the way, FAWKES, who has a rough maritime humour, made a rather good joke at lunch. He said, "The elephants must make you feel at home, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, because, as of course you know, they're preserved on account of their 'Ighbury tusks.'"

From Mombasa we went by train to Nairobi (which sounds like the name of your uncle's black man). Part of the time we rode on the cow-catcher, but caught, I regret to say, no cows—so I have nothing to send to JESSE but my unalterable love. We slept on the Miau summit, where FAWKES (owing to his fine appetite we call him "Knives and Forks") invited us to have "summit to eat," but we were not, as you may conjecture, kept awake by cats.

Nairobi is an enterprising little town, quite a young Birmingham—"well laid out" was the epithet I applied to it in the infectious warmth of the banquet—but more interesting than Birmingham in its natives, the Masai, who went through the convolutions of a war dance for me, with the coffee and liqueurs. FAWKES said that the band



The Masai Waltz.

was playing the overture to *Masainello*, but you know I'm not musical. To me it sounded much more like "Tom-tom, the Piper's son." I took some snapshots of the scene for BRODRICK. Perhaps the weakness of our Army is due to the absence of war-dances. I must go into the question when I get back. Some of the Masai are curiously like the old folks at home. I kodaked three for their ingratiating resemblance to C.-B., HARCOURT, and FOWLER.

Yours loyally as ever, JOE.

P.S.—We have seen some natives suffering from that terrible scourge, the sleeping sickness. Judging from the symptoms I feel sure that this is the cause of D-V-NSH-RE's disconcerting fits of coma.



Some of the Masai are curiously like the old folks at home.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIV.—IO SATURNALIA!

AFTER as careful consideration as my frozen brain is at present capable of giving to any subject, I have come to the conclusion that there can be no nearer imitation of the North Pole than the platform of this local London station at a quarter of an hour before midnight this New Year's Eve. A few pinched passengers besides myself, having been informed that the Rishall train is the next, tramp noisily up and down the wintry waste, breathing visible blasts upon their blue fingers, envying even the pale young lady encased in the glass Temperance Bar; even she has wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, and is warming her hands against the coffee tank. For nearly ten minutes the train indicator has mocked us with a blank glassy stare; now at last a faint rumble is heard from the tunnel, and we stride expectantly to the edge of the platform. A youthful official approaches the indicator, and at last with a rattle it throws some meaning into its empty countenance.

"Hash Hannigan an' He Haw Hain—her har howard," observes the official cheerfully.

We all brighten considerably except a man with side-whiskers, who for some time has been holding the official personally responsible for the Company's refusal to provide trains every five minutes to Dumbleham.

The rumble grows louder and louder, and we make our way forward to be ready to enter. At last the engine light appears at the further end, and then, with a vast deal of rumbling and clanking, an asthmatic goods-train lumbers slowly along the platform and past us out of the station.

There is a general thirst for the blood of the youthful official. For my own part I turn on my heel and pass from the icy gales of the platform into a barren little refrigerator of a waiting-room adjoining the Refreshment Bar, and separated from it by a ground-glass partition, through which I see shrouded in mist the ghostly outlines of Bovril jars and coffee cups. Three minutes of this is enough for me, finding as I do the sole difference to consist in the fact that the cold is concentrated here instead of movable.

I am further attracted by peculiar scuffling and whooping noises from the platform, and passing out again find there has been a new arrival in the person of a happy gentleman in lavender trousers, accompanied by a shiny lady in red velvet. The pair are engaged in a species of Anglo-Highland fling, to which the gentleman, perspiring freely, chants a kind of hymn to the effect that,

"Whatever may come
(Chi idleum dum)
We'll merrily sing
God save the KING:—
Chi idleum dike chi idleum dike chi idleum
dike chi ay."

The lady contents herself with joining in the last line, which is obviously regarded by both as the most important part of the declaration. It is at this stage that they link arms, duck their heads madly, and stamp round in a circle. In the course of this latter part of the figure the gentleman cannons violently into the disagreeable man with side-whiskers, nearly throwing him on to the line. Side-Whiskers grabs his hat and recovers his balance.

"Steady, ole man," remarks the other cheerfully, "y' nearly 'ad me over. Come on, TILLY. Chi idleum dike chi idleum dike."

Side-Whiskers splutters wildly.

"What the—conf—d——!" he observes eventually, but the pair have resumed their dance with no abatement of spirit. Side-Whiskers diverts his wrath on to the youthful official.

"When's this train coming?" he demands savagely. "Of all the scandalous mismanagement I ever—I—I shall go by cab next time. I—I don't care if it costs me half-a-sovereign!"

The youthful official is on the whole, I should think, glad to hear it. Meanwhile the jovial pair have abandoned Terpsichore for the superior diversion of playing hide-and-seek round the outside of the waiting-room. In course of time the shiny lady appears among us, bubbling insanely, and noticing Side-Whiskers, who is truculently scanning a time-table board, conceals herself behind his back. Soon her swain appears, spies his quarry, and makes for her with roars of delight. The lady dodges between Side-Whiskers and the time-table, and the swain following her, a chase ensues round and round that spluttering citizen, who has been suddenly aroused to an understanding of his own function in the game.

"Confound you—what the—get away!" he gasps irately, spinning round on his axis, "hi you! woman!"

Her swain suddenly pauses.

"Orl right ole man, no 'arm done," he observes easily. "'Ave a glass o' somethink?"

"No," returns Side-Whiskers shortly.

"Oh—beg yer pawdon," says the swain. "Teetoraller? Then 'ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

Side-Whiskers makes no answer.

"Go on yer dirty-tempered brute," observes the lady shrilly; "no one ain't done you no 'arm, 'ave they?"

"You leave 'im alone, TILLY," says her swain cheerily. "'E's orl right 'e is. We're seein' it in, mister, that's

orl. Noo Year's time. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

Side-Whiskers, very red in the face, turns on his heel.

"Worro mister," urges the swain, following him round, "don't go gettin' the pahder alight abaht it. We ain't no 'arm. We're enjoyin' of ourselves."

"Don't yer want no one else t' enjoy themselves?" demands the lady with hostility.—"Ole Kroojer-Whiskers?"

"'E's orl right, TILLY," resumes the swain, "I'm explainin' of it to 'im. Tell yer wot it is. I'm an Englishman. Noo Year's time I enjoy myself—like a man."

"Disagreeable tyke," puts in the lady. "You ought t' 'ave whiskers you did."

"Like a man," repeats her swain; "that's wot I do."

He pauses, meditating darkly.

"I ain't no bloomin' Anarchist," he adds with feeling.

"Whiskers," continues the lady, "like a—like a great——"

The lady is obviously in difficulties for a simile, but eventually concludes triumphantly with "drummerderry."

"I ain't no bloomin' Anarchist," repeats the swain with pride. "I see it in—like a man. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

"I wouldn't 'ave whiskers like a drummerderry," declares the lady with conviction.

"You leave 'is whiskers alone, TILLY," says her swain, "they ain't doin' you no 'arm. 'E's orl right 'e is. 'E's enjoyin' of 'imself. Like a man. No Anarchists 'ere. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

At this stage of the dialogue the youthful official approaching the indicator confidently forecasts the Rishall train, adds the same loose oral interpretation as before, and is forthwith put to confusion by the arrival of a train indisputably marked Dumbleham. Side-Whiskers, still bristling with indignation, enters a first-class carriage. The convivial pair frolic down to the third-class end, where they suddenly link hands and begin to sing, and are eventually hustled into the train at the last moment by the guard, loudly asserting their intention of taking a right gude willie-waught for auld lang syne.

The train streams out and we are left shivering on the platform, which seems suddenly colder and bleaker than before. Even the Temperance Bar has been closed for the night by the pale young lady, who has put on her hat and jacket and is departing briskly up the steps. At the top I hear her exchange a remark with the ticket-collector. I look at the clock and find that the New Year has begun.



BEFORE THE ICE WILL BEAR.

A Mid-Winter Day's Dream.



TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—No. 1.

Tommy (popping in and out of formidable-looking brook, which has stopped a number of the field). "FORWARD ON! FORWARD ON! DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY A FOOT DEEP!"

TO WILLIAM (WHOM WE HAVE MISSED).

BRIGHT are the days which the Fates hold in store for us,
 BUFFALO BILL, you are with us at last.
 Magical name! What a joy it once bore for us!
 How it recalls all the tales of the past,
 Some that we read of in prose or in verse,
 Others, perhaps, which we heard from our nurse.
 Tales of the days when to rob and assassinate
 Filled the poor Indian with exquisite glee,
 Formed an amusement which ne'er ceased to fascinate,
 Set up his health like a week by the sea.
 Nothing could hinder his playful proclivities,
 Till *you* looked in on the genial festivities.
 Then, as a pigeon attempts to fly from a hawk,
 Hastily winging its way through the blue,
 So did the reveller, dropping his tomahawk,
 Flee at the sight, Colonel CODY, of you.
 Glancing behind with uneasiness palpable,
 Feeling his, too, was a head that was scalpable.
 And, at the speed at which lovers, who pant, elope,
 You, with a look both determined and grim,
 Covered the ground like an ostrich or antelope,
 Thoroughly bent upon collaring him.
 That was the duty you owed the community,
 Not to allow him to raid with impunity.

Once I considered these tales of your quality
 Nought but a beautiful, wonderful myth,
 Scorned to believe that you were, in reality,
 Merely a mortal like BROWN, JONES, and SMITH.
 Briefly, I classed you with ORSON'S friend VALENTINE,
 ROBINSON CRUSOE, and heroes of BALLANTYNE.

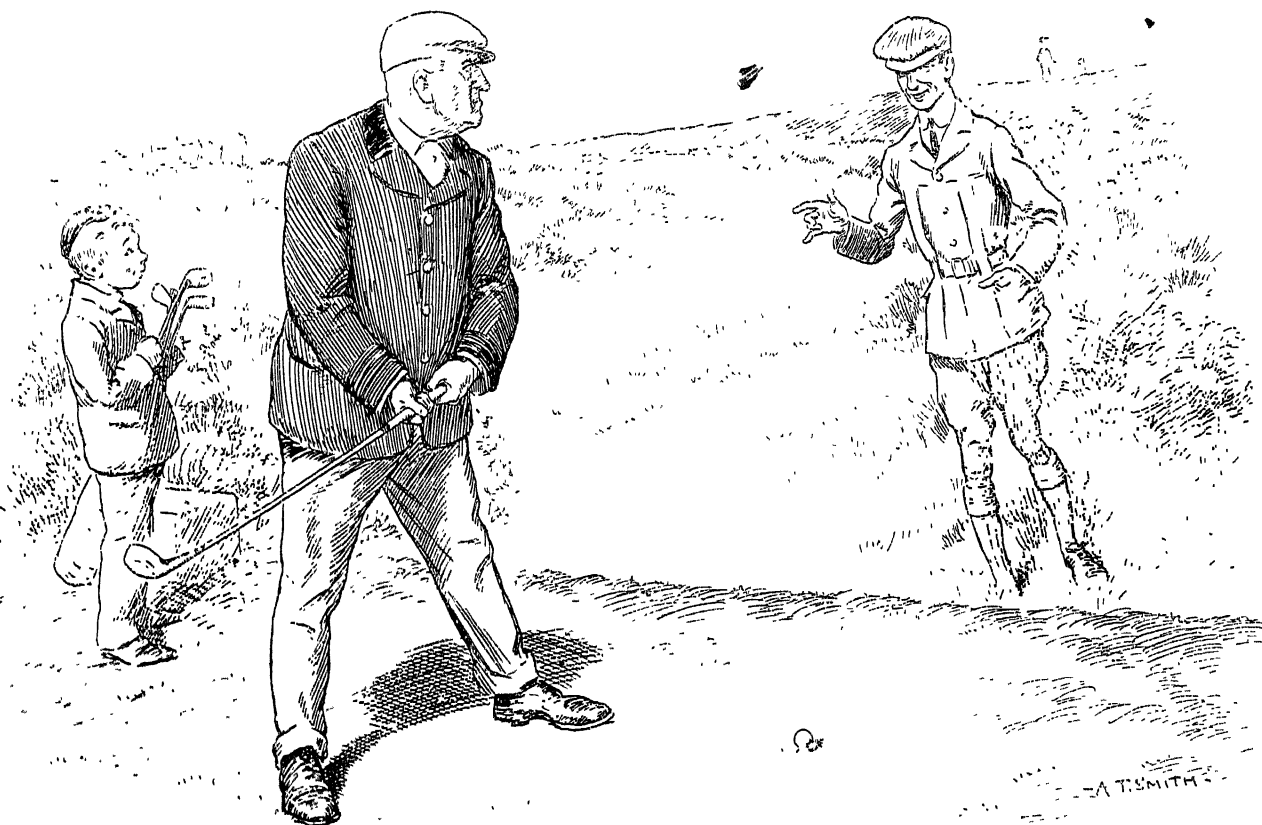
Now that the years have brought hairs that are silvery,
 Ills that are painful, and views that are fresh,
 Only in one thing unchanged, I am still very
 Anxious to look upon you in the flesh.
 Last time I saw you not (owing to gout) at all.
 SQUILLS would not hear of my venturing out at all.

WILLIAM, I'm loth to examine futurity,
 Speak as a prophet regarding your show,
 Say if the pageant is doomed to obscurity,
 Or, on the contrary, if it will "go,"
 Whether 'twill charm or displease, when we view it, us.
 Accurate forecasts are very fortuitous.

Still, when your ochred and plume-covered savages
 Make preparations for raising the hair,
 And when your Cowboys are stemming their ravages,
 I, it may please you to know, shall be there.
 One, if no more, of the thousands who pen you in
 Looks on your feats with a pleasure that's genuine.



HIS LAST APPEARANCE.



Fitzfoozle (a beginner, who is "teaching" a lady on the men's links, and loses a club). "PARDON ME, SIR. HAVE YOU SEEN A LADY'S CLUB ANYWHERE?"

Admiral Peppercorn (very irate at being delayed, wishes ladies would play on their own course). "No, SIR; BUT THERE'S A GOOSE CLUB AT THE 'PIG AND WHISTLE,' I BELIEVE. TRY THAT!"

THE DREAM.

WITH mellow, long, deliberate stroke
Great Tom the midnight silence broke,
And straightway with anæbic clang
The hundred bells of Oxford rang
A merry welcome, blithe and clear,
To usher in the new-born year.
I sat with sported oak—heigho!
How many, many years ago!—
And snoozing in my great arm-chair
With nodding HOMER nodded there.
Scarce had I sunk in slumber deep,
Scarce were my loosened limbs asleep,
When, daring Mrs. Grundy's frown,
And Vice, austere in cap and gown,
And all the Academic law,
Two maidens entered. One I saw
Was sad and solemn, and I caught
On her pale brow the cast of thought.
Her mien was noble; from her eyes
A great soul shone, APOLLO-wise,
Irradiating all her face
With some sweet, subtle, nameless
grace.

In gorgeous raiment, gaily slashed
With cloth of gold, the other flashed.
Bright diamonds glittered in her hair,
And on her breast were diamonds
rare.

So gay her garb, so strong the light
That sparkled from those facets bright,
So rich and wonderful the lace
I had no thought to mark her face.
She stood beside me. "Follow me,
And fortune shall be thine," said she.
"For I am Trade, and in my hands
Is all the wealth of all the lands.
Fair palaces and gardens gay
To whom I love I give away,
With acres spreading broad; a stud
Of thorough-breds of purest blood,
And flunkies waiting in the hall
To do their master's bidding—all
That heart of man can want. Be mine,
And great possessions shall be thine."

Then spake the second: "I am Art:
On other things I set my heart:
I strive to win another goal;
She loves the body, I the soul.
With me thou shalt not, lord-like, fare
On dainty meats and vintage rare;
Of things like this thy thoughts are few
When it is given to pursue
The Good, the Beautiful, the True.
Ennobling aims, ideals high,
These shall be thine"—

"Enough!" said I,
"The richer, though the poorer, part
I choose me. I am thine, O Art."

To-night again, with sported oak,
I sit in Garden Court and smoke
Beside my dying fire, and hear
Big Ben boom in another year,
While endless bells take up the
tale,

And bid the new-born infant hail.
Upon my knee a sheet lies fair—
For weeks it has been lying there
In faith and patient expectation
Awaiting Art and inspiration.
But she is fickle; she delights
To win herself new proselytes,
The while she leaves me to my
fate—

The terrors of an empty pate.

O mistress mine, when I reflect
How Trade her minions doth protect,
How King of Corpus drives his pair,
And owns a mansion in Mayfair,
How JONES of Jesus entertains
The peerage on the best champagnes,
(Though KING and JONES were utt'
fools,

And scarcely scrambled through the
schools)—

How can I but regret the part
I chose in choosing you, O Art,
Upon that New Year's Eve—heigho,
How many, many years ago!



THE TABLES TURNED.

Fair Girl (on sofa, to her neighbour during New Year's Eve Festivity). "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE FOR YOU, MRS. FEATHERSTONE, TO HEAR ALL THE DEAR PROFESSOR'S LECTURES!"
 Mrs. Featherstone. "OH, I NEVER HEAR HIS LECTURES. BUT HE'LL HAVE TO HEAR ONE OF MINE TO-NIGHT!"



IT was daybreak at Delhi, and the domes and minarets of the capital of the Moguls were flushed with auroral splendours. The vast amphitheatre of the Coronation Durbar, soon to be thronged with busy workmen hastening the great work, was deserted save for a solitary figure, rotund with the graceful curves of eternal juvenility and mounted on a coal-black elephant.

Need it be said that it was Mr. PUNCH, who, true to his character of universal supervisor, was taking a final look round at the preparations for the great *tamasha*.

The city of tents lay silent beneath the amber glow of the newly risen sun as Mr. PUNCH passed to the parade ground. Suddenly he became aware of the approach of a magnificent white elephant, bearing on its back a sumptuously caparisoned howdah, from the recesses of which peered the bright eyes of the ever vigilant VICEROY, who also was upon a mission of matutinal surveillance.

"Mr. Punch, I presume?" observed the exalted personage.

"Howdah do, your Excellency?" replied the Potentate, condescending to a verbal pleasantry. "I thought to find no one here, but *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. I hope I see you well."

"You do," responded Lord CURZON. "Nothing has occurred so far to impair my imperdurbability. Excuse me; but your example is infectious." The Sage condoned the indiscretion with a gracious nod, and the VICEROY continued, "The absence of Mr. W. S. CAINE, M.P., is a surprise, but we submit to it with resignation. Everything has been done, humanly speaking, to render the function a conspicuous success. The elephants, in Lord KITCHENER's phrase, are splendid. The sunshades are like Ascot. It is giving India a great leg-up, I can assure you. And time too; the world's eye has been upon Africa far too long."

The Sage acquiesced.

"And how are they getting on in England, Mr. PUNCH; for 'what can we know of England who only India know?'"

"Well, Sir, I don't think you have missed so very much. We are getting more and more cosmopolitan at home. Literature monopolised by the Boer Generals. Foreign policy dictated by the Germans. London undermined by Mr. YERKES."

"But surely Oxford stands where it did?"

"For the present. But, to quote our old friend GALILEO, it moves. The colonists and Americans are upon it, the RHODES scholars draw nearer every minute."

"Well, speaking as a Fellow of All Souls, I have no tremors as to the result. But you have not finished your report of home news yet."

"No," said Mr. PUNCH. "There remain three great events—three good things to look back upon: the Peace, the KING's recovery, and his Coronation."

"And now," added Lord CURZON, "India has an Emperor of her own for the first time."

"Well, she deserves it," replied Mr. PUNCH with enthusiasm. "We owe a great deal to India, and I am sure you could suggest many other ways in which we could profit by her example."

"True," replied the VICEROY. "What we have done for English cricket needs no commendation of mine. But, as you hint, much might yet be profitably borrowed from the East. The elephant, for example, now that horseflesh seems likely to be superseded by petrol. I recommend the suggestion to the Surrey magistrates. I see that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been riding on a cow-catcher. How much more impressive would his progress have been had he been mounted on a cow elephant! Again, why not employ punkahs to ventilate the Tube? If I had not been engaged in my campaign against absentee Rajahs and white Baboos, reorganising the University system, and nursing my new province—the G. N. Chersonese as they call it—I should have reported to the Home Government in favour of some or all of these innovations."

"I fear," said Mr. PUNCH, "that your Excellency is overwhelmed by your multifarious labours."

"Yes," responded the VICEROY, "I am. Formerly I had time to write books; now I have not the leisure even to read them. Still, my life has its alleviations. The burden of office is heavy, but the VICEREINE——"

"Helps," Mr. PUNCH interjected, with a charming smile, "to make it LEITER."

The VICEROY beamed with pleasure. "However," he continued, "when these arduous festivities have been completed, I propose to give myself a holiday, and then I shall take to reading again."

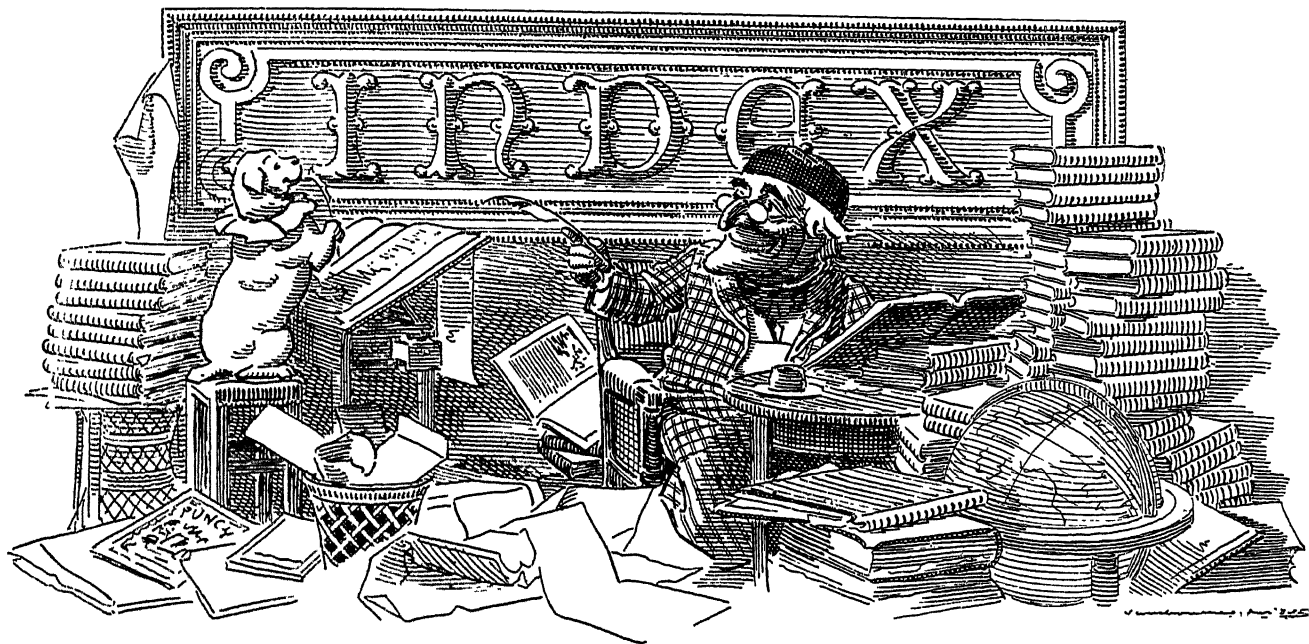
At this juncture Mr. PUNCH slid from his well-trained steed, clapped his hands thrice, and there immediately appeared upon the scene from the Sage's chryselephantine pagoda a thousand ebon slaves bearing a handsome filigree casket, which, with a profound salaam, they deposited at his feet.

"Ah, your Excellency, that reminds me," said Mr. PUNCH, "that I have brought with me a magic gift—the best companion for a busy man who has no time to read ordinary books; the best guide to the exile from England who wishes to know how the old country is faring; the best adviser in all seasons of difficulty and stress; the best tonic for a mind fatigued; the best token of kindness that could pass from Bouverie Street to yourself."

At these words the friendly and intelligent pachyderm extended his trunk, and lifted into the air Mr. PUNCH's

"One Hundred and Twenty-Third Volume."





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